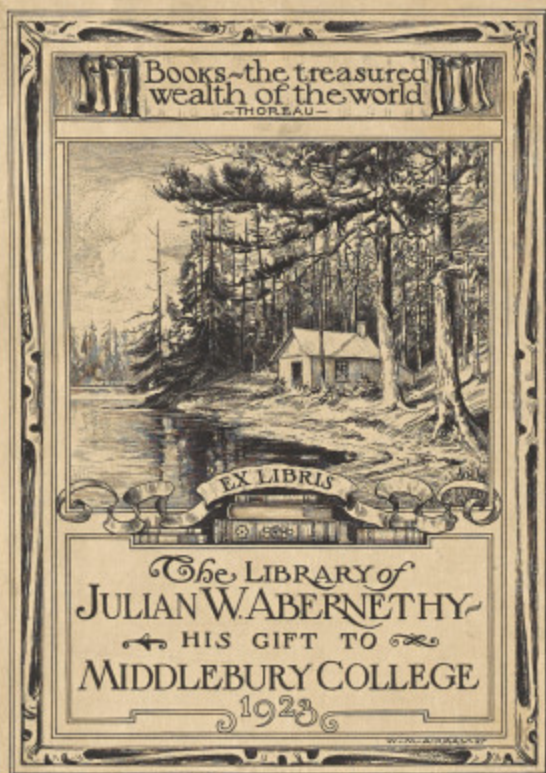


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said she, "except that you intended to make me your wife?" Though reared amid the proudest distinctions of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of life stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her humble home and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her would soon be to him as the recollection of last year's butterflies. With her the wound was deeper. In her solitary chamber she wept, in bitterness of heart, over the ruined air-castles. And that dress, which had stolen to make an appearance befitting a bride! Oh, what if she should be discovered! And would not the heart of her poor widow mother break, if she should ever know that

Lucky, the girl had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name when arrested by which means her true name was kept out of the newspapers. 'I did this,' said she, 'for my poor mother's sake.' With the money given by Lord Henry, the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother, well provided.

W. L. Shoreau
Concord Mass.

ed with clothing. Her name and place of residence remains to this day a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Several years after the incidents I have related, a lady called at Friend Hopper's house and asked to see him. When he entered the room, he found a handsomely dressed young matron, with a blooming boy of five or six years old. She rose to meet him, and her voice choked, as she said, "Friend Hopper, do you know me?" He replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him, and said, "You once helped me, when in great distress." But the good missionary of humanity had helped too many in distress, to be able to recollect her, without more precise information. With a tremulous voice, she bade her son go into the next room, for a few minutes; then dropping on her knees, she hid her face in his lap, and sobbed out, "I am the girl that stole the silk. Oh, where should I now be, if it had not been for you!"

When her emotion was somewhat calmed, she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a Senator of his native State. Having a call to visit the city, she had again and again passed Friend Hopper's house, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted to enter, her courage failed.

"But I go away to-morrow," said she, "and I could not leave the city, without once more seeing and thanking him who saved me from ruin." She recalled her little boy, and said to him, "Look at that old gentleman, and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had." With an earnest invitation that he would visit her happy home, and a fervent "God bless you," she bade her benefactor farewell.

My venerable friend is not aware that I have written this story. I have not published it from any wish to glorify him, but to exert a genial influence on the hearts of others; to do my mite toward teaching society how to cast out the Demon Penalty, by the voice of the Angel Love.

L. M. C.

BARBARISM.—SELLING A CHILD FOR JAIL FEES!

Is it any less an act of barbarism to sell a free person into slavery in a civilized than it is in a heathen country? Is it any less an outrage because it is done under the sanction of law? Read the following from the Richmond Whig and decide if in your heart you can make any discrimination between legal and illegal inhumanity, and if you can find any excuse for the barbarians who procured the imprisonment and sale of the poor child, because they did it according to law!

Some time during the last summer, a colored girl, born free, only 14 years old, and a resident of the adjoining town of Manchester, paid a visit to a friend in this city. Either through choice or necessity, she remained all night on this side of the river, without, however, the smallest intention of becoming a resident. During the night she was arrested by the police, and not having her free papers, was lodged in jail. Being perfectly ignorant of the law, and having no one to counsel or advise her, the unfortunate creature was detained in jail 45 days, and then, by order of court, sold for jail fees! She was sold for the period of forty-five years, to pay the sum of \$45—was purchased by a negro trader, and carried into captivity in a strange land, where she was sold again. We are informed that she is, if alive, at this moment, in Louisiana. We do not recollect any case of oppression of the helpless, that ever wrought more powerfully on our feelings.

Our legislators will no doubt be astonished to learn, that this glaring oppressing of a poor and helpless fellow-creature, was strictly legal.—Not a form of law was neglected throughout the whole proceeding. The girl had not her free papers; she was therefore legally liable to arrest—she had no friend to interfere in her behalf; and, of course, had no opportunity to prove her free birth—she had no money to pay her jail fees; and therefore, it was strictly within the letter of the law to sell her. It is probable that she would not have brought the amount of her expenses, had she been sold for a less period than she was; consequently it was necessary to sell her as she was. It is to the Statute book, alone, that we are to look for a justification of this enormous injustice.

[Reported for the Liberator.]

Speeches made at the Faneuil Hall Meeting.

After the transaction of some preliminary business, Mr. Garrison took the platform with Mr. O'Connell's Reply to the Cincinnati Repeal Association in his hand, but, before reading it to the audience, made the following prefatory remarks:

[These remarks were heartily responded to by the Irish, who were present in great numbers.]

WENDELL PHILLIPS, of Boston, next addressed the meeting, as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN:

Do you recollect the lines which an Irish poet has put into the mouth of the ill-fated Lord Fitzgerald? From his prison he is supposed a few days before his melancholy death, to address his country in strains like these:

"Oh Ireland, my country! the hour
Of thy pride and thy splendor has passed,
And the chain that was spurned in thy moment of
power,
Hangs heavy around thee at last.

There are marks in the fate of each clime,
There are turas in the fortunes of men;
But the changes of realms, or the chances of time,
Shall never restore thee again.

Thou art chained to the wheel of the foe
By links, which a world could not sever,
With thy tyrant thro' storm and thro' calm thou shalt
go,
And thy sentence is bondage forever.

In the nations thy place is left void,
Thou art lost from the list of the free;
Even realms by the plague & the earthquake destroyed
May revive—but no hope is for thee.

Such was Ireland in 1799—scattered and peeled—her cry unheeded—her best sons on the scaffold, or in exile—without weight—without hope. It seemed as if the last star in her horizon had gone out.

Look at her now. Every eye fastened with the deepest interest on her slightest action. The civilized world sitting at her feet, to learn the lesson of peaceful revolution. The power of the mightiest nation quails before the voice of her unarmed peasantry.

Well does her glorious son boast that he has cowed the Saxon. Well may he triumph in the thought, that Cæsar, at the head of sixty legions, was no mightier than he. What must be the master spirit able to arouse the nation, and change the despair of 1799 into the courage of 1843? What power over the people to hold them for twenty years in his hand, and armed with their hearts and confidence, compel a reluctant government to all his demands! But, above all, what must be the nation, which made such a career possible! All honor to the General—but forget not the noble material from which his army has been created. I am not here to flatter, even in my feeble measure, a man or a nation. However much this may sound like eulogy, it is, in fact, but the cold verdict of history. (Cheers.)

I am glad old Faneuil Hall is to ring out an echo, to-night, to the Corn Exchange. Mr. O'Connell tells us, he stood for his statue while he dictated this address. Sir, may there come a time when a copy of that statue shall be placed here, in the Cradle of Liberty, side by side with our O'Connell—(pointing to the picture of Washington.) (Loud cheering.) Hereafter, when we call up the names of those whom these walls are wont to honor, he who forgot that of O'Connell, will leave out one of the brightest stars in the galaxy. (Applause.)

This address alludes to the report, that some abolitionists cherish a bigoted antipathy to Catholicism. You and I know, Mr. President, as well as every one in this hall, that no such prejudice exists. And this reminds me of an extract which I wish to read, as a sort of appendix to the noble document we are assembled to welcome. It is the bull of Pope Gregory 16th, in 1839, against slavery and the slave trade. With your permission, I will read its concluding paragraph. I believe, sir, it will be the first papal bull which was ever read in Faneuil Hall, in this city of the Puritans. I had the pleasure of being in Rome, the winter it was affixed to the colossal door of St. Peter's, to be read of all nations in the sonorous Latin of the Roman church.

Here it is:

"Wherefore we, desiring to avert this disgrace from the whole confines of Christianity, having summoned several of our reverend brothers, their eminencies, the Cardinals, to our council, and having maturely deliberated on the whole matter, pursuing the footsteps of our predecessors, admonish by our apostolical authority, and urgently invoke, in the name of God, all Christians, of whatever condition, that none henceforth dare to subject to slavery, unjustly persecute, or despoil of their goods, Indians, negroes, or other classes of men, or be accessories to others, or furnish them aid or assistance in so doing; and on no account henceforth to exercise that inhuman traffic, by which negroes are reduced to slavery, as if they were not men, but mere cattle, and are bought and sold in defiance of all the laws of justice and humanity, and devoted to severe and intolerable labors—which traffic is, moreover, a source of dissension and continual quarrels, by the prospect of gain it holds out to those who can first obtain possession of these negroes. We further reprobate, by our apostolic authority, all the above described offences, as utterly unworthy of the christian name; and by the same authority, we rigidly prohibit and interdict all and every individual, whether ecclesiastical or lay, from presuming to defend that commerce in negro slaves under any pretence or borrowed color, or to teach or publish in any manner, publicly or privately, things contrary to the admonitions which we have given in these letters."

Now, sir, where is the sect among all the hundreds of our country, which can point to such an explicit testimony upon slavery and the slave trade, emanating from its head and leader in the present day? Not one. Sir, I am no Catholic. But welcome, thrice welcome any hand to help us uproot the foul system which tramples on humanity in our midst! Prejudice against Catholics among abolitionists! I propose three cheers for the abolitionist Pope Gregory XVI.—and may they ring out gloriously from these arches of Liberty's home! (Three long cheers were given with the greatest enthusiasm, all present joining.)

Sir, this is an address to Irishmen. I boast no Irish blood, but my heart kindles with enthusiasm as I read it. I mean to profit by the lesson which it gives. I cannot spare all O'Connell to Irishmen. He belongs to the race—to liberty. (Immense cheers.) Every one, striking for liberty, has a right to call him brother—leader, if you will. (Cheers.)

They tell us America bestowed a noble boon on the three kingdoms, when she sent them the Temperance Reformation. If it be so—if Father Mathew owe light and motive to America, then, with measure pressed down and overflowing, has the debt been repaid. If we have helped in striking down the wine-cup—they have retorted, by striking off the chain. (Cheers.)

Sir, what a contemptible figure does a pro-slavery Irishman present! He comes from a land weighed low with the iron yoke of oppression—no sooner landing on our soil does he stand erect, gather the means of comfortable competency, and grasp the ballot-box, than he uses all to rivet the chain from which he has just freed his own neck. He stands stretching one hand over the water to help his blood-brother rise and be a citizen, and with the other, crowds down the unhappy negro, who only asks to be a man! Sir, we know many such have been made the tools of party. And now, in righteous retribution, a party is growing into notice in New-York, the 'Native Americans,' driving the very brothers of these men, yet to arrive upon our shores, from the privilege of the ballot-box. If it succeeds, they may mainly thank themselves for the result.

I was struck to-day, in this morning's paper, with a fulsome eulogy on Robert Tyler. The Times thus describes him: 'With a heart keenly alive to the beauties of nature and the wonders of that mighty universe which spreads itself out unheeded by the clod, he has a heart that bleeds in sympathy at the wrongs inflicted by the hand of power, and responds to the lightest tone of human suffering, whether national or individual—whether breathed close beside him, or uttered aloud in the vast world of pain, and tyranny and oppression across the seas. What Irishman can ever forget,' &c., &c., and then follows an appeal to Irishmen, for gratitude to this slaveholding Repealer. 'Breathed close beside him'—does that mean in the District of Columbia? I wonder whether, in this case, liberty begins at home? Or do you suppose, Sir, the groans of 9,000,000 of

Irishmen from across the water have drowned the still small voice of some score of bondmen on his father's plantation? (Applause.)

Sir, I do not believe that the actors in the Repeal movement here can cheat the honest hearts of Irishmen much longer. He really loves liberty—he really hates a tyrant—and has sense enough to know one when he sees him. Curran tells us his heart is warm—there's not cold enough in our climate to chill his pulses. (Cheers.) Curran says he is hospitable—and will he close his door on the fugitive, travelling by starlight, who asks a shelter and a morsel in the name of a common humanity! Not to redeem a thousand Erins! Sir, St. Patrick, they tell us, was a fugitive slave. The Latimers of every succeeding year may claim, at least of Irishmen, assistance in his name.

What a farce, Sir! A slaveholding Repealer! On one side the ocean, behold O'Connell! He has thrown down the shilleagh, and the sword, too; and with both hands extended, he stands ready to grasp the sinking brother, no matter what his sect or his complexion, and raise him to the platform of equal rights—of a common humanity. (Cheers.) And here calling himself by the same name, aspiring to aid in his great cause, stands one whose mouth prates of 'peaceful revolution,' and nothing but 'moral force,' while his right hand flourishes the slave-whip, and his foot rests on the neck of his fellow. (Applause.)

Prejudice against the negro! A genuine Irishman has none. When you hear him talk of it, be sure some Yankee taught him; and, after all, he repeats the lesson but awkwardly. He has no heart for it. Prejudice against color! Why, who was it exclaimed, 'May some black O'Connell soon arise in America, and redeem another race from bondage'? Would to heaven he might, say I. (Immense cheering.)

I am not speaking only to Irishmen. I rejoice in O'Connell as a man. Think, Sir, while government was striving to get him wound in its toils, (toils, he will break through as he did before like a lion through the spider's web)—(cheers)—while he stood with the fate of 9,000,000 of men in one hand—even then, his heart was Irish—big enough for the world; and he stretched that omnipotent other hand across the water, and struck a blow which rings on every link of Carolina's chain, and makes the sighing bondman leap up, confident that he, too, will soon be free. (Immense cheers.)

It enlarges our idea of manhood. It gives us a noble faith in our nature. I stand not here to flatter him, even if our words were ever likely to reach his ear. But we do thank him, that when we stood alone, a feeble band, struggling against fearful odds, and looking upward to God for strength, hardly dared to glance around for very loneliness—we do thank him that then, of a sudden, these sixty thousand (touching the famous Irish Address of 1841) rallied at our side, and we were strong in the warm hearts of veterans in Freedom's struggle. (Long continued cheers.) Yes, when the battle raged loud and long—when false friends hovered near to betray—when the air was dark with the darts of enemies—over the field of doubt and confused struggle, beautiful 'like a trumpet with a silver sound,' rung out the tone of O'Connell's summons, bidding Ireland on this side the water rally, as in Erin, for the cause of God and human rights. (Applause.)

Mr. TUCKER, Vice-President of the Repeal Association, made some remarks. He began by saying he was an Irishman and a Repealer. He was aware of the effort to induce Irishmen to come out on this question—but there was a difference between being a foe to slavery and an open abolitionist. He denied the truth of Lord Morpeth's account of the Irish. O'Connell might believe it, but he did not. He was an American. Neither O'Connell nor the Pope should control him. He respected them, but he should judge for himself. Much had been said about the Pope. He was the head of his religion; but if he or O'Connell undertook to control his vote, it would be in vain. The Repealers would not be driven by any party, to any thing.

He was repeatedly cheered.

Mr. O'Brien followed. He said he agreed mainly with his friend Tucker—was an anti-slavery man and wished all others to be so, but must sustain American institutions—said it was an insult to read these ad-

dresses and bulls to them. They were not slaves.—All Irishmen loved freedom, and would be free. He urged the Repealers to be true to themselves and their cause.

He was enthusiastically applauded.

Mr. Phillips replied:

Mr. Chairman—Is it Mr. Tucker's habit to have opinions, and on great questions of liberty too, which he dares not divulge? An open abolitionist! In America, we dare speak what we think. If I am a repealer, I will be an open repealer. I have no principles on these subjects, which I would conceal, in order to advance others. (Applause.) That may be an Irish way of loving liberty—but it is not in fashion here—at least with honest men.

Sir, I did not quote the Pope or O'Connell, as to Irish slaves, or Catholic bigots. It is not worth my while to labor with slavish hearts. There is no room for them in this Hall. (Cheers.) But it is an Irish idea of freedom, indeed, to be free from logic!—independent of argument!—(Cheers.) I quoted the opinions and arguments of able, sound-hearted men, to influence your minds in the path of duty. When the Pope says a good thing, he shall be praised for it, Pope though he be, ay, and in Faneuil Hall, too. (Applause.) And as for O'Connell, when he utters a stirring thought, my heart will leap up at it, without stopping to think whether he is an Irishman or not. (Long cheering.) Sir, my friend O'Brien says, he is an American, and has nothing to do with O'Connell. Indeed, Sir! and yet he tells us that his heart stirs for his brothers and sisters in Erin. Well, if he is an American in this sense, why should his heart stir for Erin more than mine? On that supposition of being so exclusively American, the slave of the Carolina is near-

er to him than the peasant of the Green Isle. (Laughter and cheers.) Sir, he is an American, and so am I. He is as much an American as I. I recognize no claim to country stronger than a man's choice. (Applause.) But his heart is large enough for all climes and colors, for the Irish peasant and the negro slave. (Applause.) My friend O'Brien talks of sustaining 'American institutions.' I take that as an insult. Institutions! one man's foot on another's neck is no institution!—least of all, an American institution. I claim to be an American, as much as he—no more—and I deny to slavery the honor of the name. (Cheers.) Sir, these gentlemen talk to us of interfering with Repealers! I have not addressed a repealer to-night. Are Irishmen nothing but Repealers? (Applause.) Have their hearts grown so small and selfish, that they find room there only for themselves? When they have poured their wealth into the treasury of Ireland's redemption,—God bless them for it!—when they have cheered her champion on—when that work is done—I come and hold up before them the kneeling slave. If they tell me they have no time to attend to him—that his cause is unpopular—that to help him will hurt themselves—I reply—you may be Boston Repealers, for aught I know, but you are not Repealers of the Corn Exchange—(Cheers.) The Haughtons, the Allens, and the Steeles, Mathew and O'Connell, stand not at your sides—insult them not by your companionship. (Immense cheers.) Sir, our chairman asked if a slaveholder, with his foot on the slave, could help Repeal—if a tyrant could aid liberty. Some answered, 'Yes!' I want their names. I want a responsible person to say here, to-night, that Repeal overrides humanity; that the slaveholder of Carolina is a worthy second to O'Connell at the Corn Exchange. Give me a name, and I pledge myself to send it to Dublin; and if the satire with which its wearer is seathed, does not make all that was poured on the head of unlucky Brougham milk and water in comparison, I do not know Daniel O'Connell. (Loud cheers.)

New-England Jesuitism.

Of all the displays of the spirit of Jesuitism—of which we have enough in this Pope-renouncing land, that would have done no discredit to St. Omers in its palmy days,—commend us to the following gem from the New-England Puritan—the organ of the predominant sect of New England. It combines the hypocrisy, the hardness of heart, the servility and the cant which have ever been considered the distinguishing mark of the Jesuit, whether Catholic or Protestant, in a manner as beautiful as it is remarkable. Read it attentively.

LATIMER, THE SLAVE. George Latimer, said to be the slave of James B. Gray, of Virginia, is still in jail in this city, awaiting the decision of the Court, of which Mr. Justice Story is the presiding Judge, upon the question whether he is to be delivered up, under the laws of the United States, to his master. The question is one on which public opinion is much divided; some holding that the laws requiring the delivery of fugitive slaves are contrary to the feelings of humanity, and to the law of God; and that, therefore, the laws of this country are, in this case, morally wrong, and ought to be disobeyed. Others, of no less sympathy with the common feelings of humanity, and no less regard to the will of God, hold, that to trample upon the laws of the country, is introducing a principle, which, if carried out into its natural results, will work greater evils in society than the hardships of runaway slaves, who should be given up to their masters. In short, the question resolves itself into another, which is this: *Shall public law be respected, or shall it be violated?* The laws, as they now stand, may be a hardship to individuals; but are those hardships greater than the community would suffer by a state of universal anarchy? The alternative, presented by the case, is a choice of evils, one of which must be borne. The feelings of human nature cry out against the abominations of slavery; the whole christian world is opposed to the system; and the tone of denunciation is becoming louder, and more trumpet-tongued; and yet, it admits of question, whether even this gigantic evil can be violently and illegally abated, without introducing other evils of still greater magnitude.

It is morally certain, that the Constitution of the United States could never have been adopted, and that these States could never have become United States, if the existence of slavery in the South had not been recognized, and the delivery of fugitive slaves by the free States had not been authorized and required by public law. It is also morally certain, that these States cannot continue to be United States, except on the same conditions. The case of Latimer, therefore, may involve, in its remote consequences, the grave question, whether this Union shall be preserved or abandoned. Is it worse for a few slaves, or a few hundred, or even a few thousand slaves, to suffer the pains of slavery, unjust and terrible as they often truly are, than for 18,000,000 of people to be thrown into a state of absolute anarchy, with none of the restraints of law, and every man left to do that which is right in his own eyes? If humanity cries out against slavery, it cries out, with a voice of 'mighty thunderings,' against such a condition of things. Each side of the alternative involves very serious consequences; but it seems to us, that the evils in the one case so far overbalance those in the other, that no prudent and wise man can hesitate which side to select.

We hold that the remedy of the incidental evils of slavery, which are involved in the case of Latimer, ought to be, and can be, and should be brought about legally and constitutionally. We go for all judicious reforms; but we go for them in the proper mode and way. We had rather calmly and patiently submit to evils which we have, than fly to others which we know not of, except that they are worse than the present. Let public law be sustained, till it can be constitutionally modified or repealed; and in that only proper manner, the relief of the slave and the safety of society be secured.

Here, in the first place, observe the craft with which the issue is changed from the point whether a human law which contradicts a divine law, can be rightfully obeyed, to the one whether 'the laws of the country' (which being without qualification, means laws, not contrary to God's law,) are to be trampled upon! And then note the art with which the attention of the reader is diverted from the real issue, and his passions aroused, and his fears excited, by the intimation that obeying God rather than man would produce a state of universal anarchy! Persons of no less sympathy with the common feelings of humanity, (!) and no less regard to the laws of God' (!!) than those that believe they should hearken to God rather than unto men, deem, it seems, that the carrying out in practice of this principle of the apostle, 'would work greater evils in society than the hardships of runaway slaves, who should be given up to

their master.' Truly, the devout editor deserves the triple crown—for he is not merely infallible, but wiser than the Almighty himself! Obedience to the Most High will produce universal anarchy—therefore the devil is to be obeyed until it shall be safe to shake off our allegiance to him. It is prudent, indeed, so to serve God as not to offend the devil, and judicious to provide against possible contingencies—as the witty infidel took off his hat to the statue of Jupiter in St. Peter's at Rome, and begged him to remember, if he should ever get up again in the world, that he was civil to him in his adversity. But then those who are thus wise in their generation, are pronounced, by an authority which the Puritan would not dare to deny in words, not to be 'the children of light.'

But then slavery is an 'evil,' it seems! O yes, one against the abominations of which 'the feelings of human nature cry out.' Here is the seasoning of cant sprinkled upon the contents of the cauldron, to make it 'slab and good.' The feelings of human nature happily do cry out against the abominations of slavery—but not those of sectarian nature, which is a totally different thing. 'The whole christian world opposed to the system!' Does not this editor know this system has been justified from the Bible, at the very well-head of his theology, by the very chief Rabbi of Andover? And, moreover, that men steeped to the very lips in these very abominations, are welcomed to the pulpits and communion tables of almost all the churches of his denomination in New-England? And that the A. B. C. F. M.—the great conspiracy for inflicting this baby-stealing, woman whipping, Bible-robbing Christianity upon the unoffending heathen—have, within a few months, refused to close the treasury of the Lord, (as they maintain it to be,) to the price of their brother's blood? If he do not know all this, he is very unfit for the station he occupies. If he do, what language can adequately describe the stupendous audacity of his falsehood? But great as the evil is, and opposed to it as is the whole christian world—still, it appears, it is doubtful whether 'even this gigantic evil can be violently and illegally abated, without introducing other evils of still greater magnitude.' Here is another instance of that art which has derived its name from the Society of Jesus, but is by no means confined to it, of hinting a slander, and hesitating a libel. Who has ever proposed 'abating this evil violently and illegally?' If the editor of the Puritan knows whereof he affirms, let him produce his evidence. Unless he does, and that quickly, he must look for the penalties annexed to the breach of that commandment which forbids a man to bear false witness against his neighbor. We trust, however, that the editor is consistent enough to condemn, as we do, the violent and illegal measures which our ancestors, and those who came to their assistance, employed, to free themselves from the political slavery implied in submission to a two-penny tax on tea, glass, and painters' colors.

The next paragraph, however, is perhaps as good a specimen as can be found, of the base coin which passes current with many in this community as sterling Christianity, but which those who manufacture or utter it, may be assured will never buy them an entrance into heaven. It contains an admission of the truth, which is notorious to all acquainted with the facts, that Jehovah has been thrust down from the throne of these United States, and an image, great and terrible, (and yet, withal, as ridiculous as the monkey-god of Egypt,) set up in his stead, which is chiefly made of gold and silver, largely, however, of brass, supported, indeed, by props of iron, but happily with feet of clay—and its name is THE CONSTITUTION! It seems that the people could not have agreed together to manufacture this delicate monster, unless they had consented that every sixth man, woman and child, should be offered up a living, or a dying sacrifice to it forever. And, moreover, that if these due offerings should be withheld, those who claim the hereditary right to perform this part of his liturgy, will forthwith demolish the common idol. And, therefore, our most religious editor infers that it is better 'a few thousand,' (million he might have said,) 'slaves should suffer the pains of slavery, unjust and terrible as they often truly are, (not always, it seems, only occasionally,) rather than that the Divinity of the

American people should be broken in pieces. For terrible would be the consequences of this godless State—no less than 18,000,000 of people being thrown into absolute anarchy, with none of the restraints of law, and every man left to do that which is right in his own eyes! Truly, it may be said of this editor's logic, as it once was of another man's, 'that his premises might have the small-pox, and yet his conclusion be in no danger of taking it.' But this is the prevalent religion of New-England! This editor is not a sinner above other editors of religious papers—though he may be less judicious than some who keep more in the quiet. Whatever may be thought of his logic, his religion must pass current, for it bears the endorsement of the great mass of almost every religious body in the land. The republican principle is virtually applied to religion. The laws of God are put to vote, and obedience is due, or not, according as 'those in favor,' or 'the contrary-minded' have it. The majority of the people have voted that one-sixth of their number shall be made beasts of burden, deprived of all means of improvement, and of all hope of a better condition, put out of the protection of law, herded together in promiscuous concubinage, made wifeless, childless, homeless; whereupon the clergy of the land bless the anomalous monster which men have constructed as the Demon in Frankenstein was made up, the church receives it into her bosom,

* And frightened prelates bow and call it friend.

Selfish expediency is the rule of the religious as well as of the political world. And badly-off should we be, were the world's world half so desperately wicked as the religious world. The idea of absolute right is one it seems unable to entertain. The infinite value of a human soul has no reality to its members' minds, except as a means of exciting the selfish passions of the victims of their dreadful orgies called revivals of religion. They do not know that the whole world is but a sorry price for a single soul. They cannot understand that the freedom of the youth Latimer—freedom being the essential atmosphere of the soul—was worth more than all the Constitutions of government men ever invented. They have no trust in God—no faith in man. They weigh against each other the evils flowing from the breach of God's laws, and those which their selfish fears can conjure up as possible to flow from a return to obedience—and then say, 'that no prudent and wise man can hesitate which side to select.' And this concentrated essence of selfishness, which takes under its protecting wing every kind of violence, murder, theft and uncleanness,—the robbery of men of their bodies, and (according to the solemn creed and confession of faith of most of them) the murder of their souls—they have the face to baptize, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and to call it the christian religion! And this religion they have the insolence to ask the Pagan world to receive in exchange for their own more humane superstitions! It is happy for the world that they have met with such signal discomfiture in their sectarian propagandism.

It is but just, however, to say, that the last paragraph of this remarkable article is conceived in a very martyrly spirit. 'We had rather,' exclaims our editor, with the air of Latimer at the stake, 'calmly and patiently submit to evils which we have, than fly to others that we know not of, except that they are worse than the present.' That is, this reverend gentleman, (for reverend we are sure he must be—no unordained head could have composed, no unconsecrated fingers could have written so edifying an article,) can sit in his easy-chair, drawing a fat salary, with the run of the pulpits and the fardors of his denomination, secure, in the possession of a white face, of all the rights he cares about, and 'calmly and patiently submit to the evils' which the slaves endure! Wonderful self-sacrifice! Astonishing devotion to duty! Truly, he deserves the appellation which was wittily bestowed years ago upon a Boston clergyman, of 'an amateur martyr!' This is, indeed, a pleasant instance of a man's going to the stake by attorney! He must strongly sympathize with the young convert, who, when somewhat posed by the application of the test question as to his spiritual condition, by his ghostly advisor, 'whether he were so perfectly re-

signed to the divine will that he should be willing to be damned to all eternity, if such were the will of God," replied, after some hesitation, "I am not sure that I am quite ready for that, yet, but I'll tell you what I can truly say, I feel perfectly resigned to see you damned to all eternity, should such be the will of God! But this is too serious a matter even for a bitter jest. This man is the creature and the victim of the religion of New-England—and he deserves as much compassion as reprobation. But, truly, the State's-prison, the brothel, the gaming-house and the grog-shop, will rise up against such religionists as these in the day of judgment, and condemn them. Into what a hell of spiritual darkness and of moral degradation are not they even now plunged, who put their trust in such religious guides!—E. Q. Winney

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
In the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Forty-Three.

AN ACT

Further to protect Personal Liberty.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

SECT. 1. No judge of any court of record of this Commonwealth, and no justice of the peace, shall hereafter take cognizance or grant a certificate in cases that may arise under the third section of an act of Congress, passed February 12, 1793, and entitled "an act respecting fugitives from justice and persons escaping from the service of their masters," to any person who claims any other person as a fugitive slave within the jurisdiction of the Commonwealth.

SECT. 2. No sheriff, deputy-sheriff, coroner, constable, jailor, or other officer of this Commonwealth, shall hereafter arrest or detain, or aid in the arrest or detention, or imprisonment in any jail or other building belonging to this Commonwealth, or to any county, city or town thereof, of any person for the reason that he is claimed as a fugitive slave.

SECT. 3. Any justice of the peace, sheriff, deputy-sheriff, coroner, constable or jailor, who shall offend against the provisions of this law by in any way acting directly or indirectly under the power conferred by the third section of the act of Congress aforementioned, shall forfeit a sum not exceeding one thousand dollars for every such offence, to the use of the county where said offence is committed, or shall be subject to imprisonment not exceeding one year in the county jail.

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BRIDGES.

I have a bridge within my heart,
Known as the "Bridge of Sighs;"
It stretches from life's sunny part,
To where life's darkness lies.
And when upon this bridge I stand,
To watch life's tide below,
Sad thoughts come through the shadowy land,
And darken all its flow.

Then as it winds its way along
To sorrow's bitter sea,
Mournful is the spirit-song,
That upward floats to me.

A song which breathes of blessings dead,
Of friends and friendships flown;
Of pleasures gone—their distant tread
Now to an echo grown.

And hearing thus, beleaguering fears
Soon shut the present out,
While bliss but in the past appears,
And in the future doubt.

O, often then will deeper grow
The night which round me lies;
I wish that life had run its flow,
Or never found its rise!

II.

I have a bridge within my heart,
Known as the bridge of faith;
It spans, by a mysterious art,
The streams of life and death.

And when upon this bridge I stand,
To watch the tide below,
Sweet thoughts come from a sunny land,
And brighten all its flow.

Then, as it winds its way along
Toward a distant sea,
O pleasant is the spirit-song,
That upward floats to me.

A song of blessings never sere,
Of love "beyond compare,"
Of pleasures flowed from troublings here,
To rise serenely there.

And hearing thus, a peace divine
Soon shuts each sorrow out;
And all is hopeful and benign,
Where all was fear and doubt.

O, often then will brighter grow
The light which round me lies;
I see from life's beclouded flow,
A crystal stream arise.

A. D. F. R.

Frederick Douglass

Lectured here Sunday evening, to a crowded Court House. He was here during all Sunday, and spoke at our Sunday meetings, and it was known generally to the people here, and there was great curiosity to see him, and hear his eloquence. But no meeting house was offered to him,—or to the people, rather, who wished to hear him—and would have been profoundly interested in the grandeur of his speech. He had to speak, and the audience had to hear, in an inconvenient, uncomfortable room. The sects know here, that Anti-slavery will never again ask them for a meeting house. We will furnish them orators of the first cast, and they are in famishing want of good speaking—but they must come to the cold and noisy Court Room and dirty Town Hall, to hear, so long as they shut up their clean and comfortable synagogues against us. We have asked for them long enough. It would be dishonorable begging, to ask again. If the meeting house is capable of being opened to the truth, they had better offer them to us. I believe it is not capable of it—and therefore that they will never open them to anti-slavery. I would here suggest that there ought to be a Lyceum Hall erected in this place, where Truth could be spoken. What a commentary on the character of the numerous Temples here. I tell the people the Truth can never be admitted into an Idol Temple.

Douglas spoke excellently Sunday afternoon, and to a pretty numerous audience—many of them not accustomed to attend our meetings.—He was advertised as a "fugitive from slavery." He said he was not a fugitive from slavery—but a fugitive slave. He was a fugitive, he said, not from slavery—but in slavery. To get from it—he must go beyond the limits of the American Union. He asked them why it was that he—such as they saw him before them, must wander about in their midst, a fugitive and a slave. He demanded the reason. It is because of your Religion, he sternly replied, which sanctifies the system under which I suffer, and dooms me to it, and the millions of my brethren now in bondage. Your religion justifies our tyrants, and you are yourselves our enslavers. I see my enslavers here in Concord, and before my eyes—if any are here who countenance the church and the religion of your country. Other influences helped sustain the system of slavery, he said, but this is its sanctioner and main support.

In the evening Douglass made a masterly and most impressive speech. The house was crowded, and with the best of our people—no clergy—and but few of the bigots, who are past hearing. He began by a calm, deliberate and very simple narrative of his life. He did not detail personal sufferings—though he said he might—if inclined to. His fate had been mild compared to that of slaves generally. He to be sure, had to go naked, pretty much during the earlier years of childhood, and feed at a trough like a pig, under care of his old grandmother, who, past her labor, was turned out, charged to dig her own subsistence, and that of a few little ones, out of a patch of ground allotted her. These little ones were separated from their mothers, that they might early be without ties of kindred. He did not remember his mother, I think he said, and never knew who was his father. He never knew in his first six years anything about a bed—any more than the pigs did. He remembered stealing an old salt bag, into which he used to creep, and sleep, on the earth floor of the negro hut, at his old grandmother's. She, by the way, had reared twelve children of her own, for the market—all sold and gone from her—and she now blind and alone, if she is alive, and none left with her to bring her a cup of cold water. His own back he said was scarred with the whip—but still he

had been a favored slave. He was sent to a slave-breaker, when some 16 or 17 years old—his master not being able to manage him. An attempt at breaking him once brought on a struggle between him and the Jockey. The result of it was such that the Jockey did not care to repeat it, while his care for his reputation, as a successful breaker, kept him from getting help to manage a slave boy—and Frederick escaped farther whipping from him afterwards.—After narrating his early life briefly—his schooling—the beginning of the wife of his master's relative to teach him letters, and the stern forbidding of it, by her husband—which Frederick overheard—how he caught a little teaching here and there from the children in the streets—a fact, he said, which accounted to him for his extraordinary attachment to children—after getting through this, in a somewhat suppressed and hesitating way—interesting all the while for its facts, but dullish in manner—and giving I suspect, no token to the audience of what was coming—though I discerned, at times, symptoms of a brewing storm—he closed his slave narrative, and gradually let out the outraged humanity that was laboring in him, in indignant and terrible speech. It was not what you could describe as oratory or eloquence. It was sterner—darker—deeper than these. It was the volcanic outbreak of human nature long pent up in slavery and at last bursting its imprisonment. It was the storm of insurrection—and I could not but think, as he stalked to and fro on the platform, roused up like the Numidian Lion—how that terrible voice of his would ring through the pine glades of the South, in the day of her visitation—calling the insurgents to battle and striking terror to the hearts of the dismayed and despairing mastery. He reminded me of Toussaint among the plantations of Haiti.—There was great oratory in his speech—but more of dignity and earnestness than what we call eloquence. He was not up as a speaker—performing. He was an insurgent slave taking hold on the right of speech, and charging on his tyrants the bondage of his race. One of our Editors ventured to cross his path by a rash remark. He better have run upon a Lion. It was fearful, but magnificent, to see how magnanimously and lion-like the royal fellow tore him to pieces, and left his untouched fragments scattered around him.

But I have n't room. I must say a word of Foster. There is a prospect of having Douglass here again, and in other parts of New Hampshire. He is a surprising lecturer. I would not praise him—or describe him;—but he is a colored man,—a slave,—of the race who can't take care of themselves—our inferiors, and therefore to be kept in slavery—an abolitionist, and therefore to be despised. I want the people of New Hampshire to know him, and to hear him—for their sakes, and for the cause. He is one of the most impressive and majestic speakers I have ever heard. The close of his address Sunday evening was unrivalled. I can give no adequate description of it. I have heard the leading anti-slavery speakers, as well as the pro-slavery orators, and the great advocates at the bar, and I have never seen a man leave the platform, or close a speech with more real dignity and eloquent majesty.

N. P. Rogers.

Concord N. H.

John A. Douglass
Barnstable Mass.

The Hutchinson Singers.

These Canary Birds have been here again, charming the ear of our Northern Winter, with their wood-note music. Four of them were here, out of a nest of fourteen.—All of them, I understand, are to flock together to a warble, at Nashua, at our coming Thanksgiving—though one has to come from Illinois.—The Concert will be worth the long flight—and well worth a journey from here there, to listen to. I had rather keep Thanksgiving (if at all) on the melody of these living birds, than on a whole poultry yard full of dead turkeys and goslings, which make up the usual Thanksgiving feast, as well as the usual gratitude.

These "New-Hampshire Rainers" sung here two evenings, to rather small audiences. One night they were at an out of the way Hall, and the other night there was a sharp snow storm. It would not have kept the people from a Baptist meeting, to hear the brimstone melody of Jacob Kuapp, but it kept them from hearing the simple, heart-touching strains of the "Eolian Vocalists." Perhaps I am partial to the Hutchinsons—for they are Abolitionists.—It need not fright them to have it announced. It won't.—If it would scare away their listeners, it would not scare themselves.—But it won't. Human Nature will go and hearken, and be charmed at their lays—and the time is coming, if it has not come already, when the public conscience will feel quieted at the thought of having heard music from the friends of the Slave, and patronized it. How natural for Music, as well as Poetry, to be on the side of Humanity and the Captive. And how gloriously employed it would be in Humanity's special service. I wish the Hutchinsons had a series of Anti-Slavery Melodies, to sing at their Concerts. A Marseilles Anti-Slavery Hymn, for instance, with a Swiss "Rans de Vasche." An English "Rule Britannia,"—a Scotch "Scots wha hae." An Irish "Battle of the Boyne," or a poor American, Anti-Slavery "Yankee Doodle."—Give me the ballad making, for a revolution, said some of the sages, and you may have all the law making. What an agitation might the fourteen Hutchinsons sing up in the land, with all their voices and instruments strung to the deliverance of the bondman! Would the South send on to our General Court to have them beheaded? The General Court would not touch a feather of their crests, if they could only hear one of their strains.

A word of their music here, the other night. Among the songs sung, was "The Maniac." I had heard it recited with great talent, but I was not prepared to hear it sung. One of the younger of the brothers performed it with appalling power. It was made to be sung, I think, rather than recited or acted. Music alone, seems capable of giving it its wild and maniac expression. A poor maniac is imprisoned—and starts the song at the glance of the Jailor's Light entering his cell. The despairing lament and the hopeless imploration for release, accompanied with protestations that he is not mad, are enough to break the heart. It ought to have been heard by every Asylum Superintendent, though they have grown less of the Jailor than formerly.

The Airs were modern—most or all of them, and though very sweet, were less interesting to me, than if they had been songs I knew. If they had had some of the Old Songs intermingled, I think it would better please everybody.—Some of Burns'.—The Bonnie Doon, or The Highland Mary, for instance. Few professed vocalists could touch either of these, without profanation.—I think the Hutchinsons might, for they are simple and natural in their music. I should love to hear them warble

"Ye Banks and Braes and Streams,
Around the Castle of Montgomery!"

Their wood-land tone—their clear enunciation and their fine appreciation of the poetry—to-

gether with their perfect freedom from affectation and stage grimace, would enable them to do justice to the great Scottish Songster. And it would do the people good to hear them sing him. Will they take the suggestion, and when they sing next, at least as far North as here, will they sprinkle their catalogue, (in the singing, if not in the handbill,) with a strain or two from the Glens of the Scotch Highlands. And Rans de Vasche, too, I would venture to mention to them—or The Cattle Chorus—The Lowing of the Cows among the Alps, that makes the Swiss Exile mad, when he hears it in a foreign land. Their spirited imitation would tell in that, with grand effect.

Oh! this Music is one of God's dearest gifts. I do wish men would make more of it. How humanizing it is—and how purifying—elevating and ennobling to the spirit. And how it has been prostituted and perverted. That accursed drum and fife.—How they have maddened mankind. And the deep bass boom of the cannon, chiming in, in the chorus of the battle. That trumpet, and wild, charging bugle! How they set the military devil into a man, and make him into a soldier. Think of the Human Family, falling upon one another, at the inspiration of Music! How must God feel at it! To see those harp strings, He meant should be waked to a love bordering on divine, strung and swept to mortal hate and butchery. And the perversion is scarcely less, when music is profaned to the superstitious service of Sect,—its bloody-minded worship—its mercenary and bigot offerings. How horribly it echoes from the heartless and priest-led Meeting-House!

But it will all come right, by and bye. The world is out of tune now. But it will be tuned again, and all discord become harmony. When Slavery and War are abolished, and hanging and imprisoning, and all hatred and distrust—when the strife of humanity shall be, who will love most and help the readiest, when the tyrant steeple shall no longer tower, in sky-aspiring contempt of humanity's cowering dwellings about its base, when pulpits and priests and hangmen and generals—gibbets and jails, shall have vanished from the surface of the delivered earth, then shall be heard music here, where they used to stand. The hills shall then break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands. *Rogers*

From the Congregational Journal.

Abdication of the Pulpit.

CAMPTON, Aug. 2, 1841.

BROTHER WOOD,—I wish to say through your paper, as the organ of the Congregational denomination, that on the second Sabbath inst. I stepped down from my wooden pulpit elevation, where the clergy placed me, to a level with the rest of the people; I laid down the commission, license, credentials, &c. which the clergy gave me six years ago, that I might rely with more simplicity on the commission which the Lord Jesus gave me five years before that; I dissolved my connection with any denominational corporation, called church; 1, That I might more fully feel my union to Christ, the true vine; and 2, That I might withdraw myself from any sanction of slavery; and from the 'BROTHERHOOD OF THIEVES,' who, by their wicked refusal to plead faithfully and fearlessly the cause of the bleeding slave, do constitute pillars of that abominable system. I relinquished my salary, because I am fully satisfied that a hireling priesthood can never convert the world to Christ; and further they will not, nay cannot exercise faith in God, as the early disciples did. Such a priesthood, I believe to have been the principal occasion of the worldliness, the corruption in doctrine and practice, and the spiritual death which reign in the so called orthodox, and every other denomination in which the clergy receive salaries.

Finally, I endeavored to strip myself of the whole armor of sect, that I might go forth against the enemies of God and man, with the simple principles of truth as my only weapons, and the God of Hosts my only defence; counting all else as mere dross, that I might win Christ.

Yours for the cross and the crown,

T. P. BEACH.

Letter from Beach.

This was received at Providence by Parker Pillsbury—and handed me there, at my request, to be published in the Herald. I ask the people to read it coolly, and considerately, and say how long they will continue to sustain a priesthood, which demands imprisonment of such men as the writer of this, to keep them from talking to their people in behalf of the slave.

Let the Danvers Baptists read it, and the Lynn Quakers. If the Baptists have any thing left but *water*, or the Friends any thing but *silence*, they might feel remorse at what they have done.—Perhaps they will not feel.—Perhaps "*water*" and "*silence*" make up all their heart.

Ed'n.

Newburyport JAIL, }
November 15, 1842. }

Dear beloved Brother: What would I not give if I could take steam and fly to Rhode Island. I think this moment I would be willing to give up the ghost if I could but grasp your hands and fold you to my heart, yet once in the flesh, so I might but regain my Liberty, and in the full gust of its enjoyment breathe out my spirit, for those who pine in slavery. So do I esteem my freedom—so the embrace of my dear friends. Oh, to be present at your gathering, and once more correspond *beat to beat* with anti-slavery hearts, to feel their cordial greeting and drop the tear of affection on each other's neck, would be inexpressible joy; and to mingle our prayers and sympathies for the *dear slave*,—oh this would be heaven. I have never felt it as now.—Nor could I ever. We never feel our blessings till we feel their loss. We shall never feel for the slave till we become slaves, or are deprived of our liberty. God grant we may never be slaves. We should be infinite gainers many of us to be deprived of liberty, till we can feel for others as ourselves. It so rouses our love of liberty—makes us prize freedom as we ought, and warms our love of man into a glow, that we shall hardly otherwise experience. Oh could some of you Rhode Island abolitionists who now enjoy the sweets of social and domestic life, change places for 24 hours with poor Latimer, you would know what slavery is, and by that means be able to appreciate liberty. I hope you will make the most of this, dear brother. Let's lose all sight of other objects in the comparison. Ring up his case through that little State, till they all forget "charter" and "suffrage," yea, forget themselves in their zeal to set the bondman free! Hear the cry of those worse than widows and orphans whose fathers live and writhe under the fetter or the lash—see the image of virtue and purity agonizing in the brutal grasp of passion and lust—see them rending their hair and even their skin from the flesh in the frenzy of despair at parting with parents, children, friends and companions,—see the freeman kidnapped, loaded with irons and dragged into this hell upon earth, slavery—see your brethren of whom the nation ought to be proud, if it is of anything, ejected from your public conveyances, proscribed every avenue to improvement and enjoyment, except what they force open by their own native energy, and in spite of a scolding world;—see the *Right of Speech* mobbed out of Faneuil Hall—out of the temples of God, so called by Quakers and others—yea, mobbed out of the world, for a man can't utter his soul in it, but with the sacrifice of his body! See these things, and let your spirits be roused in all their immortal might to strike once more for *Freedom and Humanity*.

This is voting day in the old Bay State. Oh what fools are men to be thus scrambling for party and honor, while the world is groaning under the tyranny of human will and brute force—the essential principles of all merely human institutions, whether civil or ecclesiastical! I am led to cry out in view of all the honors or benefits of the politics or religion of this country, how much better is a man than the whole of

them! Let me but raise one man out of sin or misfortune and make him an heir of freedom and truth, and I have done a greater and better work than the whole Church and State, since the anointing of Saul son of Cis, or the crowning of the Pope universal Bishop!! Let's go on brother—act up to the high and ennobling

principles of our humanity, and let the sects have all the benefits of their works of supererogation.

Go for individual responsibility. Oh what may a man or woman become—only make an individual and not a fraction of them! Each one would be a host. This is the true secret of human greatness after all.—Let's all be Samsons. We might all have been so.—But my locks are shorn—I shall not do much now—but when they are grown, I shall make one mighty effort to shake the two pillars of the Devil's kingdom—the Church and Clergy. They may mock me now, but I warn them to remember how it fared with the Philistines.

We received your kind and brotherly letter. Why don't we all act like brothers? I know that some of us are a little too much swallowed up in self.—Oh this pride of heart, when one gets the notion of *leading*, standing at the head, &c. Are not some of the New Hampshire and Massachusetts corps a little tinctured with this?—or am I mistaken? I know you ain't—your tincture is the other way. Well, I had rather be nothing, than get this Devil into my pate. Let's "be only great as we are good"—that's true greatness.

True, my wife is here.—But I tell you Parker, its a drop of sweet in a bitter, bitter cup—Oh how it tears out my vitals, when the day declines, and we just begin to think of living social after its labor is over, to have the insolent Jailor demand my wife and little ones from my bosom, and hear these hellish grutings and crackings as the doors close after them! Oh it's like the poor slave. Every thing here reminds me of him. I had rather have the wound probed to the core, or the limb slashed from the stump, than have the festering sore thus torn day by day. I sigh, I groan and long for freedom!—And yet I'm content to remain here as long as needful. I know humanity and truth shall own and honor the sacrifice; and I feel an assurance that however great, it shall not be lost—but be made to tell on the great and glorious result.

Love, love, love from thine to the end,

T. P. BEACH.

From the Herald of Freedom.

The Voice of Freedom.

Charles C. Burleigh has left it, and retired from the mountains to Pennsylvania. I am not sorry he has given up editing. No man can excel in every thing. Hardly any man in two such things as speech-making and writing. (I might say in either of them.) Charles' forte is not, to my mind, in editing. He is out of place there, though he can write most eloquently, and at times, does. But he is not an agitator with his editorial pen. As a speaker, he is a cataract. But he wants to run among the hills, to get heard for his rapids and falls. He will have to look out, or he will run *smooth* in Pennsylvania. He ought to have a channel like the wild Ammonoosuck, that springs on the side of Mount Washington. He can create his own rapids, though, and his cascades. I have seen him when he was all of a white foam, of his own intrinsic impetuosity of current, and without any obstruction in his way. He was here so last Sunday evening. I wish he could keep in New-England, and in the midst of discussion and conflict. Nobody like him to elucidate and illustrate anti-slavery. His whole speech here above mentioned, was one stream of the most magnificent illustration, from beginning to end. But I am glad he has given up editing. The paper has gone into the hands of a sturdy blacksmith, J. Holcomb. He will strike when the iron is hot. And he will find hot iron all the time. If Vermont wants an anti-slavery paper, (as States do not necessarily,) I don't know a better man to edit it. He goes to Brandon with it—a better place than Montpelier for every thing but transmission and intelligence. A political capital, with a squad of meeting-houses, is the last place for moral agitation.

Ho! children of the granite hills,
That bristle with the hacmatack,
And sparkle with the crystal rills
That hurry toward the Merrimack,
Dam up those rills!—for, while they run,
They all rebuke you **ATHERTON**.

Dam up those rills!—they flow so free
O'er icy slope and beetling crag,
That soon, they'll all be off at sea,
Beyond the reach of Charlie's gag;
And, when those waters are the sea's,
They'll speak and thunder as they please.

Then freeze them stiff!—But let there come
No winds to chain them;—should *they* flow,
They'll speak of freedom! Let the dumb
And breathless frost forbid their blow;—
Then all will be so hush'd and mum,
Ye'll think your **ATHERTON** has come.

Not he!—'Of all the *airs* that blow,'
He dearly loves the soft south west,
That tells where rice and cotton grow,
And man is, like 'the Patriarchs,' blest
(So say some eloquent divines?)
With God-given* slaves and concubines.

Let not the winds go thus, at large,
That now o'er all your hills career—
Your Sunapee and Kearsarge—
Nay, nay, methinks the bounding deer,
That, *like* the winds, sweep o'er each hill,
Should all be gagged, to keep them still.

And all your big and little brooks,
That rush down laughing, toward the sea,
Your Lampreys, Squams and Contoocooks,
That show a spirit to be free,
Should learn, they're not to take such airs:
Your mouths are stopped—then why not theirs?

Plug every spring that dares to play
At bubble in its gravel cup,
Or babble, as it runs away:—
Nay, catch and coop your eagles up!
It is not fit that they should fly,
And scream of freedom, through your sky.

Ye've not done yet!—Your very trees—
Those sturdy pines, their heads that wag
In concert with the mountain breeze—
Unless *they're* silenced by a gag,
Will whisper—'We will stand our ground!
Our heads are up! OUR HEARTS ARE SOUND!'

Sons of the granite hills, your birds,
Your winds, your waters, and your trees,
Of power and freedom speak, in words
That should be felt in times like these.
Their voice comes to you from the sky!
In them God speaks of Liberty.

Sons of the granite hills, awake!
Ye're on a mighty stream afloat,
With all your liberties at stake—
A faithless pilot's on your boat,
And, while ye've lain asleep, ye're snagged!
Nor can ye cry for help—ye're gagged!!!
Pierpont

ON COMPLETING MY THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR, DEC. 10, 1840.

If, to the age of threescore years and ten.
God of my life! thou shalt my term prolong,
Still be it mine to reprobate all wrong,
And save from woe my suffering fellow-men.
Whether, in Freedom's cause, my voice or pen
Be used by Thee, who art my boast and song,
To vindicate the weak against the strong,
Upon my labors rest Thy benison!
O! not for Afric's sons alone I plead,
Or her descendants; but for all who sigh
In servile chains, whate'er their caste or creed:
They not in vain to Heaven send up their cry;
For all mankind from bondage shall be freed,
And from the earth be chased all forms of tyranny.
[Liberty Bell.]

W. L. G.

W. L. G.

When that time was nearly gone, Mr. Manly told me, that as the others were not ready before, he could so manage it, that I should not be ready. He did so by ———, but I need not tell you how. The case was again put off three months, and I began to hope that I should escape, and not again be entangled with the yoke of bondage. But at length the time for the trial drew near. Mr. Manly told me it would certainly go against me, and that I had better leave the State. It was hard to leave my family, but I dared not stay. I took one of my little girls, and fled, on the night of the 18th of May, a year ago. I went to Massachusetts, and placed my

No matter, 'proper state' or not. Every body town to-day, if the cars will carry me. Every body knows me here, and if they want to kill me, they can do it. I will go, and will not stop till I get to Philadelphia, for freedom is *all over* that place. My friends furnished me with a guard, and I went to the cars. There I met the Governor. He shook hands with me, and as he gave me his right hand, his left went into his pocket, and he gave me a three dollar bill. He said he should be glad to grant my request, if it had been in his power, and would now serve me in any way he could. A crowd was then gathering around the cars, and the conductors became excited, and told me I should not go with them;—that if I was on the cars, they would not start, though they had the mail to carry. So I was left behind, and the crowd soon took me into their own hands, and said they would go with me and search my trunks. Some of them said I had two trunks, and some said I had three, though I had but one; they opened that, and turned over all my old rags that were in it. They took up one thing after another, and shook it, but they found only one paper. They seized that, two or three of them taking it at once, but they could not make out any thing against me, from it, and most of them left me. My friends then advised me to go to jail, as the only place of safety, and they would come in the night, and let me out, so that I could go among my friends, finish my business, and leave the place. They came as they agreed, when all seemed quiet. I had scarcely gone 30 yards from the jail, when I was suddenly surrounded by an innumerable company, who rushed upon me, and raised me from the ground, and carried me on their shoulders. Then I was indeed high and lifted up. Thus I was carried, as in a whirlwind, towards the gallows. Then my heart sunk within me. I thought all was gone. But I perceived they went by the gallows, to the bank of a little creek, on the borders of the town. There they let me down, and permitted me to walk through the water. My coat and

Now, said he, as he concluded his story, I have not a dollar in my pocket, yet I think there is one here who feels richer or happier than I.

A Letter from Cassius M. Clay.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Jan. 30, 1844.

Elihu Burritt, Esq.

My Dear Sir—It is from the descendants of the Pilgrim fathers, that I look for an exhibition of that large spirit of philanthropy which has in times past made New England memorable among the Nations. It is from the same New Englanders that I first imbibed that spirit of opposition to slavery which for ten years of war and denunciation and perils unknown to men, I have nurtured unextinguishable in my bosom. It was in New Haven at the time of the public meeting called in denunciation of those who had for slavery imprisoned the Cherokee (Georgia) missionaries, that I first felt that indignation against oppression which determined me to make eternal war against slavery—and though I have stood alone, one against a thousand, I thank God that thus far I have remained unscathed in person and unsubdued in spirit. I rejoice that the hearts of my countrymen in all the Union are beginning to be moved; as the rushing waters of the great ocean, the people are troubled and what shall be able to still the waves? More especially do I take courage from the fact that the church of the living God, which in times past has been the pioneer of liberty and equal rights among men, has begun to awaken from the sleep of death which had placed its very fingers upon lids that should never close, but be constant in eternal vigils for without trial and suffering even here on earth there is neither triumph nor glory.

Even here where I have so often heard the Job-like comfort, "what a pity that a man of such flattering prospects should have forever ruined himself," brighter times begin to dawn and many are waiting the signal to rally to the standard of "universal emancipation," many influential citizens are with me—the interests of the poor are with me—I shall first say with the fool "there is no God," before I shall despair of eternal success.

C. M. CLAY.

Speech of Cassius M. Clay,

Delivered at a mass meeting of a portion of the citizens of the 8th Congressional District, on Saturday the 20th of December, 1843, at the White Sulphur Springs, in Scott County, Kentucky, in reply to Col. R. M. Johnson, and others.

Mr. President, and Fellow-Citizens:

In presenting the resolutions which I have offered as a substitute for those reported by a majority of your committee, I do not hope to be more successful here, than I have been in the committee itself. This place of meeting, the presiding officer, (Col. R. M. Johnson,) and the audience who favor me with a hearing, all forbid any expectation on my part, of carrying the substitute. But I rejoice humble as I am in ability, unknown to fame, and of no consideration among men, that association with your name, in this day's deliberations, will give me a factitious importance, which will recommend what I shall say to a hearing from the people of the United States. My opinions, though of little intrinsic value, may excite the minds of my countrymen to reflection, and then after mature consideration, I dare venture the assertion, that the position I have this day taken will be maintained in practice, and vindicated at least by the recognition of those principles, which it is the province of history to enforce and consecrate in the affections of mankind.

Regarding the question at issue as second only to those which have forever illustrated the year 1776, I shall speak with that freedom which I inherit as my birth-right, and which I so much desire to transmit unimpaired to posterity. Though yet young, I am old enough to know, from sad experience, what history in such melancholy strains has uttered in vain into the deaf ears of men: that the best counsel is far from being always the most acceptable. When the storm cast vessel is threatened with wreck, the man who would save her by throwing overboard the boxes of gold and other things of most cherished endearment, is hardly heard, whilst he who maintains that all is safe, is too often trusted till both life and treasure are irrecoverably lost. He who from good motives gives even bad ad-

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vice is entitled to just forbearance: whilst the man who advances the best of counsel for selfish purposes deserves no consideration for his services.

Those gentlemen who would annex Texas to the Union, and hurry us bloodfold down this precipice of ruin and dishonor, have here in the slave States at least, popular prejudice in their favor. On one side are honor, power, wealth, and easy access to fame: on the other side, denunciation, banishment, poverty, and obscurity threaten.—If I then speak freely the truth, when you, my countrymen, are to reap all the fruits of the sacrifice, no man can say I ask too much, when I pray you to hear me with patience, becoming the solemnity of the occasion.

First of all, then, I protest against this appeal to our sympathies in behalf of Texas, and these unjust denunciations of Mexico, as foreign to the true issue, and eminently calculated to lead us into error. Though truly and with sorrow be it said, of Anglo-Saxon blood, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, in the language of gentlemen, I ask you, what claims of sympathy has Texas on the people of the United States? Enjoying all the blessings which the Constitution guarantees to her people, with all the offices of honor and profit open to the humblest citizens; with an unoccupied domain extending to the distant Pacific, like our first parents going out from Eden, 'with the world before them where to choose' in any clime, a home—they voluntarily banished themselves from their native country, disavowed the glorious principles of the American Declaration of the rights of man, renounced the inestimable privileges of the Federal Constitution which was their inheritance, and forgetful of all the ties of common blood, language, and home, they became the fellow subjects, with a half-barbarian people, of a distant Spanish Prince. Yes, without becoming the advocate of Santa Anna, whom we have heard denounced as a tyrant and traitor, for the purpose of prejudicing the cause which I vindicate: trusting to indelible truth and avenging history, I challenge a comparison between Texas and Mexico. The Mexican people, inspired by that Declaration of American Independence, which recreant Texas had renounced, in 1821, vindicated, by a glorious revolution, her title to independence of the Spanish monarchy; and illustrated in act, the postulate taught by our revolutionary heroes, that a people cannot of right be governed without their own consent. In 1824, Mexico, following the example of the United States, and Great Britain, who in 1820 had declared the slave trade piracy and punishable with death, prohibited, in the language of Judge Story, this 'infernal traffic.' In 1826, once more unlike Texas, she made it part of her Constitution that no person born after the promulgation of the same, in the several provinces, should be held a slave. Again in 1829, this much abused Mexico declared slavery was extinguished in the republic, and elevating the dread standard of 'God and Liberty,' she called upon the sons of freedom by arms to vindicate this immortal decree. And where now, throughout this vast empire, did this glad note of liberty fail to receive a willing response? Alas! for the recreant Saxons of Texas,—the descendants of Washington, and Jefferson, and Adams, and Franklin,—Texas, who had received from a parental government a gratuitous fee simple in the finest soil on earth, exempt from taxation for ten years, and without other sacrifice, save allegiance to the government and to the Catholic religion, which she had most solemnly sworn to yield; Texas, was the first to raise the black flag of 'slavery and no emancipation'—aye, Texas was the only people who dared to brave the indignation of mankind, by resisting that liberty which has made the nineteenth century ever memorable in the annals of the world. And yet, Santa Anna is a most horrible despot, and much injured and oppressed Texas is the defender of liberty! Santa Anna who has civilized the barbarian and revolutionary spirit of his people—who has suppressed the daring bands of robbers who infested the high ways, making life unsafe, property insecure, and commerce impracticable—who has encouraged education and the useful arts—who has caused to be recognized the principles of equal rights and

representative government—who, in the midst of the embarrassments of the world, and the exhaustion, arising from revolutionary and civil wars, which have especially harassed his own country, has preserved the Mexican faith inviolate; whose many gallant deeds in war and peace have, by the almost unanimous acclamation of the people, again and again elevated him to the presidency of the republic. Santa Anna, who has often liberated American citizens, under circumstances which induced England to send them into hopeless exile—Santa Anna is an odious tyrant, and Texas, renegade from the land and religion of its fathers—Texas the ingrate to its adopted and fostering country—Texas, the propagators of slavery—Texas, the repudiator of its debts, the violator of public faith—Texas is so lovely in the eyes of gentlemen, that we must take it to our embrace, although we fall with it into one common grave! But in truth we have nothing to do with the republics of Texas and Mexico; whether they be the same or two independent nations, is to us a matter of no concern. We have no evidence that she seeks alliance, even if we were disposed to grant it. I am no propagandist—I am satisfied to maintain the principles, the independence and the honor of my own country. The same impulse which moves me to repel foreign interference and to defend my own rights, constrains me also to keep aloof from, and respect the peculiar organization which other nations have deemed most suitable to secure their rights.

I contend, then, in the language of the first resolution, that the annexation of Texas to the United States is contrary to the laws of nations, and just cause of war on the part of Mexico. The recognition of the independence of Texas by the United States, may or may not have been a sufficient cause of war; it remained with Mexico to vindicate her injured honor, or to pocket the injury or insult, as to her seemed best, relying upon her own capability of maintaining the integrity of her empire. But when the United States, not confining herself to just, or it may be unjust sympathy, not restrained to an opinion that Texas is or ought of right to be an independent people, makes herself an active and principal party, by taking hold of the province in controversy, thus forever making it impossible for Mexico to recover the country which up to that time was but partially or temporarily in her view alienated from her; then I say that Mexico has not only just cause of war, but that she would be disgraced in the eyes of all gallant nations, if she did not use her every power for the vindication of her injured honor and violated territory. Learned authority has been quoted here, with the vain expectation of persuading us that Mexico has no cause of grievance in the event supposed. I dare not insult common sense by acquiescence in such mysterious jurisprudential jargon as this. I appeal to the reason, to the instincts, the consciences of men, for the establishment of the law of nature, upon which the laws of nations are, or ought to be, forever based. What, sir! Have we a solemn treaty of amity with Mexico, to say nothing at present of the natural right, and is it the part of friendship to seize with a rapacious hand, a portion of the territory which she still claims, and appropriate it to ourselves? Do not these learned jurists know that a breach of treaty is contrary to the laws of nations, as laid down by all the writers upon that most obscure science, and, without reparation, just cause of war? And what reparation could we make whilst we continue to hold the price of blood and violated faith? What war was more unjust than that carried on by the United States against the Florida Indians? Suppose at some time after its commencement, Mexico had agreed with the Indians, that they were as they declared themselves, free and independent; and suppose Mexico had subsequently thereto, thus addressed us, 'You have expended forty millions of dollars, you have lost a white man for every Indian slain in battle, you have called to your aid blood hounds in vain, to the horror of all christendom; for eight years you have with the whole force of the empire carried on a hopeless war of recovery; it is time hostilities should cease: we will take the Floridas ourselves, peaceably if we can forcibly if we must.' I shall not stop to ask whether we should have deemed this a

just cause of war, or to say what would have been our laconic reply. Cases have arisen, and will doubtless again arise, which, when a people are struggling to throw off an unjust & tyrannical rule, have and will again justify a virtuous nation, even when in an alliance with the tyrant, in sympathizing with, and recognizing the independence of the oppressed. Here the rectitude of the motive and just cause of the injured core and sanctify the breach of the treaty of amity. But when Texas is the wrong-doer, and Mexico the injured party; here, where, not even studiously disguised motives, wearing the semblance of virtue, but shameless and openly avowed rapacity, impels us to the breach of faith and the disregard of natural right; she will not only declare war against us, but she will justly claim the universal sympathy and aid of nations, to enable her to vindicate her desecrated soil and insulted sovereignty.

The wrongs of Mexico, the wishes of Texas, the armed arbitrament of other nations aside, the case is still far from being stripped of its embarrassments. It matters not so much what other men may think of us, as that we may think well of ourselves—happy, happy indeed are they who condemn not themselves. If we had our own consent and that of the North, to this annexation, still, I deem it questionable whether Texas, a free State, could constitutionally be admitted into this Union. I do not deny that the necessity of the case, the dread alternatives of war, might not, under the treaty making power, compel us to cede away or to acquire territory. Whether the provinces of Louisiana and Florida were acquired constitutionally or not, I shall not, at this late day, undertake to question.—They were admitted, however, by the sovereign proprietor's consent. One of them lying around the mouth of the Mississippi river, threatened with eternal embarrassment the trade of the whole of the great valley of the west; no breach of violated national faith was insinuated, no disastrous war threatened, and yet able jurists and patriotic statesmen denied the constitutionality of the acquisition, and threatened its ratification with resistance and dissolution.

But where is the necessity for the annexation of Texas—even if she desired it—even if Mexico did not denounce war—even if there was no violation of faith—even if she was not a slave State—where, I ask, is that overwhelming necessity which generates a power not given by the Constitution, nor anticipated by its authors? It is not territory that we want; our wide unoccupied domain stretches from the Mississippi to the far Pacific; we have already more land than we are able to defend from savage incursion or British usurpation. 'We want more slave States to offset the fanatical free States.'

They who contend, then, for the admission of the slave State of Texas, are handling a two edged sword; it cuts both ways; the assumption of such a power must, therefore, be abandoned at once and forever. The contemptible jargon that slavery already existing in Texas or other territory, acquire by conquest, purchase, or voluntary cession, by municipal law, Congress may form them into slave States, and admit them into the Union, is unworthy of consideration; it involves the absurdity of having the power to do through an agent or indirectly, that which they cannot do directly or of themselves. Nothing but sovereign power can make a slave: the moment a State, once having been independent, unites itself with this Union, at that moment its sovereignty is lost, and with it falls slavery at the same time. If the State about to be admitted was originally a part of the territory of the U. States, it never had any sovereignty, and, of course, never could have made a slave.

I repeat once more, that independent of Art. 5th, of the amendment of the Constitution, slavery cannot exist by act of Congress—but when we there find the express language, 'No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law,' all subterfuge is at an end—and the learned and unlearned must unite in one voice, there is no power under heaven, whilst the Constitution remains inviolate, by which Texas, as a slave State, can be admitted into this Union. When gentlemen are driven from all their strong holds, having no ground to stand upon in making out a case of ne-

cessity, they at last come out with the old bugbear, which has been so often paraded up and down with tin pans beating, and cows' horns blowing, whenever any party ends are to be achieved, that it has ceased to attract even passing boys, who are accustomed to shoot after such unfamiliar shows—yes, England is the monster they would get at—and they are surprised when this old enemy is in the field, that a military man like myself should be the last to come to the rescue.

Although in the eyes of some it may be treason to say a kind or just thing about this haughty power, the brave cannot but honor the brave. I scorn to compliment myself indirectly, when I say that the greatest warriors are in the main the staunchest friends of peace. The man who intends to run away cares not how soon the battle may come on; but he who has determined to die or conquer, will be slow in seeking the fight. Soult and Wellington are said to resist the warlike spirit of their people; and the correspondence of Scott and the Governor General of New Brunswick, during the difficulties on the Maine border, is an honor to them and to their respective nations. In a bad cause, a woman may put me to flight; but I am upon the right, and I am proud to say that the man does not live whom I dare not look in the face.

If we conquered in the war of independence, it was not because of our physical strength. With Lord Chatham, I say, that in a good cause, England could have crushed America to atoms. It was the consciousness of justice which nerved our people in the hour of trial. Yes, it was the right in which we conquered: it was the right that called the gallant of all lands to our standard: it was the right that made the veteran British Lion, who had traversed the world unscathed, crouch in dishonor before the unbledged word of Jove. It was the glorious principles of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness inscribed on our banners, which, like the letters of fire on the Babylonian wall, struck terror into the enemies of our country.

But in this war which you are madly projecting, this inspiring banner will not be borne, alas by us, but by them. Go tell the six hundred thousand free laborers of my gallant State before they leave home, wife, children and friends, before they shoulder their musket and march afar to shed on the plains of Texas, their blood for the extension of slavery, to ask themselves what they are to gain! When they lie bleeding and dying on the burning sands of a foreign country, or writhing in the deadly grasp of the terrible epidemics of the swamps of Florida and Louisiana, what maddening reflections will then await them! The blood of our sires has been spent in vain, the Constitution has been violated, the Union has been dissolved, our wives and children have become outcasts and beggars, our country is lost;—all lovely nature fades fast from our dim reluctant eyes, we sink unwept into dishonored graves, accursed of God and man. If our cause triumphs, the sighs and tears of millions of enslaved will mar the fruits of victory; but if it fail, as seemingly it must, then have the chains which we have forged for others become the heritage of our prosperity forever.

No, Mr. President, it cannot be. If the worst comes to the worst, and the Union shall be dissolved, I for one will join my destiny with the North. Here in Kentucky, my mother earth, I shall stand unawed by danger, unmoved by denunciation, a living sacrifice for her best prosperity: I shall not fear death itself, if she may but live. But if mad counsels shall press her on to ruin, and she shall prefer destruction to the relinquishment of her idols, then, and not till then, making up my household gods, an unwilling exile, I shall, in other lands, seek that liberty which was hopeless in my native home. I would to God, that my voice could this day reach every log cabin in this wide and lovely land; then, indeed, would I feel assured that this dread alternative could never happen; but my words are feebly echoed from these walls, and the press is sealed like the apocalyptic books, which human power cannot open, and darkness broods over the land once more, till God himself shall say, Let there be light.

18 All America, except Brazil and the United States, have freed their slaves: and are all the whites, slaves in consequence? At the Revolution, on the day of the Declaration of Independence, all the States held slaves, not excepting Massachusetts. Now there are thirteen non-slaveholding States; are those ten millions of Northerners, slaves? Great Britain, in conjunction with all Europe, except the miserable anachies of Spain and Portugal, have long since emancipated many slaves, and now, in the year 1843, to her honor be it spoken, having liberated 30,000,000 of her East India serfs, in all her wide domains which touch on every sea, and embrace every clime under the whole Heavens, there is not, nor indeed can be a single slave; and is she enslaved? No; she has sense enough to know, and heart enough to feel, that it is justice, honor and glory, which secure the liberties of a people and make them invincible and immortal.

Do gentlemen take the absurd position, that one hundred and eighty thousand freed men could enslave Kentucky? West India emancipation proves that the great majority of freed men could be employed economically in the same offices at small wages, which they now fill; with perhaps more ease and safety than now exist. But should they prove turbulent, for which there would be no cause, and which no man in his senses believes would happen; and were I disposed to indulge in that vaunting spirit which to-day has so powerfully infected us: with five thousand such troops as those I have the honor to command, to whom gentlemen have been pleased to allude in a manner so complimentary at my expense, I would undertake to drive from the State the assembled one hundred and eighty thousand in arms. They further tell us, with most reverential gravity, that "God has designed some men for slaves and man need not attempt to reverse the decree; it is better that the blacks should be slaves, than the whites." This proposition, which I denounce as utterly false; passes away before the glance of reason, as the dew before a summer's sun.

I shall admit, merely for the sake of argument, that some men always have, and possibly will perform menial offices for the more fortunate. Let the law of nature or of God, have its undisturbed action—let the performance of those offices be voluntary on the part of servants, and that beautiful harmony by which the highest intellect is united, by successive inferior links to the lowest mind, will never be disturbed. The sensitive and highly organized and intellectual, will gradually rise from service to command: the stolid, the profligate, the insensible and coarsely organized will sink into their places: the law of God and enlightened freedom will still be preserved, and the greatest good to the greatest number be secured forever. But when by municipal law, and not by the law of fitness, which is the law of nature, not regarding the distinctions of morals, mind or body, whole classes are doomed to servitude, when the intellectual, the sensitive, the foolish, the rude, the good, the bad, the refined, the degraded, are all depressed to one level, never more to rise forever; then comes evil, nothing but evil—like as from dammed up waters or pent up streams, floods and explosions come slowly, but come at last—so nature mocks with temporary desolation at the obstacles man would oppose to her progress, and at length, moves on once more in all the untrammelled vigor and unfading loveliness which, from eternity was decreed. That the black is inferior to the white, I readily allow; but that vice may depress the one, and virtue by successive generations elevate the other, till the two races meet on one common level, I am also firmly convinced. Modern science in the breeding and culture of other animals than man, has most fully proved this fact, while the ablest observers of man himself, all allow, that mental and moral and physical developments transmit their several properties to the descendants, corroborating by experience the divine decree, that the virtues and the vices of the father shall be visited on the children, to the third and fourth generation. In the capitals of Europe, blacks have attained to the highest places of social and literary eminence. That they are capable of a high degree of civilization, Hayti daily illustrates.—There we have lately seen a revolution, conducted in a manner that would do honor to the first people on earth, one of the avowed grounds of which was, that President Boyer neglected to secure general education to the people, a consideration that should make some vaunted States blush in comparison. After the expulsion of the tyrant, they set about forming a more republican Constitution, admitting the

whites who had participated in their dangers and success, to all the rights of citizenship.—If history be true, we owe to the Egyptians, said to be of the modern Moorish race, the arts and sciences, and our early seeds of civilization. How many centuries did it take to bring them to perfection? When we reflect how little time the negro race has been under the influence of other civilized nations, and the rapid progress they have made in an upward direction, we have no reason to treat them with that absurd contempt, which in both the eye of reason and religion stands equally condemned. Why then, I am taunted by both pro-slavery and anti-slavery men, do I hold slaves? Uninfluenced by the opinions of the world, I intend in my own good time to act or not to act, as to me seems best in view of all the premises. Yet, I thus far pledge myself, that whenever Kentucky will join me in freeing ourselves from this curse which weighs us down even unto death, the slaves I own she shall dispose of as to her seems best. I shall ask nothing in return; but the enhanced value of my land which must ensue gradually from the day that we become indeed a free State.—I will go yet farther—give me free labor, and I will not only give up my slaves, but I will agree to be taxed to buy the remainder from those who are unwilling or unable consistently, with regard to pecuniary interest, to present them to the State, and then I shall deem myself and my posterity richer in dollars and cents even, than we were before.

But to return from this digression. We are told that England almost surrounds us and that if we do not break away from her fatal grasp; our days are numbered, and to excite our patriotic indignation, we hear the taunt, that by our very last treaty, territory was lost, and the country betrayed! Indeed! and where then were the swords which to-day are so restless in their scabbards—where were your indignation meetings, your chivalric defiance, your patriotic ardor? If we must fight England, let us meet her in defence of our western border—there let us vindicate our sullied honor; there battling in the name of liberty and

the right, let us not doubt for a moment on whose standard victory will perch. But no! you don't want to fight England. In Oregon are no ti-

Wants to fight and tles in lands to be confirmed, no bonds to be redeemed, no plunder to the indulged, no slavery to be perpetuated. When miserable Mexico, exhausted by revolutionary and civil wars, was inundated by armed troops from the United States, marching from our very cities in open day, with colors flying, led on by land-mongers and bond-speculators, to violate the neutrality of a country at peace with us; whilst she protested and implored us by the ties of republican sisterhood to spare her—we answered her entreaties and just complaints by sending Gen. Gaines into (if necessary) her very borders under pretence of guarding our own country, but in fact to aid in the rescue of Texas from the invaded toe. But when the Canadians, inspired by sentiments of true liberty, invoked the God of battles and the sympathies of nations to her rescue from the British crown; that Britain who we are now told, is about to seal us up hermetically—that Britain with whom we have had two exasperating wars; that Britain whom the gentlemen so much denounce, dared to come into the borders of the United States, and to cut out an American vessel lying in our own town; and to destroy the lives of American citizens, resting under the folds of the broad banner of the stars and stripes. And when McLeod, one of the perpetrators of the deed, was taken in our border, where he had tauntingly intruded himself, and held to answer for the murder, this same haughty Britain, defyingly assumed the responsibility, demanded his unconditional release, and denounced war as the consequence of refusal.

Where then—where, I ask once more, was that military fervor which to-day would hurry us to battle? You heard not then the blood of our brother crying to us from the ground for vengeance! silent and placid as the still waters which had forever closed over our murdered countrymen, you opened not your mouth!—Aye more yet—your Major General was sent in hot haste to the Northern border, not like Gaines, to enter the enemy's country, but to keep the peace at home, lest England might not still bear with your pitiable humility. Your attorney General was hurried off to New York to guard with all the inviolability of a great national officer, McLeod from harm.—Your Secretary of State continued to write frequent and explanatory letters to the British Minister, anxiously protesting that the laws of New York would no doubt release the prisoner after trial, which the General Government, if they had the power, would immediately do. All this

19 we had to hear, not because we were not indignant, not because we regarded ourselves as in the wrong, not because whether right or wrong at other times, we would not have hung McLeod as Haman. No—it was because we were unprepared for war, that, although England stood single handed against us, we pocketed the insult and the injury, and at last released the prisoner. And now, when those ten millions of Northerners—they who cast our canons, build and man our navy—who make our swords and munitions of war—who are capable of inventing more infernal machines than the demon of war has yet dreamed of, and who have the iron nerve to use them—now when they are not only not for us but against us—how when we are opposed not to England single handed, but to all Christendom united with Mexico—now when we are in a manifestly bad cause, where before—now in a manifestly had cause, where we are losers whether we stand or fall—now are we to be hurried into the miserable policy only worthy of mad men, of seizing on Texas and waging a general war! For one, I dare not, I will not do it. I pray you to consider this matter yet a little while longer: sleep on it a few nights, if sleep you can—scrutinize the admonitions of an unerring conscience—see if it be a cause that you can pray for—a cause upon the justice of which you dare invoke the dread arbitrament of the God of battles. It is not desert it now and forever—renew your vows upon the desecrated altars of an injured country—spurning all party trammels, trample into dust the black banner of war, slavery and dissolution, and from every house top throughout this boundless empire let there be thrown out once more the soul-cheering banner—"Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever."

A Voice from a Kentucky Slaveholder.

FROM CASSIUS M. CLAY'S PAMPHLET.

Slavery in God's House.

"The bells from seven Churches weekly toll in my ears till I am deaf with the sound, calling up the people to the worship of the Ever Living and Omnipotent GOD. No rakish Jupiter; nor drunken Bacchus, nor prostituted Venus, nor obscene and hideous Pan, rules the consciences of the illuminated people of this city and State—yet these scenes, which would have added fresh infamy to Babylon, and wrested the palm of reckless cruelty from Nero's bonfire, Rome, have been enacted, 'not in a corner,' and the sentinels of HIM whose 'arm is not shortened,' from the watch-towers of Israel, have not ceased to cry out, 'all is well!'"

Dare None Speak? Yes! One.

"If the illustrious Emmet could 'look death and danger in the face,' for a far off petty sterile Isle, because it was his home and he would have it free,—shall no one, for a far more glorious home, spreading from North to South, from far distant sea to sea, filled with every association that can move the heart, attracting the eyes of all mankind, to whose trust is committed the fondest, and proudest, and dearest hopes of the whole human family,—speak out also for his country? Though no Athenian trumpeter may hurry through the assembled and terrified people in bitter anguish, crying aloud,—'will no man speak for his country?' Yet, from mute and unresisting suffering and down-trodden innocence, there comes up a language, no less powerful, to awaken whatever of sympathy and manly indignation may be treasured up in bosoms, nurtured on Kentucky soil,—rich in associations every way calculated to foster all that is just, honest and true, without which, chivalry is a crime, and honor but empty sound!"

From them once more, then, I denounce those who would, by legislation or otherwise, fix the bonds of "perpetual slavery" and the slave trade upon my native State. In the name of those, who, in all ages, have been entitled to the first care and ultimate

protection of men, I denounce it—in the name of those, who in '76, like they who sent back from Thermopylae the sublime message, "go tell it at Lacedaemon that we died here in obedience to her laws," illustrated by their blood the glorious doctrines which they taught. I denounce it—in the name of Christianity, against whose every lovely and spirit-stirring sentiment it forever wars, I denounce it—in the name of advancing civilization, which, for more than a century has with steady pace, moved on, leaving the *Cimmerian regions of slavery* and the *slave trade* far in the *irrevocable and melancholy past*. I denounce it—in the name of that first great law, which, at creation's birth, was infused into man, self defence, unchangeable and immortal as the image in which he was fashioned, and in *His name*, whose likeness man was deemed not unworthy to wear, *I denounce slavery, and the slave trade forever!*"

GOD:

From the Voice of Freedom.
AN EDIFYING SERMON.

In the course of my earthly pilgrimage I have become acquainted with a number of queer geniuses, but with none queerer, perhaps, than the person referred to in the subjoined extract from a letter written to the (Pittsburg) Washington Banner, by its editor, now in New England. The man alluded to in it is a thriving farmer, in a neighborhood where I once lived. He is one who has cultivated his acres with much more care than his mind; and of course is richer in dollars, lands, and plentiful harvests, than in intellectual wealth. Yet he somehow "runs of a notion," as brother Rogers would say, that he has been called to preach the gospel; so he gathers the people, from time to time, at a large school-house in his neighborhood, or at some other convenient place, and holds forth for their edification, in such style as is given below. I mention these facts to show that the sketch is no fiction; and from my personal acquaintance with the man, I can easily believe the assertion that it is no caricature.

C. C. BURLEIGH.

"In a recent discourse, he commenced as follows: 'My dear hearers, in the first place I'll show that man is an ondone critter; secondly, that a Saviour has been perwided; and thirdly, how he is to git out of this pickle.' Having thus, in the most approved manner, laid out his work, he continued in the following strain:

"It is recorded somewhere in the good scripiter, I think it is either in the Psalms or the book of St. Acts, that man was at first created upandicular, but he has found out a great many sorts of contrivances. Now, my friends, I hold that about the biggest of these contrivances are sin. Sin, my hearers, are seedition—and seedition is the old Adam—the evil seed—the tares and the wheat—don't you see?—Sin, my friends, has cost the world a great deal. It costs a man more than it would to keep a cow—yes, even if she sot her foot in a pail of new milk every other night, and would hook down rail fence like a tarmal serpent. Don't you see how foolish it is, then? Why, you can't compute what a nation of hurt it has done to the airth and all that's in it. If it hadn't been for sin, there never would have been any airthquakes, nor thunder, nor rain; and snow storms, and caverns, and the catracks, and precipices, wouldn't never a happened—but the world would have all been as level and smooth as a dish! There wouldn't have been no up-hill nor no down-hill, nor nothing to hurt and destractify the poor, weak ancestors of fallen Adam. Oh, my friends, I feel to put it into you, the rael gospel licks! You're all a pack of sinners, so you are—you've gone astray—you wander in forbidden paths—the sperit aint with you—in the words of the apostle, ye hatch the cock-turkey's eggs and weave the spider's web, and bring forth young vipers—don't you see?—and so on, *rattle-te-bang*, like a locomotive turned loose under a high pressure of steam, hardly pausing to take breath for two mortal hours, pouring forth such a confused jumble of mangled scripture, murdered English, and unmitigated nonsense, that his 'firstly,' 'secondly,' and 'thirdly,' were soon smothered to death, and no farther intelligence was heard of them during the discourse. This is no caricature; for 'it would indeed be impossible to caricature this 'Son of Thunder,' for, dashing at once into unmixd absurdity, there is nothing left for the imagination of the caricaturist to supply."

From the Irish Citizen.
The Gallows-Goers.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Up and make ready, ye lovers of fun!
On with your holiday dress, and be gay!
Now that the Sheriff has work to be done,
Business with pleasure he mingles to-day.
Some may go hunting with guns! and a few,
Rods in their hands, little fish may pursue;
Ours is the sport which is sanctioned by law,—
We go a hanging—a hanging! Hurrah!

Two months ago, on a rare, drunken bout,
Billy, his comrade, the criminal slew;
Murder's a deed that is vile, without doubt—
Ergo—the law will turn murderer too.
As to the place where the liquor he got—
Liquor which maddened him—yonder's the spot.
Sammy, who keeps it, approves of the law—
He goes for hanging—for hanging! Hurrah!

Bright shines the sun, on the place where you see
Yonder tall gallows, substantial and bare;
Wait a few hours, and a fellow will be
Dancing fandangoes of fun in the air.
Gathered in groups at the gallows, behold
Parents and children, maids, wives, young and old,
Waiting the time when the halter shall draw—
They go for hanging—for hanging! Hurrah!

Pick-pockets, plenty are—mark how they go
Slyly and coolly to work at their trade!
Business is business, and people must know
Too much attention to that can't be paid.
Swearing, and fighting, and kicking, the crowd
Utter their blasphemous curses aloud—
Righteous example is set by the law;
Good comes from hanging—from hanging! Hurrah!

Look at the criminal! please ye to look!
Standing beside him, the hangman you see;
There is the priest, with his gown and his book—
Galloping gaily, they go to the tree.
Thanks to the priests, who the hangman befriend,
Choking such knaves as 't were labor to mead.
Hanging, they say, is LEVITICAL law—
Cheers for the clergy, they're CHRISTIANS! Hurrah!

Firmly and proudly, the culprit looks round,
Holding his head with a satisfied air;
Murmurs applauding go over the ground—
Down pops the priest with the felon to prayer.
'How interesting his looks are!' says ANN.
'Yes!' answers SAM, 'and he'll die like a man!
Elegant talk for young maidens, but—pshaw!
Shout for the hanging—the hanging! Hurrah!

Prayers are all finished, and now for the fun;
Over his features the cap has been drawn;
Ketch, and his comrade, the preacher, get down;
Crack! goes the whip, and the carriage moves on.
Wonderful sight for the Christian to see;
Merrily dancing on nothing is he.
Though there's no fiddler a hornpipe to saw,
Light are his leaps—he's a hanging! Hurrah!

After the rope has been severed in twain,
Home go the people, and joyfully sing;
Heaven will receive whom the gallows has slain—
Does not the clergyman settle the thing?
Home go the people, and talk of it all;
Children in nursery, servants in hall;
Bun hangs the cat, in the manner he saw
Hang at the gallows, God's image—Hurrah!

Rouse ye, good clergymen, servants of God!
Stand by my side while I fight for your fun;
Hanging preserves us from shedding of blood;
Remedy like it, there never was one.
Rally your forces, thump pulpits, and be
Clerical guards of the good gallows-tree!
What if our SAVIOUR denounces the law?
You go for hanging—for hanging! Hurrah!

THE DYING YEAR!

Thou brief, eventful, fleeting, dying Year!
O, that with thee might die all mortal feud!
Wrath, Hatred, Malice, Envy, Lust, and Fear—
All of Sin's hellish and accursed brood!
For, O! what woes, what crimes, what horrors dire,
Torment, affright, and curse the human race!
O, Prince of Peace! Emmanuel! Messiah!
Make earth, as heaven, a holy dwelling-place!
Are not the kingdoms of this world thine own,
By promise, and a rich inheritance?
Then seize the sceptre, and ascend thy throne,
And let thy cause from shore to shore advance;
And from the river to remotest sea,
Let there go up the shouts of victory!

W. L. G. ARNOLD

The following extraordinary advertisement appeared in two or three of our city papers, a few days since. The barbarian who advertises, is, we are told, a son-in-law of Deacon Johnson, of the First Baptist church in this city. The little girl is about nine years old, and is represented as being a very intelligent, sprightly child.

KIDNAPPING.

\$50 REWARD

Will be paid for the return of a MULATO GIRL, named Lavinea, about 9 years of age, enticed away yesterday morning from the house of Mr. Hawkins, corner of 8th and Western Row. TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF CINCINNATI.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I arrived here on Sunday on my way to Wheeling, accompanied by my wife, daughter, and the above girl. She has been enticed away from me, I am told, by a NEGRO HARLOT, ONE OF YOUR COADJUTORS, residing on Eighth street, I never expect to see the child again, but I wish to show you what good you sometimes do for the poor Negro.

The girl's mother has been for a number of years my house-keeper, and I own the whole family, and never intend to part with them unless to make them free for their faithful services. The mother is very much attached to the girl, and it was with great difficulty that I got her to consent to let her come with me.

The girl, I know, will not live without her mother, and I have no doubt you will attempt to steal her and her other children also; that, I am determined you shall not accomplish.

I cannot go home and meet the mother without her child, I therefore have instructed my attorney to send the family a way from my house, and let no person know where they are; and if the girl is not found, to sell the family at a sacrifice, to any person who will take them to the interior; I have likewise advised that the husband, who is a highly valuable servant, belonging to a merchant, be immediately removed, until his wife and children are sold and sent away from him. So you see, Ladies and Gentlemen, what your philanthropy sometimes leads to.

Yours, &c., D. P. SCANLAN,
of New Orleans.

The child was of course free, being brought here by her master—and she simply exercised a right under our laws, when she left the service of this refined philanthropist.

In offering fifty dollars reward for her seizure, he offered fifty dollars reward for kidnapping. But, it was enough to stimulate the avarice of not a few wretched beings in this community. We have heard of one person who set out in hot haste for the poor child, thinking it a fine chance to make fifty dollars.

The Cincinnati Gazette, and Cincinnati Chronicle, both came out in strong condemnation of the advertisement, rebuking the author of it with spirit. He overshot his mark, and has done a bad business for slaveholding in Cincinnati.

It is useless for us to comment on such an exhibition of savage cruelty. It only proves what we have always alleged about the horrible influences of Slavery.

Cincinnati Philanthropist.

The Regenerator.

Friend Murray misapprehends me, touching the bursting of boilers. A glance again at my notice of his brave paper will show him, that the "intimation" he queries about, is not one in my own behalf—but in behalf of those who fear all hands of us are going dangerously fast. I forebode for the timid and conservative,—and console them with the assurance, that if locomotive Freedom should chance to take on a breath too much of her impelling power,—or inhale a mistaken inspiration—there could be no danger—for the whole trip is moral and peaceful,—and an explosion itself would hurt neither engineers nor passengers.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 50.

I have of late received two or three epistles, expressing a strong wish that I would "come out concerning the Rights of Women;" giving, as a reason therefor, that "it is a legitimate branch of the anti-slavery enterprise."

Every subject, bearing any relation to the contending influences of moral attraction and physical force, is a branch of anti-slavery, or, more properly speaking, a branch with anti-slavery. All truths flow from One, and tend to one; and whosoever has a mind sufficiently comprehensive to follow out one great principle, reaches another in the process. I do not perceive, however, that the doctrine of Women's Rights, as it is called, has a more immediate connection with anti-slavery, than several other subjects, which bring in question the law of physical force.

I have no objection to coming out; though, it seems to me of very little consequence to others what my opinion is, and I am conscious of being in that state of mind, which is unlikely to satisfy either party. I am not ultra enough to suit the reformer, and too reforming to please the conservative.

That the present position of women in society is the result of physical force, is obvious enough; whosoever doubts it, let her reflect why she is afraid to go out in the evening without the protection of a man. What constitutes the danger of aggression? Superior physical strength, uncontrolled by the moral sentiments. If physical strength were in complete subjection to moral influence, there would be no need of outward protection. That animal instinct and brute force now govern the world, is painfully apparent in the condition of women everywhere; from the Morduan Tartars, whose ceremony of marriage consists in placing the bride on a mat, and consigning her to the bridegroom, with the words, "Here, wolf, take thy lamb,"—to the German remark, that "stiff ale, stinging tobacco, and a girl in her smart dress, are the best things." The same thing, softened by the refinements of civilization, peeps out in Stephens's remark, that "woman never looks so interesting, as when leaning on the arm of a soldier;" and in Hazlitt's complaint that "it is not easy to keep up a conversation with women in company. It is thought a piece of rudeness to differ from them; it is not quite fair to ask them a reason for what they say."

This sort of politeness to women is what men call gallantry; an odious word to every sensible woman, because she sees that it is merely the flimsy veil which foppery throws over sensuality, to conceal its grossness. So far is it from indicating sincere esteem and affection for women, that the profligacy of a nation may, in general, be fairly measured by its gallantry. This taking away rights, and condescending to grant privileges, is an old trick of the physical force principle; and with the immense majority, who only look on the surface of things, this mask effectually disguises an ugliness, which would

otherwise be abhorred. The most inveterate slaveholders are probably those who take most pride in dressing their household servants handsomely, and who would be most ashamed to have the name of being unnecessarily cruel. And prodigates, who form the lowest and most sensual estimate of women, are the very ones to treat them with an excess of outward deference.

There are few books, which I can read through, without feeling insulted as a woman; but the insult is almost universally conveyed through that which was intended for praise. Just imagine, for a moment, what impression it would make on men, if women authors should write about their "rosy lips," and "melting eyes," and "voluptuous forms," as they write about us! That women in general do not feel this kind of flattery to be an insult, I readily admit; for, in the first place, they do not perceive the gross chattel-principle, of which it is the utterance; moreover, they have, from long habit, become accustomed to consider themselves as household conveniences, or gilded toys. Hence, they consider it feminine and pretty to abjure all such use of their faculties, as would make them co-workers with man in the advancement of those great principles, on which the progress of society depends. "There is perhaps no animal," says Hannah Moore, "so much indebted to subordination, for its good behaviour, as woman." Alas,

for the animal age, in which such utterance could be tolerated by public sentiment!

Martha Moore, sister of Hannah, describing a very impressive scene at the funeral of one of her Charity School teachers, says: "The spirit within seemed struggling to speak, and I was in a sort of agony; but I recollected that I had heard, somewhere, a woman must not speak in the church. Oh, had she been buried in the church yard, a messenger from Mr. Pitt himself should not have restrained me; for I seemed to have received a message from a higher Master within."

This application of theological teaching carries its own commentary.

I have said enough to show that I consider prevalent opinions and customs highly unfavorable to the moral and intellectual development of women; and I need not say, that, in proportion to their true culture, women will be more useful and happy, and domestic life more perfected. True culture in them, as in men, consists in the full and free development of individual character, regulated by their own perceptions of what is true, and their own love of what is good.

This individual responsibility is rarely acknowledged, even by the most refined, as necessary to the spiritual progress of women. I once heard a very beautiful lecture from R. W. Emerson, on Being and Seeming. In the course of many remarks, as true as they were graceful, he urged women to be, rather than seem. He told them that all their labored education of forms, strict observance of genteel etiquette, tasteful arrangement of the toilette, &c. all this seeming would not gain hearts like being truly what God made them; that earnest simplicity, the sincerity of nature, would kindle the eye, light up the countenance, and give an inexpressible charm to the plainest features.

The advice was excellent, but the motive, by which it was urged, brought a flush of indignation over my face. Men were exhorted to be, rather than to seem, that they might fulfill the sacred mission for which their souls were embodied; that they might, in God's freedom, grow up into the full stature of spiritual manhood; but women were urged to simplicity and truthfulness, that they might become more pleasing.

Are we not all immortal beings? Is not each one responsible for himself and herself? There is no measuring the mischief done by the prevailing tendency to teach women to be virtuous as a duty to man, rather than to God—for the sake of pleasing the creature, rather than the Creator. "God is thy law, thou mine," said Eve to Adam. May Milton be forgiven for sending that thought "out into everlasting time." What weakness, vanity, frivolity, infirmity of moral purpose, sinful flexibility of principle—in a word, what soul-stifling, has been the result of thus putting man in the place of God!

But while I see plainly that society is on a false foundation, and that prevailing views concerning women indicate the want of wisdom and purity, which they serve to perpetuate—still, I must acknowledge that much of the talk about Women's Rights offends both my reason and my taste. I am not of those who maintain there is no sex in souls; nor do I like the results deducible from that doctrine. I believe that the natures of men and women are spiritually different, yet the same. Two flutes on the same key do not produce harmony; but on different keys they do. There is no inferiority or superiority. The same tune is played, and with the same skill; but it is played on different keys, and the unity of variety is harmony.

I do not think the paths of man and woman are identical; but in a true order of society they must ever run side by side, start from the same point, run the same length, and reach the same end. Kinmont, in his admirable book, called the Natural History of Man, expresses my views more completely than I can for myself. Speaking of the warlike courage of the ancient German women, and of their being respectfully consulted on important public affairs, he says: "You ask me if I consider all this right, and deserving of approbation? or that women were here engaged in their appropriate tasks? I answer, yes; it is just as right that they should take this interest in the honor of their country, as the other sex. Of course, I do not think that women were made for war and battle; neither do I believe that men were. But since the fashion of the times had made it

so, and settled it that war was a necessary element of greatness, and that no safety was to be procured without it, I argue that it shows a healthful state of feeling in other respects, that the feelings of both sexes were equally enlisted in the cause; that there was no division in the house, or the State; and that the serious pursuits and objects of the one were also the serious pursuits and objects of the other."—L. M. C.

CONCORD:

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 2, 1842.

At Home Again.

"Home is home, &c.," even returning from anti-slavery sojournings abroad. Anti-Slavery, which makes every where home to the abolitionist—for it affords all the love, and all the affectionate kindnesses and congeniality of feeling, which constitute the charm of literal Home—Anti-Slavery makes every where more than home, for it is disinterested and free, while Home, in the old English sense of it, is neither,—and nothing better than a den of selfishness and discontent.—I mean the ordinary human homes, where animal relationship is the chief tie that binds the unhappy inmates together. Anti-Slavery delivers home from the curse of selfishness.—Every home might be so delivered.—Every body might have a home, and every body be at home, every where.—And miserable, priest-ridden selfishness must not always keep mankind at enmity with each other, as it now does.—They are brethren.—They must trust each other and love each other—and they may live happily and gloriously on the earth. It may be done—it will be—or there is no God, and ought to be no man. "It's coming yet—for a' that."

My last letter from abroad was dated at Lynn—glorious Lynn,—with her High Rock and her Sea;—her silvery Beaches and her Nahants;—her noble people—free, but for their priests—and freer from these, than any people of their number. I went a ride, Tuesday afternoon, to Swamscot, one of her villages, and the Ocean House. Our friend G. Estis—the subject of Reverend brother Sanborn's impudent treatment detailed in the Herald of to-day—carried three anti-slavery friends of us, in her father's carriage through Swamscot, the city of the fishermen, to the neighborhood of the Ocean House, a famous tavern retreat from the city, about two and a half miles out of town. G. Estis may be *churched*, for keeping company with wife, Hannah Buffum and me, "in the manner she did," as solemn parson Sanborn has it—in that ride. For it was just such a "manner" as she rode with Beach, and walked with colored Douglass.

Swamscot is all Fishermen.—Their business is all on the deep.—Their village is ranged along the ocean margin, where their brave little fleets lay drawn up, and which are out at day-break on the mighty blue—where you may see them brooding at anchor—still and intent at their *profound* trade, as so many flies on the back of a wincing horse, and for whose wincings they care as little as the Swamscot Fishers heed the restless heavings of the sea around their barks. Every thing about savors of fish. Nets hang out on every enclosure.—"Flakes," for curing the fish are attached to almost every dwelling. Every body has a boat—and you'll see a huge pair of sea boots laying before almost every door. The air too savors strongly of the common finny vocation. Beautiful little Beaches slope out from the dwellings into the Bay, all along the village—where the fishing boats lay keeled up, at low water, with their useless anchors hooked deep into the sand. A stranded bark is a sad sight—especially if it is above high water mark, where the next tide can't relieve it and set it afloat again. The Swamscot boats though, all look cheery, and as if sure of the next sea-flow. The people are said to be the freest in the region—owing perhaps to their bold and adventurous life. The

fishermen can't ride them out into the deep, as they can the shore folks. I understood Foster went among them, and spoke several times, and that they received him with generous cordiality, and heard him like freemen. It ain't the first time Truth has found a warm welcome among fishermen.

Wednesday we took a ride to Marblehead.—It is worth going a hundred miles, to a New-England countryman, to see Marblehead. It looks like foreign land. The rocky foundations, the steep, narrow, winding streets—the tall, old-fashioned houses, make it look like some of the small antique places I saw in England, and Scotland. "Marblehead's a rocky place."—There's no mistake about that. It seems all a ledge of rocks, and the houses and streets are where openings happen between. There is no road through the town. You have to come out as you go in.—Marblehead is the end of the world in that direction—unless you take ship. And there are plenty of keels in their beautiful, inland harbor. It looks like a pond among the New-Hampshire hills. A high ridge of rocky upland rises between it and the main ocean, and the fleet of large fishermen that lay in there at

anchor, looked as snug and safe as if they were in a mill pond.—Marblehead is Swamscot on a larger scale. Her fishers go off into the great ocean, and are gone weeks or months, on the Grand Banks. There was an alarm among them, the day I was there, about one bark, that had not been spoken for an unusual time.—They are often lost at sea. The place is full of widows, I was told, from losses at sea, and in the last war, to which many brave but foolish men went from Marblehead. I was astonished to hear the people were peculiarly proslavery. They are mostly democrats, and are afraid probably of 3d Partyism. They must be shown that that is not abolitionism. We found but one abolition family there, Thomas Wool-dridge's, a "comeouter" Quaker. Garrison or Foster must go among them, and tell the bold "fishermen of Marblehead" what anti-slavery means, and they will embrace it. They will be abolitionists fast enough, when they learn that anti-slavery is humanity, and not politics or sectarianism.

The Printer warns me there is no room to continue. I may ramble a little further another week. *Rogert*

The Gallows the Rainbow of Promise?

We have already given some account of a public debate on Capital Punishment which has been held in the Broadway Tabernacle, New-York, between the Rev. Mr. Cheever and Mr. T. O'Sullivan. The New-York Evangelist publishes Mr. Cheever's argument in full, (in favor of the gallows,) which occupies nearly 12 columns of three successive numbers; and accompanies it with an 'evangelical,' 'orthodox' shout of exultation—thus:—"It was a complete and overwhelming triumph, and felt to be so in all parts of the immense assemblage, both by friend and foe (?) Of this judgment, there can be but one opinion among thinking people." This is certainly very positive, and exhibits no small amount of 'modest assurance'; but we have so little respect either for the good judgment or the christian temper of the editors of that paper, in such a connexion, that their asseveration is received by us with much incredulity. Their 'wish is father to the thought' of the sanguinary victory thus confidently claimed. They are warmly in favor of strangulation and the gallows—piously so, and 'for the glory of God,' we do not entertain a doubt. Of the strength or quality of Mr. O'Sullivan's argument, in opposition to capital punishment, we can form no other opinion than what may be inferred from a gentleman of his zeal and talents, as it has not yet appeared in print; but, in order that the universal public may have both sides of the question fairly presented to them for their examination, we earnestly hope that he will write out his argument, 'in full,' and present it for publication in the Evangelist. It having been so flimsy in itself, and so triumphantly refuted by Mr. Cheever, in the opinion of the editors of that paper,

they, surely, will not refuse so reasonable a request! They can afford to be not only just, but generous.

The Evangelist states that, 'in all parts of the immense assemblage,' the verdict was for the perpetuity of the gallows. It would have been strange, (without any reference to the argument used by either of the disputants,) if the fact had been otherwise. The people have been trained, by a merciless and mercenary priesthood, to believe in the necessity and duty of giving blow for blow, and taking life for life; and they are not yet sufficiently delivered from religious thralldom to move with that rapidity in the cause of reform, which their own wants and the exigencies of the times demand. Nevertheless, light is spreading among them, and they are gradually, though surely, bursting the fetters that bind them.

'It was a complete and overwhelming triumph,' says the Evangelist—meaning a triumph not only over Mr. O'Sullivan as a debater, but over his doctrine of the wrongfulness of taking human life. What is claimed for Mr. Cheever, in this instance, is an impossibility, because it makes him triumphant over the Son of God, who was, in fact, his only antagonist on the occasion, and against whom no man may hope to contend successfully. Learning, metaphysical acumen, literary ability, theological profundity, and biblical dexterity, avail nothing in opposition to 'the truth as it is in Jesus.' These we concede to Mr. Cheever, and they are excellent qualifications for a priest, but they are foolishness compared with the teachings and example of Him 'who spake as never man spake,' and who came to *SAVE MEN'S LIVES, not to destroy them*. The advocates of capital punishment are not within the pale of Christianity, and wear a stolen livery whenever they present themselves in a christian garb. They are, in spirit, Pagans, Mahometans, or Jews, but they are not Christians. They must be associated with those who will not have Christ to reign over them. It is not necessary to impeach their sincerity—for, in very many instances, there can be no doubt that they verily believe they are doing God service; but when they claim to be the disciples and ministers of Christ, that claim cannot be admitted as valid.

Mr. Cheever professes to be a teacher of Christian truth, and a minister of the crucified Saviour. In support of his capital punishment theory, where and to whom does he go? To the Master, whose disciple he claims to be? No! But to a dispensation and an age even beyond that of Moses—to the 'dim dawn, the twilight' of human existence and experience! It was the boast of an apostle—"I determined not to know any thing among you, *save Jesus Christ, and him crucified*."—and his melting proclamation to a hostile world was, 'Christ died for the ungodly!—While we were yet *sinner*s, [yea, his persecutors and murderers,] Christ died for us.' Not such is the boast or the proclamation of Mr. Cheever. He does not go to Christ, or even to Moses, but to Noah; and builds his crimson superstructure on this single, isolated, obscure passage—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed"! He pronounces this to be 'the common law of the world,' and says that 'it would stand upon the same unquestionable authority that it does now, if the whole mass of revelation between the book of Genesis and the gospel of Matthew were annihilated.' Why does he stop short at 'the gospel of Matthew'? Why does he not extend his confident assertion to the end of the Apocalypse? Especially, as he professes to find in the New Testament nothing in opposition to his 'common law,' but much in support of it. In his work on 'Punishment by Death,' he is forced to confess that 'the argument from Scripture in favor of capital punishment is *somewhat limited*'—and well may he admit this, since he can find but one passage in the whole Bible for his 'sandy foundation.'

Assuming that Gen. ix. 6, embodies a divine law, by which a christian people, in the year of our Lord, 1843, are authorized to strangle on the gallows criminals who are guilty of murder, Mr. Cheever tasks his organs of ideality and language to find words and figures to express the delight and reverence with which he regards it. His panegyrics may be given in the following order:

1. It is 'humane in the highest degree'!
2. 'So far from the opposition to this statute being the humane side, it is inhuman to the last degree. It

is an effort not only devoid of benevolence, but characterized by great cruelty. It is a most inhuman, cruel, anti-scriptural and irreligious effort!

3. 'To strike out this penalty is as inhuman as it would be on a dangerous, rock-bound coast to destroy the light-house on the sharpest, roughest, most destructive reef across which the tide sweeps and beats its billows!'

4. 'It is a tonic to our moral constitution!'

5. It is a 'concentration of wisdom and goodness, which we are but poorly able to appreciate'—and 'the man that seeks to loosen its certainty, loosens a fundamental pillar of society!'

6. It is 'a well-spring of truth—a shaft sunk into the soul of mankind, that goes clear to the bottom of its sentiments, out of the reach of all mixture of sophistry, deeper than all cross views of a false and mawkish sentimentality, down into the living rock; and thence the stream that gushes up is the pure benevolence of truth as clear as crystal!'

7. 'It is one of the planets in the firmament of revealed truth—an orb of light—like a sun shot into chaos!!!'

8. 'It is a lofty mountain, sustaining on its summit a light of life and legislation for all succeeding generations!'

9. It is 'an image of the infinite in the finite!'

10. It is 'the keystone placed by divine wisdom in the magnificent arch of human legislation constructed from on high!'

11. 'It is a prophetic miniature of the keystone of divine justice and goodness in the government of God in eternity!'

12. 'There are no deeper colors, in which the pencil of inspiration itself is ever dipped!'

13. 'The attempts to destroy it are just as if you strove to pluck the planets from their places!'

14. It is 'no more to be effaced till the destruction of all things, than the colors of the rainbow can be blotted from the sky, while lasts the constitution of this physical universe!'

15. 'This statute, as a bow of promise, is God's assurance to the world against the anarchy of murder!'

In short, it is what Dr. Beecher has affirmed of the Sabbath, 'the moral sun of the world'—the ark of safety during the inundation of the earth by the waters of iniquity—the protector, saviour and sanctifier of mankind! Without it, the world would be filled with violence and blood; and with it, it has no need of a Redeemer!

These, it must be confessed, are very exalted views of THE GALLOWS, and give to it a saving efficacy, scarcely equalled by that of THE CROSS.

A BABY'S COMPLAINT.

Oh, mother, dear mother, no wonder I cry,
More wonder, by far, that your baby don't die;
No matter what ails me—no matter who's here,
No matter how hungry the 'poor little dear,'
No matter if full, or all out of breath,
She trots me, and trots me, and trots me to death.

I love my dear nurse, but I dread that great knee;
I like all her talk, but woe unto me!
She can't be contented with talking so pretty,
And washing, and dressing, and doing her duty;
And that's very well; I can bear soap and water,
But, mother, she is an unmerciful trotter!

Pretty ladies, I want to look at your faces;
Pretty cap, pretty fire, let me see how it blazes;
How can I, my head going bibbity bob?
And she trots me the more, the harder I sob;
Oh, mother, do stop her, I'm inwardly sore,
I hiccough and cry, and she trots me the more,
And talks about 'wind,' when 'tis she makes me ache,
Wish 'twould blow her away, for poor baby's sake!

Thank goodness, I'm still; oh, blessed be quiet!
I'm glad my dear mother is willing to try it;
Of foolish old customs my mother's no lover,
And the wisdom of this she can never discover;
I'll rest me awhile, and just look about,
And laugh up at Sally, who peeps in and out,
And pick up some notions, as soon as I can,
To fill my small noddle before I'm a man.

Oh dear, is that she? is she coming so soon?
She's bringing my dinner with teacup and spoon;
She'll hold me with one hand, in 't'other the cup,
And as fast as it's down, she'll just shake it up;
And thumpity thump with the greatest delight,
Her heel is going from morning till night;
All over the house you may hear it, I'm sure,
Trot-trotting! Just think what I'm doomed to endure!

From the Voice of Freedom.

Farewell.

With this number closes my connection with the Voice of Freedom as its editor, and at the same time my engagement as lecturing agent of the Vermont Anti-Slavery Society. In what manner the duties of these stations have been discharged, it is not for me to say. If my works bear witness for me, words are needless; if they do not, words are useless.

That the year has not been spent in idleness, may be said without fear of contradiction,—if to be busy seven days in the week is to be not idle,—for that day which is to most laborers one of rest, witnesses with him who is faithful in such a post as mine, not a ceasing from toil, so much as a change in its mode and instruments; the laying down of the pen in the closet, to lift up the living voice in the congregation. But to what effect this labor has been; whether it has helped to hasten, in any degree, the day of the slave's deliverance, through the might of a renewed and purified public sentiment; whether, in a word, it has been to the advancement of the cause of truth, and right, and universal freedom, it is, happily, no part of my duty to determine. Enough is it that I have labored with an honest desire to promote that cause by such means as my own judgment and conscience approved.

If, in my communion with the readers of the Voice, I have not done them good, and that in the best of all ways in my power, by stirring them up to do good to others, it has not been for want of a will to do so, nor, I trust, of faithful endeavors on my part. If, in my intercourse with my editorial brethren, there has been any departure from that courtesy and fair dealing which I have wished from them, it has been no fault of intention, nor committed knowingly; for I have sought to cherish toward them, as I still do, in retiring from their brotherhood, such kindly feelings as befit our relation to each other. So, with the quiet spirit which an approving conscience gives, I offer to each and all a friendly hand at parting, with hearty thanks to such as have done me favors, and to all, sincere wishes for their future welfare.

The friends of freedom, with whom it has been my privilege during the past year to labor for the slave, will bear with me while I exhort them, in taking leave, to be true to his cause; becoming not weary in well doing, but rather pressing on with growing courage and zeal, and full confidence of hope; knowing that earnest endeavors in a good work will ever be blessed of God, and that each conflict brings nearer the triumph, which must come at

last. It is a satisfaction to feel that, though not present among them, my heart will be with them in their toils, and will rejoice in their successes. In returning to the field of labor which one year ago I left for this, I shall carry with me many pleasant remembrances of the kindness I have here experienced, of the warm hospitality which has everywhere greeted me in my journeyings from place to place, of the acquaintances I have made, the friendships I have formed or strengthened, and of the aid imparted to my attempts to bring before the minds of the people the great truths which are to win the victory for our enterprise. And I shall venture to indulge the hope that my memory will live in some noble hearts among these mountains, and will be blended there with their deep love for the principles I have advocated, and the cause I have sought to promote.

C. C. BURLEIGH.

CONCORD: 71.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 18, 1842.

C. C. Burleigh

Spoke here the evening of the 8th inst., on his way to Montpelier with his wife—Gertrude Kimber Burleigh. They were married the latter part of October, & I take this occasion to thus announce the fact to the Anti-slavery friends. Mrs. Burleigh was from the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and daughter of Emmor Kimber, a Friend. It will interest abolitionists to learn of Charles Burleigh's marriage, and gratify them to know that he has found a companion for life equal at least to himself, in all those qualities that constitute high anti-slavery humanity—a fortune not common to men of genius like him. Instead of saying God bless and prosper them, I would rather say He has already done it, and I rejoice for them both.—And I would just add that Gertrude, although of Quaker descent, does not appear to me likely to "quiet" Charles out of any of his anti-slavery enterprise or devotion—but to enhance his amount of both. Hence, though he has married a wife, he will not be apt to offer that as an excuse why he "cannot come" to the battle.

Friend Burleigh's subject here was the Inviolability of human life. It was unpremeditated—the subject being suggested to him after his arrival here, the afternoon of the same day—but had all the arrangement, clearness, and finish of the amplest preparation. Charles Burleigh is always prepared.—All he wants, is to know when he comes into the meeting what he is wanted to speak about.—And if he can get a chance to stand five minutes at the stove to dry his feet, or *dote* that length of time in a seat at the foot of the platform, giving the audience occasion to think, (if they are strangers to him,) that he has scarcely vivacity enough to mount it, he will see the end of a speech from the beginning—and if he can't have as much opportunity as this, he will glance his eye through it on the platform itself—after he takes his singular, but masterly position on his feet there. I never have seen the speaker whose attitude has the natural oratory in it that his has.—He never learned it.—It is imparted to him by his genius—and his gestures would mock the vain efforts of the player or the professor of oratory to imitate or to equal. And his eloquence flows, after he gets under way, "like an Alpine torrent."

He had but a handful audience.—It was a dark, rainy, muddy night—and the place of the meeting, the old Town Hall, a good deal out of the way of the popular centre. There were besides other circumstances that tended to prevent an attendance, two political caucuses, a Democratic and a Whig—and sundry religious ones, absorbed the profound philanthropy and taste of the people. A bishop was here, "confirming" some of the young folks, in their former courses, I suppose,—at least in their pro-slavery indifference, and their disregard to human life, which "confirmed" Episcopalians generally, have no sort of objection to see hanging by the neck, till it ceases to be "human life,"—for crimes, which such a bloody spirit goes far to engender and perpetuate.

The audience, though small, was select for morals and intelligence, & gave the most breathless attention. Burleigh began by a declaration of the partial and imperfect apprehension generally had by discoverers, and developers of great truths, in morals as well as in physics, of the extent and the value of the discoveries they have made. He instanced, among other things, the vast advancement of the science of Astronomy—and the tremendous results of Steam power—very little of which could have been anticipated by the discoverers of the great principles on which they are based.

The Declaration of Independence, he said, went lengths in behalf of human liberty and life, of which the authors had apparently little or no conception. They declared the mighty truth, that the right to Liberty in all, was equal and inalienable, and went on, under the declaration, to enslave a portion of their countrymen as brute beasts. They made the same declaration as to the right to life—and then went on to make laws, hanging people for offences—and even asserted the inalienable right of all men to life, by a bloody and murderous seven years' war.

The inalienable right of every body to life, was then enforced by friend Burleigh, in his clearest and happiest manner. He proved it, which is exceedingly difficult, in a case so palpable, and which an unvitiated mind sees so grossly at a single glance. He proved the inviolability of the person of man—and the duty of all to respect it. He spoke of the safety of

it as a principle of protection, and of the utter failure of the violence system to protect men, after so many ages of horrible experiment.—It was contrary to the religion of the State Prison, the State House and the Meeting House, he admitted—but that it was according to the gospel of Christ, he showed, and based on the immovable principles of reason and nature, he proved, and proved unanswerably. He took up every variety of objection and swept it triumphantly away.

There should have been a host to hear him—but the multitude dare not go, and they must learn, if ever, in more indirect and tardy manner. They are now taught by the priesthood, that human life is no more sacred than animal life, and that it is no more culpable to hang up an immortal man by the neck, until he is dead—than to hang up an ox in the slaughter-house. The meeting-house every where teaches this infernal doctrine—for it has nothing else to rely on for its own preservation—and that of it's dark and bloody worship. And the State House learns it of the pulpit, and for fear of that divine elevation, dare not follow out the dictates of common humanity, and abolish it.

Friend Burleigh left us early next morning, for an appointment at Newport, in the evening. So he goes laboring prodigiously, and giving himself scarcely any rest, and getting little thanks, and less support. He is admitted by the community to be one of the very first orators and noblest minded men living, but then he is an abolitionist, he goes for the Niggers, and with this Herald of Freedom down (or up, as the case may be) here at Concord, and it is neither reputable nor pious to go after him much. If we go to hear him, and let him speak, that is great liberality. If he were a rope-dancer, or a divine, we would compensate him, but as it is, if we let him speak and get off with a whole skin, it is liberal, and shows us a forbearing people.

Rogers

The Concord Clay Club.

A club of this name has recently been formed in this town, for the purpose of promoting the election of Henry Clay to the Presidency of the United States. They issued an address in this behalf, drawn up by a deacon of one of the orthodox churches here—and published in the whig paper printed in the village. The abolitionists, though not caring to interfere in any contest for the Presidency between Clay and any opponent he may have, felt called on to notice so public and pointed a contempt upon the Anti Slavery Movement,—and to point it out and hold it up, as evidence as the pro-slavery character of the people and the church here. It was concluded to hold a meeting, and the following placard was struck off and posted in the streets, as a notice.

CLAY,

The Slave-Holder.

His character will be discussed this evening at the Court House, at half past 6. He denied in '38 that colored people could safely have their liberty in this country. He is president of a Society for banishing them as fast as they get free. He spread the curse of Slavery over Missouri. He inflicted perpetual slavery on Arkansas, by a casting vote. He is for perpetuating it in the National Capital. He is against its abolition in Kentucky. He is the personal enslaver—master, and tyrant of 50 or 60 People. The Concord Whigs and Churchmembers have nominated him for President of the United States, and have formed themselves into a CLUB, to effect his election! Let the people assemble this evening and speak their sentiments on the outrageous act.

Tuesday, Feb. 13.

Speech of Mr. Rich, of Vt., Feb. 17, 1820.

"I have by the successful influence of my example, taught my sons to cultivate the earth, while my daughters have been instructed in the manufacture of clothing for themselves and brothers, extending even to those I have now the honor to wear, and in the useful labors of the kitchen."

In a note it was said:

"When this subject was under consideration at the last session, the honorable speaker [Clay] remarked to the following effect—

"If gentlemen will not allow us to have black slaves they must let us have white ones; or we cannot cut our fire wood, and have our shoes, and have our wives and daughters work in the kitchen."

Here we solve the riddle in Mr. Clay's history, yet unexplained by his biographers, how Mr. Clay, who when a young man, was so zealous for the abolition of slavery in Kentucky, should, when old, exert all his influence to defeat a convention to correct the monstrous absurdities of the State constitution, for fear they might in some way touch the subject of slavery, and either take measures to bring it to a termination, or to curtail the exclusive political power held by slaveholders in the State government. It is the contrast between the poor unsophisticated young lawyer, and the rich planter and aspiring statesman, between Scott the shepherd's boy, and Lord Eldon, the Tory and High Church Lord Chancellor of England.

The sympathies of the "mill boy of the slashes" are lost in the pride of the owner of threescore slaves, and he who once bathed in the little creek while his horses were

unharnessed from the plough, now turns up his lofty nose and exclaims,

"WE CANNOT CUT OUR FIRE-WOOD, AND BLACK OUR SHOES, AND HAVE OUR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS WORK IN THE KITCHEN."

Let every farmer and farmer's son, and farmer's wife and farmer's daughter, in Massachusetts, cut from some newspaper, the portrait and name of Henry Clay, and paste them up in the kitchen, and every mechanic in the shop, with these words as the motto underneath—

"If the gentlemen WILL NOT ALLOW US TO HAVE BLACK SLAVES THEY MUST LET US HAVE WHITE ONES; FOR WE CANNOT CUT OUR FIRE-WOOD AND BLACK OUR SHOES, AND HAVE OUR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS WORK IN THE KITCHEN."

We copy the beautiful lines below from the White Mountain Torrent. There is a simplicity and beauty about them that we have rarely seen equalled.

The Little Rill.

How beautiful the twinkle
In the bright green grass,
Where gentle breezes wrinkle
The Rill, as they pass;
It sparkles through the meshes
Of the long grass now,
Like a maiden's eye that flashes
Through curls on her brow.

All down the pleasant valley,
By a rich green zone,
Where Joy and Plenty rally,
Is the Rill's way shown;
And there's a gentle shiver
Of music heard, where
It falls into the river,
And chimes on the air.

The little lambs are merry
Along its bright way;
It seems as if the very
Leaves kept a holiday;
So gay they seem a-dancing
Above the glad stream,
That twinkles, in the glancing
Of the sun's warm beam.

There's not a bird that quireth
With songs on the hill,
But in her soul desireth
To chant by the Rill.
The ever merry swallow
Wheels over the spring,
And tiny sparkles follow
The dash of her wing.

The small bee loves its shimmer,
For well knoweth she
Where brightest daises glimmer,
The stars of the lea;
And list the pleasant whirring
Where the soft Rill flows,
See! 'tis the hum-bird stirring
To find the sweetest rose.

Just over the Rill, flutters
The gay bob-o-link,
And her varied song utters
While the farm-boys drink;
Then the little lads whistle
The notes of her lay,
As they cleave down the thistle
In mimic-war-play.

The cow that come a-grazing
Mid dews of the morn,
In silence standeth gazing,
Now that the dew's gone;
She heedeth not the gambols
Of the lambs hard by,
Or where the palfrey ambles
Scarce turns her mild eye.

O every thing is merry
Where the small Rill flows,
'Tis the very spot to bury
All cares and all woes;—
So precious is the water
None here can be sad;
Ho every son and daughter
Come drink, and be glad.

Pleasant Hight, 1843.

E. D. H.

Geo. Burleigh

From the New-York Evangelist.

The American Board and the African Colonies.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

In common with yourselves, I am greatly interested and gratified with the action of the American Board, at its late meeting in Norwich, on the subject of its mission in Western Africa. I cannot but regard that action as the removal, in the Providence of God, of one of the greatest obstacles to a unity of views and action, by good men, on the great subject of slavery and its abolition. It is, as you have well said, a divorce of American missions from American colonization—a solemn public declaration, the result of actual experience, that colonies and missions cannot work together; that the former are a hindrance to the latter, not a help; and that the successful prosecution of the latter absolutely demands their removal beyond the limits of the colonies. Such a testimony, at such a time, and from such a source, cannot be too attentively considered, nor its importance too highly appreciated. That I may help your readers to a just appreciation of it, allow me to call their attention briefly to the past.

The Board entered on the mission to Western Africa, and for a while prosecuted it with the highest expectations of aid in their work from the colonies. Thus, in 1833, (Ann. Rep. p. 90,) we have the following:

"The Colonization Society of Maryland, which is commencing operations on a plan which promises great ultimate success, has given its cordial assent to our establishing a mission on the site of its projected colony, and availing ourselves of all the protection that colony can afford." . . . And 'the main dependence of our mission in Africa, so far as means are concerned, must be upon the labors of pious natives and colonists.'

The same year, one of the 'missionary papers' was 'Western Africa considered as a field for American missions.' This, too, gave a flattering account of the colony generally, and said:

'The American colony of Liberia is of immense value and importance in relation to American missions in Western Africa.'

In 1834, the declaration, Ann. Rep. p. 38, is:

'Nor should the fact be omitted, that though we have no immediate connection with the colony at Cape Palmas, that colony may be expected to afford us some important facilities.' . . . At present it would be vain to think of sending a mission into the interior, without previously occupying a station upon the coast.'

And in 1835, Ann. Rep. p. 36, we have the following:

'Although our mission has no immediate connection with the colony at Cape Palmas, it is important to remark, that almost all the colonists were engaged in the culture of the soil, and that the prospects of the infant community were thought, by Mr. Wilson, to be remarkably encouraging. The kindness uniformly shown by the Governor, Dr. Hall, to our mission, is gratefully acknowledged both by Mr. Wilson and by the committee. . . . Such is the climate, and such is the state of African society, that, until a regular steam navigation is established on the Niger, a mission cannot be sustained in the interior without a preparatory station somewhere upon the coast; and the colonies furnish incomparably greater facilities for such stations than can be found elsewhere.'

Such were the expectations with which the mission to Western Africa was undertaken, and, for a while, prosecuted. How were they realized in actual experience?

On the 28th of June, 1834, Rev. JAMES TEMPLE, a colored man, just returned from the colony at Liberia, and bearing letters of commendation as to his intelligence and general character, from Gov. Pinney, made the following declaration in the city of New-York, and allowed it to be published over his own name in the Emancipator:

'The colony is a GREAT HINDRANCE to missionary operations in Africa; and there is no prospect of success in missionary efforts unless the missionaries SEPARATE themselves FROM the colony, and go into the interior.'

This testimony was of course discredited by the great body of the people, and, for the most part, passed away unheeded and forgotten. But how wonderfully is God, in his providence, now forcing the conviction of its verity on our whole American Zion!

In January, 1834, Messrs. Wilson and Wynkoop arrived at Monrovia, as Missionaries of the American Board, with instructions to survey the coast, and fix on the most eligible spot for a mission. They fixed on a spot at Cape Palmas, within the territorial limits of the American colony. In assigning their reasons for this, Miss. Herald, 1834, p. 212, they say:

'A fort will be built, (by the colony,) and a small settlement formed at the outset, just by the side of a very large and populous native town. The site chosen for the mission settlement is half a mile distant. . . . It is true we had very serious doubts as to the expediency of taking any measures for the immediate erection of the house in the neighborhood of the colony; first, from apprehensions that the colony might EMBARRASS our future efforts for the improvement of the natives; and in the second place, we had fears lest in any contest between the colonists and the natives, the latter might be tempted to destroy it, situated as it would be out of the protection of the colony. Any apprehension, however, that might be entertained of violence to a missionary establishment from the natives, would be greatly relieved by the consideration, that they manifested a strong desire for the education of their children, and we took all the pains we could to impress the minds of the king and his people with the fact, that the MISSION is to be entirely distinct from the colony, and will be IDENTIFIED WITH THE INTERESTS OF THE NATIVES.'

Showing, that in order to make any headway in their work, or gain any footing in the confidence of the natives, the mission must needs begin by taking sides with them against the colonists.

The mission proceeded in its work, and in 1836, (Herald, p. 344) Mr. Wilson gives us another chapter of its experience as follows:

'The lawless depredations of the natives upon the property of the Americans frequently threaten serious consequences, and we know not what moment it may lead to open hostility. We have no particular fears on our own account, for our destiny and mission are in the hands of our Heavenly Father. Besides, I trust that our personal influence would be a sufficient guaranty of safety from any violence from the natives; and I hold myself aloof from all matters of dispute between them and the Americans, in order that I might be a days-man in case of serious collision. So far as governmental protection is necessary to missionary operations, Cape Coast Castle is decidedly preferable to this place or Liberia.'

On such representations as these, the Committee of the Board voted to establish a mission at Cape Coast Castle, as soon as suitable men could be found, but from various causes this has not yet been done. 1837 came, and with it the very occasion for acting as 'days-man,' that Mr. Wilson had feared. That colony that was going to protect him and his mission, had to be protected by him.

This, and kindred experiences of the mission, opened the eyes of the committee at home to their mistake. And accordingly, in the annual report for 1838, p. 57, instead of the former flattering accounts of facilities to be rendered to the mission by the colonies, we have the following:

'Mr. Wilson says there are as many as 98 native inhabitants for every square mile within the territory of the Greybo tribe; and he regards the interior, as far as he has had opportunity to observe, as being almost, if not quite, as densely peopled. This is a population considerably greater than that of the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut; and the soil is said not to be of a superior quality. It is obvious from hence, that the colonies on the coast will need to exercise great care, lest they prove injurious to the native population, by crowding them into too narrow limits, or getting into hostilities with them.'

During 1839, difficulties thickened and embarrassments increased, and accordingly the annual report of that year gives us still more distinct and unequivocal intimations of their existence. On pp. 55 and 56, we have the following:

'It is of great importance to the well being of the native tribes of Western Africa that the strongest possible religious influence should be thrown into the colonies, which are rising into existence and power upon their borders. Otherwise the condition of these tribes, notwithstanding the sameness of their color with that of the colonists, will, at no distant period, be that of the native tribes of South Africa and in our own country. It would seem to be the wisest course to assume the permanence of the colonies, and their future ascendancy over the native tribes, as unquestionable facts, and to frame our plans accordingly. It will be impossible to conduct missions happily and prosperously in the immediate vicinity of the colonies, unless the influence of the gospel is predominant in them; and their relations with the native communities will necessarily extend, and become more and more intimate. Of late years, it has seemed to the Committee that the field which especially invites our attention is REMOTE FROM THE COLONIES, perhaps among the Ashantees, and especially up the Niger; while at the same time, it will be desirable for us to have a mission of moderate size at Cape Palmas. Indeed, we could hardly maintain an efficient mission in the upper countries of the Niger, without having a station at Cape Palmas, and another somewhere on the Gold Coast, to serve as places for rest and acclimation, and as intermediate posts of communication.'

On the same page, Mr. Wilson corroborates this testimony to the unfriendly influence of the colony:

"I think both Cape Lahon and St. Andrews inviting points for missionary operations; and their remoteness both from European and American settlements, is not one of the least encouraging circumstances to make them so."

Such were the intimations of 1839. In 1840 and 1841 nothing was said. But in 1842, in a manner alike honorable to the Prudential Committee and the Board, the silence is broken. "Difficulties," says Dr. Anderson, in behalf of the Committee, "have arisen with the colony, which were not anticipated at the outset." The subject goes to a special Committee. That Committee examine the documents, and, with Chancellor Walworth at their head, declare that "they fully concur in the conclusion at which the Prudential Committee have arrived, that it is expedient, if not absolutely necessary to the successful operations of the mission, that it be removed from the territory of the colony." And this report the Board unanimously adopt—thus publicly declaring a divorce of American missions from American colonies, and dissipating forever the idea of their lending aid to the introduction of the gospel to benighted Africa. And this done, it seems to me that the last tie that binds colonization to the hearts and confidence of any portion of the Christian community is sundered, and the way opened for an early union of views, and feelings, and efforts, on the part of good men, for the extinction of slavery from our whole land. The Lord hasten it in his time. X.

From the Non-Resistant.

Non-Resistance and Infidelity.

There is nothing in the character of the non-resistance movement to entitle it to gentler usage, or a more candid consideration from the religionists of the day, than has been accorded to other reforms. On the contrary, there is much in it which rebukes the self-love and spiritual pride of those who assume to be the eminently righteous of this generation. It contradicts their favorite prejudices, censures their profitable sins, proclaims their righteousness to be no better than that of the scribes and pharisees, and calls upon them to repent and forsake their wickedness. It is nothing surprising, then, that this class of persons should endeavor to fix upon non-resistance the character of infidels—jacobins—agrarians, and whatever else is most opprobrious in the character of theological hatred. And this course is not without a sort of miserable consistency—for, surely, if the prevailing superstition, as preached and practised by the vast majority of all sects, be Christianity—then we are infidels, and we will rejoice in the name. A name is but so much breath. It is the thing for which it stands that is important. If the word Christianity signifies, at the present day, a cover for slavery and war, and in general for every violation of the natural rights of the few which the many choose to commit for their own safety or profit; and if infidelity has so changed its old meaning as to stand for a sacred regard of all the rights of others, and a willingness to submit to the loss of our own rights rather than to infringe upon those of another, and this from a sacred reverence of the divine laws; then we are willing to accept the title as the most honorable one which can be bestowed upon us.

There is a little inconsistency in the charges brought against non-resistance. Now they are infidels—and again, they are a religious sect, and not only the most bigoted, but, (what is regarded as the bitterest sarcasm,) the smallest sect in Christendom. Whether we are infidels or not, is not much to the purpose—or even whether we are consistent with our profession. Though we were the most unbelieving and abandoned generation ever known, still our principle may be true, and our wickedness the result of a departure from it, and not of obedience to it. The question which we propose to the consideration of men is, not whether we are Christians and good men, but, whether men have, as individuals and communities, a right to kill men, for their own safety or advantage? We hold this to be a question of the deepest importance to every human being, of every religion and of every country. We accordingly welcome to our discussions and to our Society, men of all religions and of every sect, and men of no sect and of no religion, if such there be. Practically, however, as far as the opinions of those who have identified themselves with non-resistance principles are known, they are, with a single exception, of those who, according to the catholic liturgy of the Church of England, "profess

and call themselves Christians." Their infidelity, like treason under some of the old tyrannical kings of England, must be constructive and inferential. As to their sectarianism, they are a sect, if to hold in common a general principle, constitute a sect—if Anti-Slavery and Temperance Societies be sects. The number of professing non-resistance is not large—but is large enough to embrace almost every shade of belief from the highest Calvinism to the simplest rationalism. The great majority, however, hold the sentiments of the stricter 'evangelical' denominations. These circumstances are mentioned as facts proper to be known, in view of the false statements which have been made in this regard, not as of any intrinsic importance.

Whatever may be the speculative opinions of non-resistance, one thing is certain, that they are of all men most miserable, if they are not sustained by deep religious faith and trust. Having withdrawn themselves from the protection in which the many confide, having renounced the power and authority which are eth idols of the world, from a belief that obedience to the divine laws of their nature requires the sacrifice—it is scarcely possible to conceive that they should have taken this position except under the influence of minds penetrated and pervaded with a religious spirit. When the mind has perceived the falsehood upon which all systems of armed mutual protection rest, and discerns that the misrule and violence that fills the earth is fostered and increased by the very means which are relied upon to subdue them, it must needs fall back for safety and repose on an Almighty arm. Having gone out from the great Babylon which men have builded for their safety and their lusts, the non-resistance feels himself brought into a nearer converse with the Deity than he had ever before attained. The obstacles which men had heaped together between his mental sight and his Father being removed, he beholds him with the vision which is promised to the pure in heart. Nothing interposes between his soul and the soul of the universe. The Divine presence becomes as it were the atmosphere of his soul, from which he breathes in immortal strength, health and life. It is an ever-present reality to him—as real as the consciousness of his own existence. It brings with it peace and joy. The study of the laws, (to use human language,) by which the Divine Being governs His moral universe, is his delight—obedience to them is his reward. If a deeply religious spiritual character be not the cause of non-resistance principles, it can hardly fail to be its effect.—E. Quincy

Missionary Hymn. FOR THE SOUTH.

'Spread far the gospel tidings!
Call ocean, earth and air,
To aid your ceaseless labor
To spread them everywhere,
Save in the bondman's cabin—
Let them not enter there!

Send Bibles to the heathen!
On ev'ry distant shore,
From light that's beaming o'er us,
Let streams unceasing pour;—
But keep it from the millions,
Down trodden at our door!

Send Bibles to the heathen,
Their famish'd spirits feed!
Oh! haste, and join your efforts,
The priceless gift to speed;—
Then flog the trembling bondman,
If he shall learn to read!

Let love of filthy lucre
Not in your bosoms dwell;
Your money, on our mission,
Will be expended well;—
And then, to fill your coffers,
Husbands and fathers sell!

Have even little children
All they can gain to save,
For teachers of the heathen,
Beyond the ocean wave;
Then give to fire and faggot,
Him who would teach your slave!

From the Liberator.

THE TENTH MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The gross receipts of this effort in behalf of the anti-slavery cause, are about \$2900. The receipt of so large a sum, notwithstanding the almost impassable condition of the streets, the inclemency of the weather, the consequent prevalent epidemic; and more than all, notwithstanding the prejudices and calumnies scattered far and wide against the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society by the leaders of the third party, is indeed cheering to all who remember the slaves as in bonds with them.

Our joy ought indeed to be great in the aid we receive, when we consider the amount of the hostility and the variety of the obstacles through which it reaches us. Our love of beauty, and our admiration of elegance and industry, are highly gratified by the sight of the beautiful and useful things that come pouring in from Lynn, Nantucket, New-Bedford, Weymouth, West Roxbury, Plymouth, Andover, Abington, Stoneham, Duxbury, Hingham, Roxbury, Newburyport, Salem, Dedham, Medfield, Warren, Leominster, Lunenburg, Concord, Milton, Quincy, Boylston, Taunton, Brookfield, Leicester, Northampton, Hudson, (N. Y.) Newtown, (Pennsylvania,) Dorchester, Bedford, Townsend, Hanover, Fairhaven, and from many other towns, not to mention at present the labors of Boston, or the admired contributions of our friends in Europe. The whole exhibi-

tion was never before so abundant, brilliant and rare. But great as is the pleasure thus afforded to the fancy and the taste, it bears no comparison with the high satisfaction conveyed to the heart. Not one of these brilliant and beautiful trifles, not one of these elaborate and useful articles, but is an emblem of the humane feeling, of the religious sense of duty, of the reverence for justice and freedom, above all, of that noblest virtue, the fidelity of the heart that offers it to the cause of the slave's deliverance. Truly to appreciate this exalted fidelity, one must know the history of the last ten years, with all their trials and temptations. Fully to estimate the strength of soul which has remained thus faithful, one must be aware of the position of the abolitionists during that time; crushed as only the good grain can be, between the upper and the nether millstones of social and ecclesiastical institutions, whose machinery is worked and regulated by slavery. Even if it be their mission to be crushed, that so the people so long fed on husks, may at length receive the truth which can alone make free; are theirs the souls to shrink from duty because it is severe and painful? It is surely well worth a life, to save a race from slavery, a land from disgrace, a people from ruin; to save from extinction the conservative principles of right, and love, and truth; and may God strengthen them, at whatever cost or consequence, for the fulfillment of such high duty evermore!

How little can the mere careless beholder appreciate the cost of the consequences or even this financial effort to those who have made it. Only the initiated in anti-slavery labors can comprehend the sacrifice of feeling, the conflict of soul which has attended it. There is not a woman our broad New England through, who has toiled at midnight by the feeble light of her well-saved lamp, to produce these exquisite works which you so much admire, who has not done it at a sacrifice of which you can form no idea, unless you also have been an abolitionist. She was one looked up to as a pious and influential member of her church; a superintendent, it may be, of the Sabbath instruction of the youth of her parish; "a mother in Israel." She took a forward step in her religious experience, and became more worthy of respect, and influence, and confidence; she strove to live the principles she heard and taught, and she soon found at how great a cost to themselves persons leave the world better than they found it. Her brother and sister church-members feel reproached by her endeavors to be more true to God and humanity than the church and the ministry have hitherto been. Her minister is in association with his brethren to dry up, if possible, by both public and private ministrations, every fount of sympathy for the cause of freedom which is springing up. He told her that Garrison was an infidel. The assertion did but prove himself the foe of the cause, and awakened her mind to inquire into the ecclesiastical reasons for circulating a calumny so groundless. She found that Garrison had given a true witness in favor of the slave, and against the American church and clergy, as pro-slavery, and that, therefore, calumny was resorted to, to break down his testimony; and her fidelity to the cause remained unshaken. Her minister then begged her to change the channel of her labors, by withdrawing her aid from the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society—the original movement for the abolition of slavery by preaching the truth in love; and to spend her strength in paying electioneering expenses, and sustaining political par-

tisans; for since slavery (as he argued) was the "creature of the law," it could be abolished only by changing the law-makers. So specious a fallacy might have produced some impression, had she not known the hatred of him who opposed it to anti-slavery truth. But that knowledge made her pause to examine; and examination showed her that to change the hearts of the people, while to change the hearts of the people was necessarily to abolish slavery. Finding himself unable to shake her faith in the power of truth, or to increase it in the power of politics—finding her determined to have the latter for a servant, and not for a master, her minister next proposes an association to clothe fugitive slaves as a substitute in the parish for the anti-slavery society auxiliary to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, with which she labors. To clothe the naked is a good deed; and it had been so in this case, had it been performed from a good motive. It were a good deed had it been done without the accompanying proposal to leave a better one undone. Observation and reflection show our friend that her minister's "Hiram Wilson Society," as he calls it, is but the evil contrivance of a pro-slavery soul, hard pressed by the progress of the great idea of freedom. Evil as its origin was, she rejoices that out of it may come bread for the hungry, and clothing for the naked. Freedom for the slave she well sees can never come out of it; for does it, can it make him free to dwell in his own land "where it liketh him best?" Exile from family and native clime is not freedom. It is at best but forced colonization; while every one who escapes raises the price of those who remain. Our coadjutor, therefore, remains steadfast against persecution and persuasion, fallacy and calumny, in her adhesion to the original movement—the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society; for it vigorously upholds the great truths which are of might to change the will of the people, and before which politicians and congresses have no choice but to bow.

Though a delightful occasion on account of the opportunity it affords us of seeing those to whom we are united by the strong tie of devotion to a common cause, our annual Fair is a very toilsome one; and it becomes more and more laborious as it gains hold on the community, and increases the amount of its offering to the cause. So steady now is the pressure of business through the whole week and a half devoted to it, that there is but little time to notice the increasing value and beauty of the articles, or the growing appropriateness and brilliancy of the decorations. Hardly one of the continual throng of visitors has seen the whole at a single view; as hundreds of dollars' worth of goods were purchased and removed before others arrived; and scarcely any of the most admirable articles remained on hand long enough to challenge general admiration.

Notice, for the cause's sake, the impressive mottoes wreathed with evergreen, which grace the entrance of each door and window. These are the words which are sinking deep into a nation's heart; and they are worthy to be the watchwords of a nobler generation than this, our slaveholding one. "Hide the outcast!" "Per ardua liberi!" "Fac et Spera!" "Remember them that are in bonds!" "Craignez Honte!" "Nihil alienum humani!" "Spes mea in Deo!" "Work and despair not!" Over the doors of entrance, the mottoes of the Liberator and the Standard are conspicuous. "My country is the world—my countrymen are all mankind;" and "without concealment—without compromise." In each pier hang the banners that bear the heart-stirring thoughts of our living;—the sacred words of our dead;—words that are yet instinct with their spirit, and which are of power to strengthen the hearts to whom they left this battle for the right as a heritage. Let no man think that it will not be valiantly and successfully fought out. Trusted and dear are those who bear its banners, but the conflict never slackens when they are removed; if any shrink, the indignant host rushes over them; and they who fall in the armor of right and truth, become in very deed the leaders of the spirits of those they leave in the thick of the battle. Springing out of the deepest feelings and convictions of our being, a cause like this can never die away. These are the inspiring words of our departed Follen, on the banner above the name—"West Roxbury," and the motto "Work and despair not." "Shall a republic," he said—(he, the exile from despotic lands for the sake of freedom)—"Shall a republic be less free than a monarchy? Shall the free United States, which could not brook the bondage of a king, cradle the bondage that a king has abolished?" Beside this floats the declaration of our living Garrison. "I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard!" And hast thou not been heard, brave, true heart? Ay! by the whole generation of the living; and remote posterity shall never hear those

words, and think of the perilous hour when they were spoken, without feeling that "keener rush of blood" that bears the soul onward to deeds of holier devotedness. How many are the faces venerable and beautiful, that seem to our memories still fairer

and more venerable through the mists of death, that we see no more in these scenes which their presence once made joyful; of some the names have from some accidental cause been heard far and wide, while others lived and died no less devotedly,

"But the world knew not then,
Not then, nor ever, what true hearts had fled:
Yet these are they that on the souls of men
Come back when night her folding veil hath spread,
The long remembered dead!"

On each of these numerous banners floats the strong thought of some heroic soul, from those but late departed, or yet numbered with our living band, to the high heart with which we feel our kindred told of in Hebrew chronicles, who banded the hosts together for the maintenance of right, crying "God himself is with us for our captain!"

Here, beneath the banner bearing the facsimile of the famous Philadelphia bell, cast before the revolution with this inscription, Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof; you may find our anti-slavery annual, "the Liberty Bell," now for the fifth time issued. The abolitionists are, for the most part, rather doers and thinkers than writers; yet here are many pages excellent as writings, and some still more excellent as testimonies: pages which are actions rather than words, for they express the adhesion of the writers to a despised, but most noble and righteous cause. Such adhesions are the stuff that the literature of the after age is made of, although they cannot claim affinity with the literature of to-day, for the very reason that they must be classed not with letters, but with acts.

An excellent opportunity is afforded by this publication, for the dissemination of anti-slavery truth in fields generally too much neglected; and who can calculate the good effect of the same truth so variously stated? Arrows are to be found in this quiver, of every size and weight. We require the name of each contributor; for thus headed, the arrow bears the scroll where no chance wind could waft it. The pro-slavery circle of each individual writer is thus more effectually stirred than it could be if the article were unaccompanied with the name. Personalities, forever! we say; for what, in fact, is truth? It is practically a statement made by persons to persons, regarding persons for the benefit of persons; or it is an abstraction, undeserving the name. This should be remembered by those who censure, in the abolitionists, as "severely and unnecessarily personal," what is, in reality, truly philosophical, and indeed, unavoidable.

But a small edition of the Liberty Bell was printed for the Fair, and it was so rapidly disposed of, that it will soon be difficult to get a copy. It is to be found only at the Anti-Slavery Office, 25 Cornhill.

A walk round the hall, if we can find time for it, would show us how deeply our effort is indebted to the Friends of England, Scotland, and Ireland.—Those beautiful water-color sketches of Nonnesworth, Johannesburg, Rolandseck, &c. are from Mary Carpenter, daughter of the highly-esteemed Lant Carpenter, of England. They are the fruits of her exquisite taste during a tour on the Rhine; and they are all purchased while we are admiring them. Look at the contributions from Dublin, and thank the generous hearts of Anne and Richard Allen—of the daughters of the beloved Richard Haughton, and of our brother, R. D. Webb, and family. From how many towns in Ireland have beautiful and generous contributions been offered! They are but in few instances the offerings of wealth; but how excellent are the taste, the ingenuity, and industry here displayed. How just are the perceptions of the beautiful here indicated! So also of the contributions from Cork, and Scotland, which arrived in the midst of the Fair, and were swept off at once by a throng of purchasers. Here is one contribution, at once elegant and useful—a very expensive foot-brush, for a hall door, made of the Irish bog-oak. "A gift," as the inscription testifies, "from the workmen of the Messrs. Varian's manufactory, to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Bazaar, Boston." Can one look at such proofs of remembrance of our cause among a people that is itself oppressed, without feeling the heart fill with grateful emotion? The time would fail to enumerate all the articles that excited admiration and gratitude in the beholders. The elaborate bell-pulls, and cushions, and bags, and embroidery, and linen, and infants' clothing, and papetrie, from Dublin, and Cork, and Wexford, and Tralee, and Limerick, and many other towns, and even from Guernsey, which, somehow, seems so much farther off; the shawls, and scarfs, and caps, and aprons, and dresses, and dolls' costume, from Glasgow and Edinburgh—the beautiful herbarium,

the plants from all the classic spots of classic Scotland—we cannot fully enumerate, but we shall always gratefully remember. From places we never heard of before, came cheering testimonials that they know us for our cause's sake. From Thelvedon and Walthamstow comes aid and encouragement, which may the givers find returned, "heaped up and running over, into their own bosom."

Many gratifying incidents came to our knowledge during this slight inspection of the tables. Here is an attractive volume, lettered "Sea Offering." It contains beautifully preserved specimens of our New England marine plants, and was sent in at the last moment; a highly valued token of interest in the cause. Look at the waving ferns from Plymouth, beneath the banner which bears the Landing of the Pilgrims. This day is the 223d anniversary of their landing—the 22d of December; and yet you might think it early autumn, if you did not look beyond this richly tinted foliage and waving grass, which have been preserved to ornament our little festival of Freedom. Here, too, are fragments of the Rock, for the sentimental geologist, or patriotic antiquarian. The long-expected Tunbridge ware at length arrives; but it is eclipsed by the novelty and beauty of the portfolio-stand beside it, which you will think came from Japan, till you learn that it is a monument of the taste and perseverance to be found in Watertown.

Towards the close of the Fair, a whole edition of the neatest of all possible little pamphlets, is brought in. It is entitled, "Poems on Slavery, for Christmas. Dedicated to Eliza Lee Follen, and published by the author, for the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair." The author allows no name to accompany his welcome gift to the cause; but it has since been learned that he is a recent graduate from Harvard, who made himself a name there, as a scholar, and as a man. It is in no ordinary degree a manly and Christian act, in a youth preparing for the ministry, to aid the advocates of the slave, at the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair; and they warmly thank him, and fervently wish him strength for the anti-slavery work. There is great truth and power in Mr. Hill's picture of

THE DEATH OF THE SLAVE.

In a low and ill-thatched hut,
Stretched on a floor of clay,
With scanty clothing round her wrapped,
The dying woman lay.

No husband's kindly hand,
No loving child was near,
To offer her their aid, or shed
The sympathizing tear.

For now the ripened cane
Was ready for the knife,
And not a slave could be spared to aid
His mother or his wife.

She is struggling now with Death—
Deep was the dying groan,
For a corpse now lies on the cold clay floor,
The soul, set free, has flown.

The planter, walking by,
Chanced at the door to stop,
And he cursed his luck, "there was one hand less
To gather in the crop."

O, Jesus! hast thou said,
"The poor your care shall be,
Who visit not the poor and sick,
They do it not to me?"

We have old books, as well as new books, thanks to Richard D. Webb and Robert F. Wallcut.

"When," says the author of Elia, "a book is both good and rare—where the individual is almost the species, and when that perishes—

"We know not where is that Promethean touch
That can its light relumine;"

And this with the insufficiency of the funds devoted to the publication, is the reason why a few excellent articles, for which it was hoped there would be space, have not appeared.

Reported for the Liberator.

The Meeting of Freemen.

Dr. Bowditch having called the meeting to order, Francis Jackson and William Bassett were appointed President and Vice-President, H. I. Bowditch and M. W. Chapman Secretaries, with a business committee of five, consisting of C. L. Remond, J. T. Raymond, J. M. Spear, and Henry W. Williams. [Here entered the delegation from Essex County, consisting of hundreds, we know not exactly how many, singing 'We're a band of Freemen,' with extemporaneous lines suited to the occasion. They were received by the Bostonians standing. Then entered Latimer and Douglass, who were received with three cheers.

Dr. Bowditch made a short but animated exhortation to the friends present, to each spend a few days in spending on the petition for Legislative action over every hill and valley of the State; and as the Fiery Cross of feudal times called forth every soul to conflict, so might this petition rouse Massachusetts to the work now before her. We are few (said Dr. B.) but true. Let our watchword be, the Fiery Cross and the Forefathers' Day, and before the 22d of December we shall be able to present a petition to our Legislature which will carry all before it.

Mr. Remond moved that an addition of two be made to the business committee. A gentleman (unknown) nominated Joshua Leavitt. He was voted in. When Mr. Bassett called for the contrary minded, only one voice was heard against his appointment. A voice (unknown) nominated Nathaniel Colver for the other vacancy. A voice (unknown) said an instant after, Caroline Weston. John Pierpont was also named. A gentleman, (unknown) said he had no objection to women's acting in anti-slavery meetings himself, but thought it was not calculated to advance the cause. We should yield to this prejudice in the community against women's acting, and constitute our meeting in the customary way, or we should keep back the cause. It was for the interests of the cause he spoke, and not because he had any prejudices of his own to gratify. Wm. Bassett took the vote, and announced that it went against Mr. Colver. This was doubted. A count was had, by which it appeared that 53 were for Mr. Colver's election, and 78 rejected him. Thereupon Caroline Weston was nominated, a vote had, an election announced, doubted, and confirmed by a count; which showed 119 for Miss Weston's election to against it. Mr. Colver said he had come there that morning in the hope that all those extraneous questions what had hitherto forced us, to retire would be kept out; as that was not the case, but women were thrust upon us, he called upon all those who were aggrieved by the course the meeting had taken, to go with him to the Tremont Chapel, where they might hold a meeting.

Mr. Leavitt said he should also retire, not on account of Miss Weston's election, for he had voted cheerfully for it, but on account of the proscriptive spirit that refused to appoint on the business committee a man to whose efforts it was owing more than to those of any other man that Latimer stood free on the platform with them (no, no.) [Mr. Marjaram attempted to speak, but Mr. Leavitt kept the floor.] He was not desirous to hear any argument raised upon this. The fact was sufficient. The man who had done as much as any other man to promote the object which had summoned together this meeting, had been refused a place upon its business committee. That indignity had been cast upon him, for the gratification of an old grudge; (no! no! from the meeting.) I say it was for the gratification of an old grudge; (no! no!) The meeting may cry no all day; you are welcome to do so, but I repeat, it was for the gratification of an old grudge. No other reason could be given.

[Dr. Bowditch here sprang upon the platform. Mr. Bassett reminded him that Mr. Leavitt had the floor. Mr. Leavitt said he would give away for Dr. Bowditch.]

Dr. Bowditch said that the meeting was small and cold to what he expected. He had expected all its action would turn upon the point for which the meeting was summoned. He had expected to meet a noble band of united hearts. Now he was bowed down with shame. He cared not who had labored. What he had done had been done without the slightest idea

of having any credit for it. He did hope that all differences of opinion might be forgotten in the prosecution of this important business which had called us together. Those who were dissatisfied could retire.

Edwin Thompson called for the reading of the call. He wanted all to go on together, irrespective of new organization or old organization—this meeting was neither. A voice (unknown) said it was in fact called by old organizationists.

A gentleman enquired if the gentleman in question had not, the last Sabbath, notified his congregation not to attend the meeting in Faneuil Hall? Was it not lawful to do good on the Sabbath day? (Hisses.)

Mr. Colver said that he had read the request of Latimer for prayers, and had prayed in compliance with it. He had the deepest and most heartfelt sympathy with our brother Latimer, and in the objects of the Faneuil Hall meeting. But it was called on the Sabbath, and I said to my people, I long to be there—I long to be there—but it's secular business. There's no law of necessity which calls for it. I know not why it might not have been called on any other evening as well. The Editor of the Liberator chose to be very severe last week upon my course. Whether he was acquainted or not with the facts which I have stated, I will not take it upon me to say.

Here Mr. Foster attempted to speak, but Mr. Leavitt said that he still had the floor, and had only yielded it to the gentleman who had just spoken. He moved the reconsideration of the vote rejecting Mr. Colver. If the meeting will do that, I shall consider that it disclaims the partisan and personal character which some seem disposed to give it.

Mr. Phillips asked permission of Mr. Leavitt to speak a word or two. Whereupon the latter gave way, and Mr. Phillips said—I was not here at the opening of the meeting, and I am surprised that it is left till this late moment to be said that this meeting has an old objection to Mr. Colver. The detected calumniator of abolitionists abroad, is not fit to be trusted by them.

Mr. Remond stated his objections to rest on the other ground also. He did not feel disposed to place a man on an anti-slavery committee who considered anti-slavery secular when it presented itself on the Sabbath. Mr. Leavitt said that he should withdraw from this meeting on account of its partizan character.

A voice (unknown) moved that the place of Mr. Leavitt on the business committee be filled.

Stephen S. Foster. I regret that there should have arisen anything to distract our attention from the object we have in view at this meeting. It is an object great enough to lead us to lay aside every feeling of a dividing character. Nothing of the past should, in my mind be brought in, and I regret that anything has been brought in. The fact that Nathaniel Colver is here, is proof enough in itself that he has repented.—[Mr. Colver, from the platform. It's not, sir!] I care not what he says about it. I make up my estimate of men by their actions, and he's here this morning with us, and that's a good action, and proves him repentant. (no! no! from Mr. Colver.) I wait to have what he says proved by his actions. But some have another reason than his past course. They do not think a man fit to be trusted with the interests of the cause of humanity, who esteems the Sabbath more than the man. I think so too. I believe such a man stands on pre-slavery ground. He would have rebuked the Lord Jesus Christ for healing on the Sabbath day, for healing is secular business! (Applause.)

Rev. Edwin Thompson wished before Mr. Foster proceeded, to know what this meeting had to do with old or new organization, and insisted on the reading of the call. Mr. Foster said this was a matter of no consequence. It might prove an examination that the

meeting was got up by old organizationists or by new, he cared not. Whether a man calls himself the one or the other it does not signify. But, said Mr. F. with emphasis, it is a fact sufficient to repudiate him, that JOSHUA LEAVITT LEAVES AN ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING because a man who thinks Latimer of less consequence than his Sabbath-day is rejected from the business committee. The call of the meeting was here read, with various comments, some noticing that

though it originated with old organizationists, there was nothing exclusive in it, and others noticing that it was inserted in the Liberator with a list of probable speakers, and in the Latimer Journal without any such list. Mr. Leavitt called again for the reconsideration of the vote by which Miss Weston was elected.

Mr. Buffum of Lynn wished to explain something that he had ascertained. He had done as much as any man to get up this meeting. He had worked, full strength, since yesterday, to get a full meeting, and we had come up from old Essex a band that filled three extra cars, and now we find the old objections coming up; and, sir, where did they come from? who is going to divide and draw off if women are allowed to come in and act with us? I called upon every body in Salem and urged them there to come up with us; and what did they tell me? Why they were going to have a meeting there to night and Latimer was to be there. 'We've bought him!' they said, and you'll see he won't be in Boston. But, as the gentleman says, all this is of no consequence.

Mr. Leavitt. Mr. Buffum misunderstands. I learned from himself, to my great gratification, that there had been a meeting arranged here, and that a large delegation was to come from Essex; and the meeting in Salem has been arranged on another night by my friend Mr. Tracy, with honorable intent to secure the attendance of Mr. Latimer then. Mr. Buffum wished the Salem meeting given up, and I advised to have it postponed. I came in to this meeting after its organization, and did not know that I was on the business committee. Had I known it, it would have materially modified my remarks. I thought that in rejecting Mr. Colver, it showed a partizan spirit. I wish to further the objects of this meeting. It was called to do good, and I have no wish to press the reconsideration of the vote which placed Miss Weston on the business committee. I will withdraw that motion, and will consider the meeting as having cast off all personal and partizan feelings.

Mrs. Chapman. Sir, this meeting cannot cast off what it never had.

Dr. Walter Channing. I have a resolution to submit which will, I trust, do some good, and I move that the house go into a committee of the whole for the purpose of giving opportunity for bringing it forward.

Mr. Bassett said that Mr. Leavitt had already a motion before the meeting.

Mr. Leavitt asked leave to withdraw that motion which the meeting granted, and voted to go into a committee of the whole.

The President asked for instructions of the meeting as to the proper order to be now pursued.

Mr. Pierpont said that it would be in order for the present chairman to appoint a president of the committee of the whole.

Mr. Bassett thereupon appointed Dr. Channing, who declared himself honored by the appointment, but unable to accept it, as his engagements would soon call him elsewhere.

Mr. Bassett then nominated Mr. Pierpont, who felt gratified and honored, but declined for reasons similar to Dr. Channing's, and wished that the present president might be put in the chair.

Mr. Bassett called upon Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, who, taking the place, said,

This is the last place I ever expected to be in, but by the blessing of heaven, I will try to fulfil its duties, and I beg you will extend your sympathy to me if I get puzzled with these parliamentary rules.

Dr. Channing then spoke.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Requisition of Latimer.

32 The baffled slavocracy of Norfolk, disappointed of the *auto da fe* with which they had been feasting their imaginations while the proceedings against Latimer were pending here, have hit upon a new device to procure their victim. They have procured an indictment against him for some offence—larceny, most probably—and have sent on a requisition to Governor Davis, demanding him. This is a new trick of the tyrants, which should be well understood. Any fugitive slave who wears any clothing when he leaves his master, may be indicted for stealing. It will be a much more popular way of getting at their property, to demand them as thieves, than as slaves. A thief is not a popular character in a trading community, and the outcry against any man as one, instinctively shuts the hearts of the mass of the people against him. It ought, in all cases, to be regarded as a *felony*, to get the victim within the grasp of his oppressor. And the nature of theft, in the relation of master and slave, ought to be constantly kept before the people. Theft! indeed! Supposing the charge of Gray to be well founded—to what does it amount? One man has been robbing another for years, of all his earnings, and when at last the victim helps himself to a portion of what he regards as his just dues, he is to be demanded as a thief! This is setting a thief to catch a thief, with a witness. But can a slave commit the legal crime of theft? A chattel may be stolen—and often is, in this country, by right honorable and reverend pilferers—but can it steal any thing else? Who ever heard of a horse escaping into another State, demanded as a fugitive from justice, because he carried away his master's blanket? And yet this is no more absurd than the case of a slave escaping, in the eye of common sense, and I should think of common law, if that be indeed the perfection of reason.

A Gov. who is disposed to be a strict constructionist, (and Virginia surely could not complain of that,) might refuse to deliver up a fugitive article of property, on the ground that a *thing* could not steal. At least, he might do as the Court of King's Bench did, about a hundred years ago, when one highwayman brought an action against another for an equitable division of their plunder upon the road, viz: turn it out of court as an outrage upon justice and common sense, that one thief should demand another. I apprehend, however, that the Governor of Massachusetts—either *in esse* or *in posse*—is hardly far enough advanced in anti-slavery lore to do either of these things. There will arise a Governor, and not necessarily a third party Governor neither—that will do them, or what is an equivalent to them.

In the mean time, I hope that poor Latimer will be kept out of the way. There is no sacrifice of principle in a man's hiding himself when a wild beast is in pursuit of him—and beasts are now after Latimer with whom tigers and hyenas would justly complain of being compared. Mrs. Glasse, the ancient and excellent writer on cookery, commences a receipt for dressing a hare with these significant words—'first catch your hare.' I hope that the friends who know the form where this poor hare is hid will take care to keep it from his pursuers, so that they may be disappointed of the hell-broth on which they have set their hearts. Should he be seized in spite of all their precautions, it will then be time enough to see what Massachusetts men will suffer to be done in the premises. There will be plenty of such cases to test the spirit and ascertain the rights of the men of Massachusetts, without compromising this poor fellow.—He is a special object of the hatred of the slaveholders, and they will not fail to make an example of him if they can get him, by fair means or foul. Even if this requisition should be evaded, he should be placed as far as possible beyond the reach of kidnappers. For there is no expense and no pains that a baffled tyrant will spare to wreak his vengeance upon the object of his especial spite. And the tyrant in this case is not the miserable Gray alone, but all Virginia and the whole South.—E. G.

EVILS OF THE DOMESTIC SLAVE TRADE.

A SOUTHERN SCENE.

33 The following painful scene connected with the traffic in human beings, is sketched by a correspondent of the Christian Advocate and Journal, whose candor and trustworthiness we have been so assured of as to induce us to present it as one of the many evils growing out of that cruel and unrighteous system. The occurrence took place at Wilmington, Del.

There are at Washington City, at Norfolk, at Charleston, and perhaps some other places in the old States of the South, slave markets, where slave dealers purchase upon speculation such slaves as they can obtain, for the purpose of resale at a profit in the extreme South.

As I went on board the steamboat, I noticed eight colored men, hand-cuffed, and chained together in pairs, four women, and eight or ten children, of the apparent ages of from four to ten years, all standing together in the bow of the boat, in charge of a man standing near them. Of the men, one was 60, one was 52, three of them about 30, two of them about 25, and one about 20 years of age, as I subsequently learned from them. The two first had children, the next three had wives and children, and the other three were single, but had parents living from them. Coming near them I perceived they were all greatly agitated;—and on inquiring I found that they were all slaves, who had been born and raised in North Carolina, and had just been sold to a speculator, who was now taking them to Charleston market. Upon the shore there was a number of colored persons, women and children, waiting the departure of the boat; and my attention was particularly attracted by two colored females, of uncommonly respectable appearance, neatly attired, who stood together, a little distance from the crowd, and upon whose countenance was depicted the keenest sorrow. As the last bell was tolling I saw the tears gushing from their eyes, and they raised their neat cotton aprons and wiped their faces, under the cutting anguish of severed affection.—They were the wives of two of the men in chains. There, too, were mothers and sisters, weeping at the departure of their sons and brothers; and there, too, were fathers, taking the last look of their wives and children. My whole attention was directed to those on the shore, as they seemed to stand in solemn, submissive silence, occasionally giving utterance to the intensity of their feelings by a sigh, or a stifled groan. As the boat was loosed from her moorings, they cast a distressed, lingering look towards those on board, and turned away in silence. My eye now turned to those in the boat; and although I had tried to control my feelings, amidst my sympathies for those on shore, I could conceal them no longer, and I found myself literally "weeping with those that weep." I stood near them, and when one of the husbands saw his wife upon the shore wave her hand for the last time, in token of her affection, his manly efforts to restrain his feelings gave way, and fixing his watery eye upon her, he exclaimed, "This is the most distressing thing of all! My dear wife and children, farewell!" The husband of the other wife stood weeping in silence, with his manacled hands raised to his face, as he looked upon her for the last time. Of the poor women on board, three of them had husbands, whom they left behind. One of them had three children, another had two, and the third had none. These husbands and fathers were among the throng upon the shore, witnessing the departure of their wives and children, and as they took their leave of them they were sitting together upon the floor of the boat, sobbing in silence, but giving utterance to no complaint. But the distressing scene was not yet ended. Sailing down the Cape Fear river twenty-five miles we touched at the little village of Smithport, on the south side of the river. It was at this place that one of these slaves lived, and here was his wife and five children; and while at work on Monday last his purchasers took him away from his family carried him in chains to Wilmington, where he has since remained in jail. As we approached the wharf, a flood of tears gushed from his eyes, and anguish seemed to have pierced his heart. The boat stopped but a moment, and as she left he bid farewell to some of his acquaintances whom he saw upon the shore, exclaiming, "Boys, I wish you well; tell Molly (meaning his wife) and the children I wish them well, and hope God will bless them."—At that moment he espied his wife on the stoop of a house some rods from the shore, and with one hand which was not in the handcuffs, he pulled off his old hat, and waving it toward her, exclaimed, "Farewell." As he, by the waving of her apron, that

cognized him, he leaned back upon the railing, and in a faltering voice repeated, "Farewell, for ever." After a moment's silence, conflicting passions seemed to tear open his heart, and he exclaimed, "What have I done that I should suffer this doom? O, my wife and children, I want to live no longer!" and then the big tear rolled down his cheek, which he wiped away with the palm of his unchained hand, looked once more at the mother of his five children, and the turning of the boat hid her face from him for ever. As I looked around I saw that mine was not the only heart that had been affected by the scene, but that the tears standing in the eyes of many of my fellow-passengers bore testimony to the influence of human sympathy; and I could as an American citizen, standing within the limits of one of the old thirteen States, but repeat the language of Mr. Jefferson, in relation to the general subject. "I tremble when I think that God is just." After we left Smithport I conversed freely with all these persons; and in intelligence, and respectability of appearance, the three men who have thus been torn from their families, would compare favorably with the respectable portion of our colored men at the North. This is a specimen of what almost daily occurs in the business of the slave trade; and I hesitate not to say, that there is not a Christian in the whole South who will refuse to unite with his brethren everywhere in the condemnation of, and in the most effective measures to extinguish, the evils of this nefarious traffick.

Yours, in the bonds of the gospel, A. C.

ADDRESS FROM THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND,

To their Countrymen and Countrywomen in
America!

DEAR FRIENDS:—

You are at a great distance from your native land! A wide expanse of water separates you from the beloved country of your birth—from us and from the kindred whom you love, and who love you, and pray for your happiness and prosperity in the land of your adoption.

We regard America with feelings of admiration; we do not look upon her as a strange land, nor upon her people as aliens from our affections. The power of steam has brought us nearer together; it will increase the intercourse between us, so that the character of the Irish people and of the American people must in future be acted upon by the feelings and disposition of each.

The object of this address is to call your attention to the subject of **SLAVERY IN AMERICA**—that foul blot upon the noble institutions and the fair fame of your adopted country. But for this one stain, America would, indeed, be a land worthy your adoption; but she will never be the glorious country that her free constitution designed her to be, so long as her soil is polluted by the footprint of a single slave.

Slavery is the most tremendous invasion of the natural, inalienable rights of man, and of some of the noblest gifts of God, 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' What a spectacle does America present to the people of the earth! A land of professing christian republicans, uniting their energies for the oppression and degradation of three millions of innocent human beings, the children of one common Father, who suffer the most grievous wrongs and the utmost degradation for no crime of their ancestors or their own! Slavery is a sin against God and man. *All who are not for it, must be against it. NONE CAN BE NEUTRAL. We entreat you to take the part of justice, religion and liberty.*

It is in vain that American citizens attempt to conceal their own and their country's degradation under this withering curse. America is cursed by slavery! **WE CALL UPON YOU TO UNITE WITH THE ABOLITIONISTS**, and never to cease your efforts, until perfect liberty be granted to every one of her inhabitants, the black man as well as the white man. We are all children of the same gracious God; all equally entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

We are told that you possess great power, both moral and political, in America. We entreat you to exercise that power and that influence for the sake of humanity.



You will not witness the horrors of slavery in all the States of America. Thirteen of them are free, and thirteen are slave States. But in all, the pro-slavery feeling, though rapidly decreasing, is still strong. *Do not unite with it: on the contrary, oppose it by all the peaceful means in your power. JOIN WITH THE ABOLITIONISTS EVERYWHERE. They are the only consistent advocates of liberty.* Tell every man, that you do not understand liberty for the white man, and slavery for the black man: that you are for **LIBERTY FOR ALL**, of every color, creed, and country.

The American citizen proudly points to the national declaration of independence, which declares that 'All mankind are born free and equal, and are alike entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' Aid him to carry out this noble declaration, by obtaining freedom for the slave.

Irishmen and Irishwomen! *treat the colored people as your equals, as brethren.* By all your memories of Ireland, continue to love liberty—hate slavery—**CLING BY THE ABOLITIONISTS**—and in America, you will do honor to the name of Ireland.

[Signed by]

DANIEL O'CONNELL,
THEOBALD MATHEW,

And  **SIXTY THOUSAND**  other Inhabitants of Ireland.

The Herald of Freedom.

This paper, published at Concord, N. H., and edited by N. P. ROGERS, is not so well sustained as it ought to be. What are the friends of freedom and non-resistance about in New-Hampshire? Are they shrinking from the odium that may attach to them from identifying themselves with the cause of reformation and salvation, side by side with such a man as NATHANIEL P. ROGERS? Shame on their cowardice! Let the *Aarons* and *Hurs* of the Granite State come immediately to the help of this Moses. And let the people gather around and aid in carrying forward the glorious battle against sin in high places. The Herald of Freedom is worth more than all the other papers in New-Hampshire. The editor is a Boanerges against sin. He is one of the host, whom the Lord is raising up in these days, and making mighty in his own strength, against the corruptions and abominations of the church and the state. If the people of New-Hampshire know what belongs to their highest interests, they will rally and support this faithful servant of the Most High. Let the same spirit animate and actuate them which is manifested by the child whose letter is copied below—except his disposition to fight, which I trust he will overcome as he grows up and learns in the school of Christ—and the cause of God and their and our cause shall be made to triumph gloriously. The remarks of the editor, following the lad's communication, are given for the sentiments they contain on the subject of fighting. Brother Rogers' idea of the American revolution, is a transcendently important one. And it is as correct as it is important.—*Vermont Telegraph.*

From the Herald of Freedom.

MR. ROGERS:

SIR,—I am only in the thirteenth year of my age, yet I have learned to go for liberty. If I could not get it in any other way, I would fight for it, and allow others to do the same. I read the Herald of Freedom. I have sold this year chickens to the amount of seventy-five cents, and two English rabbits for twenty-five cents, making in the whole one dollar. This I send you as editor of the Herald. You shall have the proceeds of my rabbit burrow. I hope you will go ahead long and strong in the cause of freedom.

Your friend,

CHARLES CARROLL TAPPAN.

Bradford, N. H., Dec. 2, 1841.

Thank ye—thank ye—gallant lad. The freed slave shall hear of you, and your name be read in the history we are here writing of our mighty revolution, while the names of a time-serving, hireling, pro-slavery priesthood, and of weathercock-watching politicians, shall have long rotted. In your readiness to fight for liberty, I cannot sympathize—though you are more consistent than the worshippers of the Bunker Hill Monument, who deny the right of resistance, and revolution, to the down-trodden slave. But liberty never comes of fighting. The fighting men cannot have liberty. Our revolutionary fathers fought for liberty, but no liberty. They were not so near freedom when the war ended as when it began. For when it began, they were free enough to utter the 'Declaration' that all men were entitled to liberty,—which was a free idea; but when they ended the war, they had forgotten all about it. They had fought away all their principles. Now the South can tread their descendants under foot, and make them stand sentinel to guard the temple of slavery. The people of the country are ready enough to fight for a stick or two of pine timber in Maine or Nova Scotia—but they are willing the bondmen and women of the South should be slaves—which shows they are slaves themselves. None but a christian can be truly free, and a christian never fights.

I know, my dear young coadjutor, that fighting for liberty (*white liberty*) and for all sorts of rights, is taught you, from every pulpit in the land, almost. But do not learn this pulpit-lesson. Christ taught the opposite, and when this wicked clergy and their military religion are done away from the earth, then will all men be free—at peace—and happy. Imbibe this all-conquering peace principle, and you will take a nobler stand for humanity, than your distinguished namesake of Carleton did, who, with a trembling, but fearless hand, signed the famous Declaration of Independence.



CONCORD:

FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 17, 1842.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

MOB IN CONCORD SOUTH CHURCH.

Stephen Foster seized and dragged out of the Meeting House by the Honorable Josiah Stevens, Secretary of State, at the instigation of the REVEREND Daniel Noyes, PASTOR of the South Church, and professed MINISTER OF CHRIST!

The Capital has been for the last two days in a state of strong excitement. The last 'Holy Sabbath' was made, by the Reverend Mr. Noyes and his adherents the scene of the most shameful outrage and indecent violence, that has occurred here since the great pro-slavery mob of 1835; when these same friends of the rights of assembly and the sacredness of meetings, broke up the Anti-Slavery lecture, surrounded private dwellings for their giving shelter to the Anti-Slavery orators, and hunted GEORGE THOMPSON's life to take it away, and rendered all "night hideous" by their frantic howlings. For it was a Deacon of the same South Church who headed the mob of 1835—who got up an incendiary meeting the night before, to inflame the multitude and excite them to violence against the abolitionists, and to mob down Liberty of Speech. Deacon Samuel Fletcher united with his political adversary, the Honorable Isaac Hill, (who in his last week's paper has called Stephen Foster a monomaniac) in uttering maniac and demoniac harangues, to excite the intemperate populace to mob violence and blood. I mention this fact in illustration of the real character of the pro-slavery mob of last Sunday. They professed to be defending the right of free assembly. I would fain hope friend Hill had attained to better sentiments, and a more forbearing spirit towards freedom of speech,—had he not uttered the rash and ungenerous remark referred to, about Foster. His sons entertain juster and nobler feelings. And so do all the genuine Democracy of Concord.

The mob of Sunday transpired in the Sanctuary, called the South Church. A house they had ostentatiously dedicated to the worship of God! The mob began in the pulpit, by the anointed ambassador of the "Prince of Peace"—in the midst of professed Christian worship! I was eye witness of it. I went there (and I say it in excuse for being there) on purpose to be a witness, that I might be able to testify before all the people.

Foster had intimated in my hearing the evening before, that he thought he might go into the South Church the next morning, to speak, and just as the bell was striking, an anti-slavery friend stepped in and informed me "he had gone in." Another friend, who I regret to say still countenanced the professed worship of that ferocious house, was present, to accompany thither some relatives who were visiting us, and who I am sorry to say were also countenancers of the same unchristian pretensions. I accompanied them to the house, and was shown a seat near the pulpit. It was a long time since I had been a haunter of these temples of Mount Gerizim, these ambitious imitations of the old Cathedral of Judaism, so that I could be an impartial spectator of what was around me. Before me rose the polished mahogany pulpit, with its glittering, varnished pil-

lars to front, its imitation marble basement, its carpeted stairs for the dainty-footed priesthood, its ponderous and easy-cushioned sofa—flanked at either end with chairs costly enough, and downy enough to sustain the reverend and ease-loving foundations of the Rabbies and Doctors of a humble and persecuted religion. The pulpit desk was richly and gorgeously caparisoned and cushioned withal, for the repose of the anointed hands that are displayed upon it, and a resting place for paper divinity, and for devout hands to light upon when let down from prayer. On either hand astral lamps, fashionable enough for the card tables of a Beacon street parlor, and highly ornamental to the pulpit as a whole, and calculated to help set off the figure of genteel divinity. These not the only sources of pulpit light,—a tasty chandelier, let down from the ceiling above, hung suspended over the reverend head. But the richest appurtenance was the ample crimson curtain hung in the rear. The use of this, in Christian worship, I could not readily see. Had it hung in front of the Priest—it might answer to conceal him in part from the gaze of the people, and thus augment the awe and mysteriousness of his position. But what he could want of a curtain behind him, I could not see, unless for religious show. A magnificent display of crimson, amply folded and hung from a costly looking yard, and tasseled off in real Catholic style. Up against this imposing curtain, in priestly relief, stood the collegiate divine—the sophomoric spiritual guide,—not with his fisher's coat girt about him,—or the seamless garment of his professed Master,—or any of the habiliments of the early Disciples—or any resemblance to any of them, in garb or appearance, any more than in mind or spirit. A young gentleman of one of the learned professions,—trained in heathenish literature, in Greek and in Latin, and accomplished in the trick-books of rhetoric, and the arts of piece-speaking. It all struck me as mightily incongruous, along with the idea of simple hearted Christianity. I could appreciate it, as those around me could not, who are familiarized to the sight of it, and more or less under its habitual influence.

And then the ceremonial services, in pro-gessed worship of Him, who Christ says requires only the worship of spirit and of life. Whose religion disowns all ceremony, and demands in place of it—a constant and honest obedience, a living, every-day accordance with its high precepts. The people who were witnessing the ceremony, know whether their hearts were in it—and whether their life conforms to the law of Christ. A ceremonial salutatory to God—treating the meeting house and calling it "His sanctuary," and the place "the Divine Presence," the recitation of words, uttered evidently as matter of memory and professional performance,—and with all the tone and cadence of the poor old Dartmouth stage. Fit enough for a pedant rehearsal in a college recitation room, but mockery to a people hungering for the bread of life.

After the salutatory—a chapter of the Bible was performed—not read, for its contents and teachings—but performed, as an exercise;—as if mere repetition of a chapter, in solemn style, could be acceptable to the God of natures such as ours. It was gone over with as the Catholic counts his beads. It was one of the religious ceremonials in Christ's house.

After the chapter, a choir of singers, after the manner of the sons of Asaph, accompanied by a showy organ, played their part, up in the gallery opposite;—in imitation of those dark periods of Judaism, when worship was groping its way, through the shadows that overhung the pathway to coming christianity. That christianity has come these eighteen hundred years past, and yet the priesthood are keeping their people back in the ages of darkness. They love darkness—for its mystery as well as its concealment. How devotional those singers felt may be gathered from the fact of their 'unobscuredly' tuning up shortly after, at the bidding of a politician, to drown the prophet voice of Foster.

After music the Reverend Sophomore made a long prayer. I say he made it—for had he felt a particle of the spirit of christian supplication, he could not have played the infamous part he did immediately afterwards. It was a ceremonial, and if the truth could be known, was he not thinking of Foster's attempting to speak, and of dragging him out, while his lips were uttering the awful phraseology of pulpit worship. Whatever might be his thoughts, he entertained the spirit of violence, as was immediately after made manifest.

When this "lip-service" was ended, Foster,

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who had been standing while it was going on (I was not—I could not countenance the solemn phariseism) continued on his feet, and in a voice so low as hardly to be audible half across the house, began to say that he “wished to speak a few words to the people there in behalf of two and a half millions of his kidnapped and enslaved countrymen.”—The words were not out of his mouth, when the Reverend Mr. Noyes impulsively broke in upon him with all the authority of a cardinal. “Mr. Foster! we must not be disturbed in our worship!” Disturbed! what sort of a worship was it to be disturbed by such a speaking as Foster’s! Any thing but christian—any thing but human even. A christian minister would have rejoiced at it—so would a man. The mass of the people present would have heard Foster gladly, I have no doubt, had the priest permitted them.—Had he been a christian he would have heard him gladly himself, and gained instruction from his words—or if he had interposed at all, it would have been to ask his brother to come up, where he could more easily be heard. He knew he was going to speak nothing but truth. Indeed it was this knowledge that made him afraid, and that enraged him. Instead of treating Foster thus kindly—as a brother and an equal, he insolently broke out upon him, in the manner I have mentioned.

It was a signal for mobocratic action—I say mobocratic—for there can be no pretence of occasion for physical interference of any other character. It was no brawling disturber as sometimes strays into a meeting to break it up. He was perfectly respectful, perfectly decent, perfectly orderly. It was not his speaking, or behavior, but what he was expected to say—and because it was Foster, that excited the clerical fury.

The injunction from the pulpit was hardly uttered, before the Honorable Josiah Stevens, (I feel bound to express his rank) Secretary of the entire State of New Hampshire, (I would not taunt friend Stevens with his honors, but the occasion demands mention of them) uncalled, and as if moved by the instinct of authority, marched across the house to where Foster stood, and laid hold of his arm with mighty impudence, and interrupted his speaking. It was all done quicker than I can tell it, with right decent and christian speed, and evidently from preconcert. It must have been agreed on I think, all round beforehand. Friend Stevens, I know, has recently become a christian, and “joined the church,” and has no doubt all the promptitude of a young convert, but he could scarcely, with any quantity of zeal—or any degree of forwardness, have started so promptly. It must have been agreed on, it seems to me, that the State should stand ready—to come at a moment’s warning, to the rescue of its sister church. The signal from the pulpit and the movement of the Secretary, both transpired while Foster was uttering a single sentence. They had not time for any decent surprise.—“The Secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy”—for a moment—“had not reached him”—in the shape of Sax’ on—ready church-member—or too obedient trader. He was apparently threatening Foster to lay hands on him, if he did not hold his peace. I could not hear him, but Foster replied by asking him “if such conduct could be christian—if Jesus Christ ever interrupted speech in a way like that—or forced any body out of a house for speaking?” I may not give his exact words. They embarrassed the Secretary—for they were heard by the people. He must not allow the people to hear him, so he called out to a person by the name of Buck, up in the singing gallery, the leader it seems of the musical christianity of the house,—and bid him set the instrument agoing or strike up a tune. Foster said “he hoped the choir would not resort to such a measure as that—that they would not attempt to prevent his being heard, by their music. They might drown his voice, he said but they could not drown the truth.”—But Buck seemed to be in the secret, or else in wonderful harmony with the rest of the worship thus far, for he instantly tuned up, and set the whole clamor agoing, in the words “God is my refuge” or some such appeal for protection of the imperiled church, against the voice of truth. The music completely silenced Foster. He ceased speaking, but the Secretary did not dare trust to the Orphean power of the music. He ordered the sexton to come forward, in true deputy sheriff style, ordering the posse comitatus. A good natured looking little man came forward, of the name of Kent. I understand he is a mechanic. I am sorry he disgraced his calling as a work-

ing man, and his nature as a man, by obeying the imperious order. He should have told the Secretary to do his own dirty work, or call on the party in interest, up there in the pulpit, if they wanted to drag an innocent man out doors. The Secretary did not call on the pulpit. The clergy are too dignified for such low service. They will set it afoot, but when drudgery or danger comes, they always shirk it off on to the poor laboring man. I trust the laboring man will some time or other learn his true dignity, and leave a dainty fingered aristocracy to do its own dirty service. He ought to know that they despise him all the while they make him their menial. Foster is the laboring man’s friend, and brother. Daniel Noyes looks down upon him with professional and priestly disregard. Friend Kent obeyed the Secretary’s bidding. Perhaps he felt obliged to—I don’t believe he would otherwise have thought of such a movement. He has too much humanity. Friend Gage was also drafted into the military service. He is a very respectable trader and I believe church member. I was sorry for him to see him march. But this church power is irresistible, and when backed up by the State, as in this instance, omnipotent. And the spirit of the Meeting-house itself is the very spirit of violence and mobocracy. No where can a mob be so suddenly excited, and no where go such ruthless, bloody lengths, as in a Meeting-house. It is a religious mob. It is a holy mob. It is a “doing God service.” Christ predicted the action of such mobs in the synagogue upon his faithful disciples,—and said that they would “Kill,” and they will. Bar-room mobs are a “civil game” to them. James Weeks also went forward in the service of the Secretary—I will only say of him that he is a church member, and a new-organized abolitionist.

Eaton Richards, was detached also. I did not think it of friend Richards—but, he went. It was a minister’s mob and under a Secretary’s lead—in a meeting house, where a man dare not think—on Sunday, where no man is himself. This is the best I can say for friend Richards. If his heart entered into the brutal deed, the consequences are his own. I record the fact. These were the Secretary’s physical force.

The music had struck up, and was in full bray. It reminded me of drum and trumpet—the Devil’s war music, when he would drown the cry of wounded and dying humanity. The Secretary thought he would use it to march after—for he laid hold of Foster, though he was perfectly silent—and with his posse comitatus “gently carried him out.” Yes, very gently, for they did not use a particle of brute violence beyond what was necessary to effect their brute purpose. But remember they laid hands on a man, and put him out of a house—before all the congregation—against his will, in contempt of his right of speech, and in the deepest—intended dishonor of his person. The Honorable Secretary would have struck any man dead, who had thus profaned his official person. So would the Reverend Daniel Noyes. I thought the Secretary might refrain from Foster while he remained silent. All was hush, save the devout music. Doctor Buck had restored the interrupted worship, and it was solemnly going on. But the Secretary feared Foster might speak by and by, and so he thought he would put him out in anticipation. And he had assembled a force there too, and felt perhaps in honor bound to employ it. They laid hold of Foster—when he was standing perfectly still, (whether he had right to speak, or no right)—when all was hush, but the clamor in the gallery,—and lawlessly conveyed him out of the House of God. He meekly submitted to the infamous indignity. The little minister looked on with all clerical complacency, from his curtained elevation. Nero would hardly have looked on with more, when he filled at the burning of Rome. They laid their sacrilegious hands on the person of Foster. I care not that they handled him gently! The outrage is that they handled him at all! It is an outrage most abhorrent to human feeling! The very Law abhors it, sprung as it was from the dark ages of feudal England, and punishes its slightest touch of a man. But ecclesiastical supremacy knows no law. They trampled law under foot, and if they had been outraging a man as wicked as themselves, he would visit it upon them. But Foster is a christian, and they are safe. It was a flagrant breach of the peace, and a highly gross “assault and battery,” aggravated by outrage of the right of speech. To say nothing of christianity which they were professing to carry on there, they were violating the law of the land. They were infringing the very statute for

the preservation of order in religious meetings—under which they had the effrontery next day to prosecute Foster—on the ground perhaps, that he had afforded them occasion to commit a crime. They prosecuted him, and a magistrate convicted him, and sentenced him to fine and cost, and to Hopkinton Gaol, till he should pay it. I shall give report of that trial.

They bore Foster out of the house—but then it is said they did it kindly. It is a thing, be it remembered, that cannot be done kindly. They talk too of kind slaveholding. One is as possible as the other. And how happened it that they carried him out gently? Was it owing to their spirit or to his? Had he resisted them, would they have been gentle?—Would they not have shed his blood on the spot? If he had shown the least resistance, they would have overcome it, and had he shown much they would,—and had he been of their own temper and principles, he would have fought them and they would have stained the floor of that Sanctuary, and its dedicated seats, with his blood. Let them not talk of their gentle usage. It was not their gentleness—but Foster’s. They were ripe for violence—and it was owing to his character that bloody violence was not committed.

What would have been the result had it been the Honorable Secretary they were lugging out of the House—gently and kindly! What if half a dozen men had laid hold of him the other day in the legislative convention, when he was making his official speech, and borne him gently out of the Hall and down stairs into the State House yard! Would he have forgiven it, because they carried him out gently? Would that have altered the case? It might have been grateful to his body and limbs—but would it have healed his insulted and wounded spirit?—Had they been infatuated, he might have despised their violence. But in their senses he would have resented the wrong unto blood—for though a professed christian, the Secretary is a man of blood, and so is his Reverend Pastor. They both scorn the doctrines of non-resistance.

And how would the Reverend Daniel Noyes have felt, had a company of ruffians gently laid hands on him in his showy pulpit and gently carried him out doors like a sheep or a calf, and laid him on his back, and bolted the meeting house door against him?

I saw Foster in their hands. It was an unusual sight. It was an abhorrent, unnatural sight. He was as a lamb in the hands of wolves. His countenance beamed with magnanimous, christian expression. It contrasted strongly with the faces of his violators and the frenzied faces about them.—Several of the congregation indignantly left the house. I was among the number. At the bottom of the entrance stairs I found the abductors in a state of guilty agitation, on the verge of furious excitement. The Secretary hard breathing, and most vivaciously at work, putting to and fastening the folding doors. Doctor Thomas Chadbourne had joined the church’s life guard, and was just uttering the beneficent opinion, that the police ought to be sent for to take him to Bridewell—or proposing it should be done, I am not certain which. I could not help exclaiming, “shame on you friends—shame on you, for your conduct!” “Do you want to go out, or stay in, Mister Rogers,” said the excited Secretary. “Go out, of course, friend Stevens,” said I, “out of such a house as this, of course!” They shut all the doors and bolted them, and secured them with most coward care. We walked away pondering on the spirit of the worship we had left. Some women who came out after us, found the doors locked, and had to go out through a round about way to a postern, which was also locked, from terror of Foster. There the free congregation were, locked in, and they were as free to go in and out, as they were to think. Had they felt like men and women, they would have left the synagogue, every soul of them, in irrepressible indignation. It is an imputation on them all that they did not. But the withering spirit of the meeting house was on them, and they did not dare. They were spell bound and they could not move. How did they feel, and how did that minister feel, the remaining forenoon? Probably he did not feel at all. A pulpitized divine is above feeling. His humanity is ordained all away, and consecrated out of him. He was enraged when Foster spoke, as a taskmaster is at the answering of a slave; and he exulted, when the high officer of the State relieved

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him of the sight of hated and dreaded Mordecai. Emotions of shame or sorrow, he of course felt none. Friend Stevens probably felt like Julius Caesar!

This achievement of Secretary Stevens did not fail to set the Evil One into the humbler worshippers. It made them as bloody as the Cuba hounds. Foster felt himself called on to return again and attempt to bear his testimony. I was sorry he went among them again. I would as soon go to Arkansas to lecture on slavery. I don’t know but it is want of nerve, or of devotion to the cause, but I would not go into such a Church as that South, (it is appropriately named) unless I felt called on to hazard my life, which in the present state of opinion, out of the church, in New-Hampshire, need not, I think, be done by freedom of speech. The anti-slavery cause has made advances among the people since 1835. I would not go into the South Church, with those murderous stairs at the outlet, any more than I would into the Spanish Inquisition, or the Lewiston Free Mason Lodge. Foster feels called on to bear a more daring testimony.

He entered the house and began speaking before the commencement of the performances. Whereupon friend Ordway, an ex-sexton, in company with a young man by name of Smart, (I don’t know the Christian names of either,) fell brutally upon him, Smart at the instigation of Ordway I was informed, dragged him ferociously along the aisle and cast him down the steps onto the broad stair of the ascent—from which some monster inhumanly and with the spirit of murder, threw him down the entire stairs. He struck near the bottom—and was cast down the remaining descent and out doors upon the ground. There he lay soiled and disabled. Some poor creatures came along and kicked him. One pulled his hair. I heard of the outrage and hastened to the spot. The doors were thronged with a mob—vociferating with great fury, and defending the sanctity of the meeting house. They were not of the highest rank—and I will spare their names. They had come to the defence of Church, from brute sympathy. One young gentleman showed his zeal by falling on an inoffensive youth considerably smaller than himself, and putting the blows into him like a mad creature. It was the spirit of the meeting house. It was the church developing itself in the street.

In company with friend Foster, who was growing faint and weak, I walked away from the right worshipful scene. Out doors they were foaming and fighting, and in doors worshipping—all on the same key. I wish the entire community could have witnessed it. It was found Foster was severely hurt, and it was feared seriously—and a physician was sent for. But of this I forbear to speak further.—The bodily injury is not the injury to speak of. The afternoon outrage was roughest and most grossly brutal—but it is not the outrage to which I wish to turn the public attention. The commanding perpetration of the day was the “gentle carrying out” of the Honorable Secretary, and the impudent and insolent assault of the Reverend pulpit on the liberty of speech. These mark the papal, inquisitorial character of the church and clergy—which it is the paramount duty of abolitionists to expose to the observation of the people.

I had almost forgot to mention that Secretary Stevens repeated his achievement in the afternoon. Amos Wood was present at the afternoon assault on Foster. He rose after it was perpetrated, and bore his testimony against it as a heathenish outrage. The Honorable Secretary laid hold of him, alone, and forced him “gently” out of the house. The church, after this, enjoyed an afternoon of tranquility.

I am reminded of the part friend Daniel Abbot of this place had in the afternoon assault on Foster—and that I ought to give his name along with the Minister’s and Secretary’s. I had thought to spare friend Abbot the ignominy of this, but seeing I have named him, I will say in his behalf, that he is a man, so far as I know him, of too much humanity and honor to have been guilty of this assault, had he not been caught in bad company.

THE CHURCH LITIGANT.

Stephen Foster Prosecuted by the South Church.

THE ARREST.

I was more amused than surprised, Monday noon, to learn that the Church had followed up

her mobocratic assault on Foster by a criminal prosecution, under a statute for the protection of Religious Meetings against "rude and indecent" interruptions. Religious Meetings—especially Methodist Camp Meetings—had been sometimes disturbed by riotous and violent proceedings, on the part of lawless persons, and a statute was obtained for their protection. The South Church, understanding Law, as little as they understand Gospel, after having most grossly broken this statute, by assaulting Stephen Foster while exercising his right of worship, run of a notion that it was Foster who had broken it—or rather who ought to be prosecuted, for its infraction by themselves. And they had the wisdom, as well as the grace, on Monday, while the humanity of the village was indignant at their insolent barbarity, to institute a prosecution against him. They felt driven to it perhaps, thinking a conviction of Foster, by some pliant magistrate, (and one who would sign a warrant under the circumstances, would be likely to convict,) necessary in order to add the sanction of Law to the conduct of the Church—a sanction she chanced at the moment to stand in desperate need of. For she had outraged common humanity, in her headlong insolence.

John Whipple, Esquire, was employed to commence the prosecution, and Stephen C. Badger, Esquire, to entertain it—and John Pettengill, Esquire, to execute the warrant. All honorable men, and perhaps bound to serve the church in her extremity. At least friend Pettengill would be legally bound, I suppose, had lawful tender of his fees been made him. I will in all charity take for granted that they tendered him his fees, and obliged him to act. No hardened gaoler, or callous hangman would otherwise lend himself to so base a prosecution, much less so humane a man as friend Pettengill.

The plan to prosecute was, I understand, concocted at a morning prayer meeting.

Captain Nathan Stickney—father-in-law to Reverend Daniel Noyes—acted as complainant. I am sorry, for friend Stickney is an honorable minded man, and will suffer in his character by taking this step, and what is more, in his feelings. But it was important that the Church should have a highly respectable prosecutor—and I doubt if one such could have been obtained in all the place, but a relative of the interested minister. Esquire Stevens might have done it—but his character is not now so respectable as it was before last Sunday,—or the Reverend Pastor's either, had he chosen to be his own legal avenger. They never will stand where they did before last Sunday's transactions, in the estimation of the people. The Church were shrewd. They chose a man of property and standing to lead the prosecution—as they did to head the mob, the day before. Men without either, (in their estimation) would answer to drag Foster out of the Sanctuary, and hurl him murderously down the stairs—but the leader must be respectable—and so must the prosecutor. But they wanted popular, democratic agents to carry it on. They wanted a lawyer that was popular, and who would moreover condescend to do their business, and they selected Esquire Whipple. They wanted a popular magistrate, and one also who would not fail to render a right judgment, and they selected Esquire Badger.

Friend Pettengill came to Foster's lodgings, where he lay lame and crippled with the handling of the church, to arrest him. Foster signified to him that though he should not resist his process, he could in no way aid him in the execution of it. Friend Pettengill therefore was obliged to get a carriage and seek help to lift Foster into it. After applying, as I understood, to a good many, who refused having any hand in it, he lighted upon Mr. Dow, a church member, and another man, whose name I did not learn, a laborer, and not a professor, and came to complete the arrest. Foster asked him if he had

come to take him in the service of God, or in the service of the Devil. I advised Friend P., for his own sake, if he could conscientiously, to decline serving the Church's process—and let her get somebody else. I advised friend Dow to the same effect, until I learned that he was a church member, when I thought it improper to advise him so any longer. The laboring man, not a member, I advised, and so did Foster, to let the Church do her own dirty work, with her own hands. Foster asked Friend Pettengill why he did not call on Mr. Noyes to come and help him, and not take that poor laboring man away from his work. Friend Pettengill seemed somewhat, I thought, reluctant to proceed,—and said it was very unpleasant duty, but finally hardened his heart, and summoning his aids, took Foster gently up, by the arms and legs, and transported him out to the wagon—though in far other temper than Stevens and his posse, when dragging him from the meeting house. They did not

feel any thing of that meeting-house malignity towards him. Pettengill started off with him bareheaded. It was a painful sight, to see an innocent man handled in this unceremonious manner, in the public streets, in the presence of a multitude of people. But it was nothing compared to the diabolical scene of the day before. He was in no worse hands now than a Sheriff's. Then he was in the hands of the Inquisition and the Pope. Now the worst they could do to him, was to shut him up in the beastly kennel at Hopkinton, so inhuman a hole, as to be indicted as a nuisance, even by its builders and supporters. Then his life was in imminent peril of being taken away. Groups of people clustered in the streets, conversing eagerly upon what was going on. Two strangers, who saw Foster borne off as a criminal, asked me what he had done? Attempted to speak in a christian meeting, said I, without leave of the minister. They dragged him out of the house for it, and now are prosecuting him. The strangers looked as all humanity will, when they hear the facts. I heard but one man in the street try to turn off the public indignation from the church, by finding fault with Foster for having spoken, and that was John B. Dustin, a new-organized abolitionist.

THE TRIAL.

The sheriff conveyed Foster to Esquire Badger's office, and they took him out of the wagon and carried him up stairs, feet foremost—not rudely—but gently, and with no intention to harm him. Stephen said he felt somewhat serious till he was going up those stairs, but that was so ludicrous, he could not help laughing outright, & was unable to recover his gravity again during the whole farcical trial. The court-room was thronged. Friend Stickney did not seem to feel in his place, at all—but I cannot say he did not feel so. Esquire Badger took his seat, and read over the complaint, in the hearing of Foster, charging him with "rude and indecent behaviour," &c. "force and arms," &c. in the usual rigmarole of a criminal process—and asked him "what say you Mr. Foster, guilty or not guilty." Foster replied, Friend Badger, I do not recognize you as my judge—nor shall I answer before you as a culprit—I am not your subject, and owe you no allegiance. As a brother man and equal I am willing to talk with you, on this or any other subject, but not as a magistrate. Friend Badger said the answer was not such a one as he wished. He wished him to say whether he was guilty or not guilty. Foster replied that he had his answer, and must put such construction upon it as he saw fit.

Esq. Whipple introduced Captain Stickney and put him upon oath to tell the truth. It did not use to strike me so absurdly to hear a man sworn to tell the truth. He said he was in the meeting house—saw Mr. Foster rise to speak—and Esquire Stevens immediately go to him and stop him, and take him out of the house—when asked if he did not interrupt the meeting by rude

and indecent behavior, &c., he replied that he did not hear what he said. This was the substance, as I remember, of his testimony.

Captain Asa Morrill next presented himself as a witness. He is a member of the church that dragged Stephen out, and the same Captain, who shut Amos Wood up in the "Black Hole" at Hopkinton, winter before last, for not being willing to train. Captain Morrill's testimony was in effect the same as Captain Stickney's. He did not hear a word Foster said in the meeting. I think he gave it as his opinion, that he interrupted, or disturbed the meeting, by speaking, but did not tell what he said. When Captain Morrill retired—Captain Watson came forward. Captain Philip Watson of the South Church. He was sworn. He seemed competent to give all necessary testimony—within his knowledge—and not unreasonably backward to furnish it. He sat close by Foster, he said, in the meeting-house—saw him stand up, and heard him speak, and thought what he said was a great disturbance of the meeting, &c., could not tell however what he said, not a single word of it. Esquire Whipple asked him if Foster behaved in a rude and indecent manner. Captain Watson thought he disturbed the meeting very much, and that his speaking was contrary to the regulations of the South Church. Foster asked him if speaking itself was contrary to those regulations—and when he said not, asked him who had a right to speak there? The Captain said nobody but the minister. Foster asked him if it would be contrary to the regulations of the South Church, if he should come in there during service time, and give the alarm of fire? Captain Watson replied in a grave manner, that he did not choose to enter into that kind of conversation. But you are a witness, said Foster, & must answer all proper questions. He did not answer however. I will ask you another, said Foster. If your child should be kidnapped and carried off to the South, and I should learn of it in service time of the South Church, and should come in and give the alarm, would you think that an interruption? The Captain appealed to the court, and I think was told he must answer—for he did, and—as I understood him, that he should not think that an interruption. Suppose then, said Foster, that two and a half millions of my countrymen should be kidnapped and sold into slavery, and I should come in in time of service and give the alarm—would that be violating the regulations of the South Church? The audience manifested great satisfaction at Foster's questions. The Captain said thereupon, these questions are asked for sport. The testimony closed. Not a word being sworn to of what Foster said, or any evidence given of rude or indecent behavior, on the part of any body but Stevens and Noyes. One spectator said "discharge him." Another, as he left the room, "this is a farcical piece of business." A third, "there is not a particle of evidence against him." "What will the court do," said another to me. Convict, said I. "On what ground," said he. I cannot tell on what ground, said I, I only think he will convict him.

Early in the trial Esquire Whipple read the law on which the complaint was founded.—Toward the close of the examination, Foster glanced his eye over it, and discovered that it was not in force—that it had been repealed.—He observed to the court pleasantly, that he did not wish to interfere in their proceedings,—but he believed they were trying him upon a statute that was not in force. He did not wish them to be at the trouble of going over the business twice, he said, and he had not the time to spare himself. He had had occasion in his dealings with other churches to look at the law, and told them what it was, and where they would find it. Hereupon a burst of applause broke from all parts of the audience—which lasted considerable time. Esquire Whipple looked amused, and Esquire Badger a little put

to it. However Foster set them on the right track, as to the law, and after a while all went on again. Come to read the law though, it was plain as noon-day, to every one, that it contemplated no such case as Foster's. So they had no law against him—and no facts. Friend Badger went out and was gone some minutes. I thought it might be to consult higher authorities, as to the course to be taken with a criminal, against whom there was neither law nor proof. Still I had a presentiment he would convict. He returned—and resumed his seat. He asked Mr. Foster if he had any thing to say in his defense. Foster replied he made no defense—that what he had said, was not said to the court, but to the audience. I am in your power, said he, I know—you can fine me, or imprison me. You know I have done no wrong. No one has said ought against me. One gave his opinion, that I had interrupted the meeting—but he had no right to give opinions—he was a witness—he should give facts. You know I have done nothing amiss. It I had, why was not Daniel Noyes here to testify against me. He sat where he could see all that I did. I have done no wrong. He has done the wrong, and Stevens, and those who violated my rights of speech and of person. Why do you not prosecute them, instead of me? It is not my duty, said Friend Badger. It is your duty, upon your own principles, said Foster. I cannot prosecute. It is contrary to my principles. You can—and are bound to. The injury is not against me. It is against the State, and you know their guilt, and are bound to prosecute them. But do with me as you please.

THE SENTENCE.

Esquire Badger then gave sentence. He would protect an anti-slavery meeting, he said, as quick as any other meeting, if it was disturbed. He would do justice to Mr. Foster, as soon as to any body else. (Thought I, friend Badger, you had better not give the reasons—but convict and say nothing.) He went on to say that "the complaint was broad enough to cover the case." Sure enough, but then there was no evidence to sustain it. He said nothing about any evidence. The complaint was broad enough, he said, to cover the case, and he declared Foster guilty, and fined him \$5, and the costs!! An expression of disapprobation, amounting pretty near to sovereign contempt, manifested itself throughout the court room!—The champions of the church had sneaked off. A man like Nathan Stickney must have been ashamed of the decision. Thomas Chadbourne, who was about, (looking sheepishly enough,) hither and thither during the trial,—exerting what malign influence he could, covertly—would not be so scrupulous, as to the kind of victory or mode of obtaining it. He looked as if he would enjoy a sentence against Stephen Foster to that pestilential Hopkinton dungeon, for twenty years—for the quiet of the South Church. And Thomas is an anti-slavery man! He is Secretary, I believe, of N. H. New-organization. As soon as the magnificent sentence was pronounced, the friends of humanity present, (not abolitionists either, professedly—though they are nearer being so than they are aware of,) rushed to the table, and threw down the money to pay it. I would give their honored names, but it adds nothing yet, to any man's reputation with the world to be commended in the Herald of Freedom. They are well known here. They make no sectarian profession—but if not in the kingdom of Heaven, they are nearer to it—infinity—than these miserable proslavery devotees of the meeting house. Foster thanked them in the fulness of a grateful heart,—but protested respectfully against their paying. It will be better for the cause, said he, that I suffer. I can go to their gaol, seeing they have unlawfully doomed me there—others are there now. They paid no heed to his remonstrance. Every body felt deeply that he was a persecuted, innocent, and faithful man, and entertained the profoundest contempt and indigna-

tion at the hypocritical priest, and the mobocratic official of the State, who had outraged and injured him.

The tide of humanity run too strong for the legal opinions of friend Badger.—He seemed to find he had mistaken the current.—He had fined an innocent man \$5, prosecuted by a wicked church, and the PEOPLE were against it. He had not anticipated it. The Church minions had slunk away. The court table was covered with more money than was wanted.—Friend Badger caught the general feeling and remitted the fine! The friends immediately passed the amount over to Foster.—He told them he would spend it in the Anti-Slavery Cause. Now friend Badger had no more authority to remit the fine, than he had right to impose it. He has a right to acquit a man when he is evidently innocent, and he ought to have discharged Foster.—He should have done it on a mere glance at the Law, knowing all the facts. Friend Whipple would have advised him to, if he had had a right to. He wanted Foster discharged.—He said he did—and that it was a causeless prosecution, and that the South Church had made a great misgo in bringing it. But of course he had to do his duty as State's attorney. Badger could have acquitted Foster—and ought to have done it, but after he had fined him, he had no more power, I suppose, to remit the fine, than he has to remit every prisoner's term in the State Prison. But he has done right to relieve Foster of it, even if it comes out of his own pocket.

Foster left the court room with more than triumph.—And friend Pettengill courteously carried him to his lodgings in his carriage,—not now as a culprit,—but as an innocent and honored man,—himself, not as a bailiff—but as a generous, kind-hearted, brother.

THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

Where now stand Josiah Stevens, and the Reverend Daniel Noyes? Where but infamous, ly before the Humanity of New Hampshire!—Friend Stevens has his secretaryship. It may be lucky for him that he got it before last Sunday. For it is the opinion of others, wiser than me, that if the election were to take place now, it would not fall on him. There are Democrats enough in New Hampshire qualified for that office, who would scorn to lay hands on an innocent man, for speaking freely in a meeting house. Friend Stevens I apprehend, would have had to turn his ambition into ecclesiastical channels, had he done that deed ten days sooner. He might have been made Church Secretary,—but not State.

Friend George Hutchins, I am just now credibly informed, took leading part in the proceedings of the bloody afternoon at the Meeting-house.

He was the mover, I understand, and instigator of Foster's seizure. It was he that beckoned to Ordway, and set him on. And why did he not lay hold of Foster himself? Why did he sit there and make a tool of a poor, working man? Was it beneath the dignity of a wealthy trader and church aristocrat? or did he fear the Law? He shirked off the ignominy and the danger on to poor Ordway, and thought to shirk off the crime. But that he could not shirk off. The crime remains with him. Ordway is comparatively innocent—though I lament that a working man should suffer himself to be used for such inhuman purposes.

Friend Hutchins is one of the pillars of the South Church. He is an old professor,—and he has undergone moreover, as I am told he hopes, a second conversion, under some late revival. I admonish him to go for a third, and to put no trust in conversion that will leave him the spirit of murder in the midst of his religious worship. I warn him against any hope, founded in a conversion, be it second, or second-and-twentieth, that could leave him the heart he showed toward Stephen Foster, last Sunday. I ask friend Hutchins how and what he would now be, had

Foster been actually murdered! He ought to bless God, that he was not left dead on the ground before that Church door. And he ought to repent instantly, in dust and ashes; for his offence, in the eye of Heaven, is the same it would have been then.

And that whole church—all who countenanced that horrible procedure, are stained in the sight of Him they profess to follow, with the crime of murder! I put them a question. Were it not so, could they have gone on with their forms and ceremonies, that afternoon as they did, as coolly as if nothing at all had happened,—not knowing, or caring, whether Foster was alive, or lay crushed and mangled and lifeless at their doors? I put them another question. Let all who read, answer it. Had Foster's lifeless body laid at that door step, and the minister known it and his leaders,—would they have discontinued their worship—would they not have gone on, in religious cold blood, only with an aggravated display of their murderous piety? For myself, I doubt not they would have worshipped on. The common people might have burst the bonds of priestly vassalage, perhaps, and rushed out, under the impulses of humanity. The Priest and the Secretary would have devoutly remained.—Let the people lay it to heart. *Rogers*

From the Liberty Bell.

The Dying Slave Mother.

BY G. S. BURLINGHAM.

Come to my dying bed,
Brother, and raise my head,
That I may see yon sunset clouds awhile,
That in bright colors drest,
Hang o'er the blushing West,
Cloud upon cloud upheaved, a glorious pile!

O, when the sun went down
Last night, in shadows brown,
What then I saw no human tongue can tell!
On such a sunlit cloud
There came an angel crowd,
Such as afar in heaven's bright mansion dwell,

And bending lowly down,
Had lent to me a crown,
But that I had not quite forgiven the wrong,
And all the evil done
By the oppressive one,
Who long hath bound us in his fetters strong.

They turned, and in the sky
Wheeled their bright ranks on high,
And waved the token from the clouds above,
And as they soared, they sang
Till heaven's blue temple rang
With songs of Hope, of Mercy, and of Love.

I saw amid that band,
With golden lyre in hand,
My murdered Leon, whom the robber slew;
To me, how passing fair
His ebon features were,
Amid that bright and glorious throng, to view.

And there my darling boy
Poured out such songs of joy,
As make my spirit leap with rapture now,
While cherubs, rosy fair,
Hovered above in air,
And bound a garland on his sable brow.

Forward from his bright cloud
My gentle Leon bowed,
And smiling, waved to me his chainless hand,
And still he swept the lyre
In concert with the choir,
As came his soft voice on the zephyrs bland.

"Mother, O come to me!
Come where the slave is free,
In the best land where tears may never flow;
Here is no coiling whip,
Whose cruel lashes drip
With gore, as threatens in thy path below;

"But all is joy, and peace,
And love, that cannot cease,
And rest, the hunted seek in vain on earth;
The dark hue of the skin,
Is no foul mark of sin,
But hand in hand the ransomed all go forth.

"The holy men of old,
Of whom thou oft hast told,
When midnight bound the oppressor's eyes in sleep
They stand around the Throne,
To God, in solemn tone,
Striking their lyre, with never-ceasing sweep.

"And O! enthroned with Him,
Whom all the Seraphim
With heart and tongue, in burning ranks, adore,
And to whom Angels raise
Loud songs of endless praise,
God in the Highest, now, and evermore,

"Is that meek Man of Woe,
Who died long years ago,
On Calvary's brow, for men of every hue;
O love him ever, Mother!
Like Him there is no other,
So meek, so gentle, and so Godlike too.

"When Death's dark valley through,
My trembling spirit flew,
I sunk in fear, to think that I was dead;
But when the Saviour spake,
Words of such kindness brake
From his pure lips, that all my terror fled.

"Mother, O Mother, come!
Come to thy peaceful home;
Here is no tyrant with his cruel chain;
But cherubs, all their days,
Sing to the Lord in praise,—
And to the Lamb, that on the earth was slain."

Then, as their rapturous song
Died on the air along,
And the soft sunshine faded from the sky,—
The glittering ranks rolled back
Upon their joyous track,
And darkness settled on the dazzled eye.

And Brother! I will go,
And leave this home of woe,
Its joys and griefs, its fetter-links, and thee,
And with my Boy above,
Join in sweet songs, of love
And praise to God, through all eternity!

Upon yon cloud-hill's brow
I see my Leon now,
Waving his hand from his bright home to me;
O God! forgive the wrong,
That man hath done me long,—
Brother, farewell! My Boy, I fly to thee!

Miscellany.

From the Present. PROGRESS AND HOPE.

BY L. M. CHILD.

Like circles widening round
Upon a clear, blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on forever:
Glory to God on high, or earth be peace,
And love toward men of love—salvation and release.

A large class of thinkers deny that the world makes any progress. They say we move in a circle; that evils are never conquered, but only change their forms. In proof of this doctrine, they remind us that the many are now as effectually kept in subjection to the few, by commercial fraud and diplomatic cunning, as they once were by sword and battle-axe. This class of reasoners are uncomfortable to the hopeful soul; the more so because they can easily bring forward an array of facts, from which, in the very nature of the case, it is impossible to evolve the good and evil separately, to weigh them accurately, and justly determine the results of each on the whole destiny of man. These unbelievers point to the past, whose records are deeply graven, and seen of all men, though they relate only to the externals of human history; while those who believe in perpetual progress, found their faith mainly on the inward growth and unwritten history of the soul. They see within all events a spiritual essence, subtle, expansive, and noiseless as light; and from the roseate gleam resting on the horizon's edge, they predict that the sun will rise to its zenith, and veil the whole earth in transfigured glory.

It is the mission of the prophet to announce, rather than to prove; yet facts are not wanting to prove that mankind have made progress. Experience is not always at discord with hope; perhaps it is never so, if we could read history as the Omniscient reads it. Doubtless the world does move in

circles, and good and evil, reproduced in new forms, bear a continual check-and-balance to each other. But the circles in which we move, rise in a perpetually ascending series, and evil will finally be overcome with good. The very fierceness of the conflict shows that this consummation is approaching. There never was a time when good and evil, truth and falsehood, were at work with such miraculous activity. To those who look on the surface, it may seem as if the evil and the false were gaining the victory, because the evil and the false are always more violent and tumultuous than the good and the true. The tornado blusters, and the atmosphere is still; but the atmosphere produces and sustains a thousand-fold more than the tornadodestroys. The good and the true work for eternity in a golden silence.

The very uproar of evil, at the present time, is full of promise; for all evil must be made manifest, that it may be cured. To this end Divine Providence is continually exerted, both in the material, and the spiritual world. If the right proportions of the atmosphere are disturbed, the discord manifests itself in thunder and lightning, and thus is harmony restored. To the superstitious, it sounds like the voice of wrath, but it is only Universal Love restoring order to the elements.

Behind the cause lies the end; and that is evil in the soul of man. He it is who disturbs the balance of the elements; and his sins are uttered in thunder and storm. But the manifestation is ever healthy, and the precursor of restored harmony. Welcome, then, to such books as *Oliver Twist* and the *Mysteries of Paris*; welcome to all the painful unfoldings of Anti-Slavery and Temperance; to all that, in a spirit friendly to man, lays open the crimes and the vices of society. I hail this universal tendency to manifestation as a joyful omen.

Dost thou ask, oh, unbelieving reader, for proof that the world has made progress? Consider well the great fact of British emancipation in the West Indies. Show me another instance in the world's history, where the heart of a whole nation was kindled, as it were, by a divine flame, to right the wrongs of a distant and helpless people. A people too poor to repay their benefactors; nay, for whose sake the benefactors taxed themselves heavily. A people too low and vulgar, in their utter degradation, to cast the faintest gleam of romance over the sympathy which came to their rescue. Could this deed have been done under the influence of any other religion than the Christian? Was anything done in the preceding ages, to be compared to it for moral grandeur? Great and glorious actions were doubtless performed by those old Greeks and Romans, and knights of the middle ages; but show me one so transcendently unselfish—one in which a nation acted from so pure a sentiment of justice, untarnished by the acquisition of wealth, or fame, or power. "We seek history in vain for the results of honesty, justice, and kindness, as exemplified in the dealings of nation toward nation; or in the conduct of the mighty and powerful toward the defenceless and the weak. It was reserved for England to furnish this missing chapter in the history of the world—this unlined picture in the Gallery of Time."

It has been asserted that the British government did this as a skillful move in the game of nations. I wish I could believe such speech had no worse origin than ignorance of facts. The British government finds an increase of power in the grand moral position it has taken on the subject of slavery; but they had no faith that such would be the result. "Honesty is the best policy, but policy without honesty never finds that out." Therefore, the application of great moral truths to the condition of man is never discovered by governments. Such perceptions come in the stillness to individual souls, and thence glide through the social fabric. At last a nation hails them as holy, and the moral power of a people compels government to adopt them, though with a growling disbelief in their efficacy. The good done by diplomatists and politicians is effected by the constraining force of public opinion; the bad they do is their own. This is the history of all amelioration in law; and it is eminently true with regard to British emancipation. The ruling powers resisted it as long as they could; but the fire kindled in the heart and conscience of the nation grew hotter and hotter. Government had sufficient sagacity to foresee that the boilers would burst, unless a safety-valve were supplied. When petitions grew so bulky that it required six men to carry them into parliament, legislators began to say, "It is not safe for us to procrastinate longer. When 800,000 even of the women of England are knocking at our door, there is no more time for delay." Thus it was that government yielded up its cold and selfish policy a sacrifice on the altar of a nation's heart.

Do you remind me of slavery in other parts of the British empire? Of slavery in her own factories and mines? I tell you the divine fire, which burnt

off the fetters of the negro slave, cast its light clearly and strongly on other wrongs. The deepest corner of those dark and dismal mines stands fully revealed to the public gaze in the gleam of that holy flame; and it has already consumed the cord which bound the East Indian in British slavery.

If you are ignorant of these facts, blame the jealousy and conscious guilt of the American press. Our editors have carefully concealed the progress of emancipation, and its blessed results, while they have diligently sought for stories of insurrection, to sustain the detestable theory that God made one half of his children to be slaves to the other half. The much-desired insurrections never occurred. The negroes were too grateful and too docile to realize our republican hopes; and in lieu of fire and blood, our editors are constrained to make the most they can of the diminished production of sugar. As if the eternal truths contained in our own Declaration of Independence could be changed, or modified, by the sweetening of our tea!

Few facts are more disgraceful to the American press, than the manner in which West India emancipation has been treated. Deep indeed must this country have been sunk in prejudice and sin, to have received these glad tidings of regenerated humanity, with such obvious coldness and aversion. Had we been sincere in our professed love of freedom, instead of jealous invidios and evil auguries, we should have sung to England a chorus of joy and praise, such as angels utter over a sinner that repenteth.

But let us turn again to proofs of the world's progress. Look at the glorious position of Ireland! Where can you find moral grandeur to be compared with it, in the history of nations? A people trampled on for generations, and therefore ignorant and violent—a people proverbially impulsive, bold, and reckless, stand before the opposing array of British power, and say, as William Penn did, when threatened with imprisonment in the Tower, "Well, friend, thy strength shall never equal my patience." The oppressors, learned in the operations of brute force, arrest the Irish liberator on the day of a great repeal gathering, when the populace are out in masses, and under the influence of strong excite-

ment. Having cannon and troops in readiness, they seize O'Connell, nothing doubting that a storm of stones and shillalahs will give them a specious pretext for placing Ireland under military control. But lo! neither heads nor laws are broken! The British government stands check-mated by the simple principle of peace. O'Connell has assured the Irish people that moral power is mightier than physical force; and they, with their strong hands, and hearts burning with a sense of accumulated wrongs, believe the words he has so wisely uttered. Here is a knot for diplomatists, a puzzle for politicians!—Swords will not cut it, cannon cannot shatter it, fire will not burn it. It is a power that transcends governments, and governments must surrender before its unconquered majesty. What can Lord Wellington do with the Irish, if they will not fight, and will repeal the Union? It is far easier to conjecture what they will do with him, if no evil spirit tempts them to forsake the commanding position which they now occupy.

Perhaps you will say that O'Connell acts only from policy, as statesmen and generals have done before him. But does it mark no progress, that a man who sways millions to his will, perceives this to be the best policy? Is there no encouragement in the fact that the most excitable and turbulent of people believe the word he has spoken? Could the Irish have attained to this wonderful self-command, if Father Mathew had not prepared them for the work? The Law of Temperance has made a pathway in the desert for the Law of Love, and the forces of the millennium are marching in, bearing on their banners, "Friends, thy strength shall never equal my patience."

Duelling, strongly sustained as it has been, and still is, by the pride and passions of men, is gradually passing into disrepute. More and more, men dare to brand him as the real coward, who yields the good instincts of his heart, and the honest convictions of his own soul, to an erroneous popular opinion. Even South Carolina, the land of pistol chivalry, is beginning to rebuke the bloody folly. In this, too, O'Connell's example is great, but not blameless. The force of public opinion, and the persevering insolence of political opponents, once drove him into a duel. He shot the man who had long boasted that he would rid the country of him. But his noble nature rose against the murderous deed, and he dared to obey its dictates. He settled a generous pension on the widow of his enemy, and took a solemn oath, which he caused to be recorded, that he would never again fight a duel, under any provocation. Repeated efforts have been made to provoke him into a violation of his promise; but

in answer to all challenges, he calmly returns a record of his oath. Assuredly, the good seed scattered by the preaching of George Fox, and the courageous meekness of his disciples, have brought forth fruit an hundred fold.

Those must be blind indeed, who see no signs of moral and intellectual growth in the extended sphere of woman's usefulness, and the high standard of female character. A woman as well educated as half the mechanics' daughters in our country, would have been pointed out as a prodigy, a century ago. It is astonishing what a moderate knowledge of science or literature, then passed for prodigious learning. A woman who had written a book, was wondered at, and feared; and judicious mothers cautioned their daughters against such an eccentric example, lest they should lose all chance of getting husbands. Now, books from the pens of women, and some of them excellent books, too, are poured forth by hundreds, and no one considers the fact a remarkable one. Nor have women lost in refinement and usefulness what they have gained in knowledge and power. In the transition state of society, it is true that learned women became awkward pedants; but at the present time, women of the deepest philosophical insight, and the most varied learning, are emphatically characterized by practical usefulness, and the domestic virtues.

Observe the fast-increasing odium attached to capital punishment. Even its defenders argue for it, as men do for slavery and war, with the plea of necessity, and with an ill-concealed consciousness that their utterance is at discord with Christ. The governor of Vermont lately recommended the legislature of that State to repeal the law which ordained that no man should be hung till a year after being sentenced; but instead of following this advice, they prolonged the term to fifteen months.—Maine has passed a similar law.

Some twelve years ago, in a small work on education, called "The Mother's Book," I recommended that a child should never be whipt in anger. A relative said to me, "I should be ashamed of myself, if I could whip my child when I was not angry." At the time, I thought the remark a foolish one; for I had then some faith in physical coercion to effect moral good; but I now see that the mother's instincts were wiser than mine, though they did not lead her to wise conclusions. Few parents could whip a child a week after the offense was committed; and States will find it difficult to hang criminals, a year after the excitement of the trial has passed away. In process of time, the prisons themselves will find no one hardened enough to perform the office of a hangman, and none so blinded to the true mission of Christianity, as to pray on a drum-head for success in blowing the souls of human brethren out of their bodies, with bombshells; or to stand under the gallows and pray for beneficial effects from cold-blooded murder.

"Thank God that I have lived to see the time,
When the great truth begins at last to find
An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,
Earnest and clear, that all revenge is crime!
That man is holier than a creed; that all
Restraint upon him must consult his good;
Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,
And Love look in upon his solitude.
The beautiful lesson which our Saviour taught,
Through long dark centuries its way hath wrought,
Into the common mind and popular thought;
And words to which, by Galilee's lake shore,
The humble fishers listened with hushed ear,
Have found an echo in the general heart,
And of the public faith become a living part."

It is true that, in this age of intellectual analysis, cunning has, in a great measure, taken the place of force, and with disastrous results. Still, the society that is governed by intellect, however much perverted from its true use, is in advance of society governed by club and battle-axe. But, from the present state of things, men are obviously passing into better order. The transition is certainly a restless and painful one; but there is everything to hope from the fact that the secrets of fraud and cunning are so universally laid open, and that men are calling more and more loudly for something better to supersede them. Not in vain did Fourier patiently investigate, for thirty years, the causes of social evils and their remedy. Nor in vain are communities starting up all around us, varied in plan, but all born of one idea. Do you say they will never be able to realize their aspirations? Away with your scepticism! I tell you that, if they all die, they will not perish without leaving the seed of great social truths scattered on the hill-sides and in the valleys; and the seed will spring up, and wave in a golden harvest. God does not thus mock with false hopes the beings he has made in his own image. He has taught us to pray that His kingdom may come on earth as it is in heaven; and he will answer the prayer in glorious fulfillment.

Letter from Henry C. Wright.

DUBLIN, Jan. 29, 1843.

DEAR BRO. GARRISON:

You may well suppose the news of the last arrival was looked for with no ordinary interest by me. I knew you were sick, and with a dangerous disease for your system. It was a great relief to find you had passed through the trial, and was recovering. We have all been greatly anxious about you. You know not, dear brother, you cannot know, how very dear you are to me. So fully and entirely is my spirit made one with yours, in love and sympathy, that distance is annihilated between us—that your heart is my heart, your existence my existence, your God my God. The thought of not seeing you again in the body has been, at times, very painful to me. I do indeed feel a confidence that we shall meet again, somewhere, in love and peace, if not on earth; but I felt a desire to see you once more here. I have ceased to feel that your existence here is necessary to give triumph to anti-slavery, non-resistance, or to any righteous cause. God is in the truth, and I know that anti-slavery and non-resistance are full of God's love and omnipotence; and I have no more doubt of the final triumph of love over violence—of the peaceful kingdom of the Son of God over the kingdoms of blood, than of my own existence. You may and must leave the body—leave time; but what constitutes W. L. Garrison to me will live, and I have an assurance respecting you, that your existence will be made joyous and glorious by the light which love to God and man will shed around it. But, though you and all your band of loving and noble hearts must pass away, non-resistance will never pass away—anti-slavery will not—till they have accomplished their sublime and holy mission—the overthrow of slavery on earth, and the demolition of the throne of violence and blood. Yet, I can but pray that God may spare you long to live on earth. It is a comfort to see that I am in the universe with you; but a little more comfort to feel that I am on the earth with you.

What a strange feeling has come over me! I almost feel that my very nature has been changed—so completely have I lost sight of the contemptible distinctions of sectarianism and nationalism. Human brotherhood has become a practical truth, a fact with me. That weary, heart-sickening, body-wasting voyage across the Atlantic—my body actually wasting away at the rate of one pound per day, for twenty successive days, but my mind more entirely awake, active, restless and indomitable than I ever dreamed it could be. I have a fearfully distinct impression of that ocean scene. A black, unfathomed sea, upheaving and down-sinking in wild disorder, and ceaseless activity—now resting in a calm, now fearfully convulsed with tempest—the sky resting down upon the sea—our ship the centre of the whole world of sky and waters—the unrolling clouds, the lightning sporting in their bosom, the awful roll of thunder far away, the sinking sun, the shutting in of night, the moaning and howling of the blast through the shrouds, the solitude, the desolateness, the sense of loneliness, as I stood on the deck, where I was obliged often to be by night and by day, while our gallant and noble ship, freighted with mortality and immortality, with humanity and divinity, dashed boldly on its way, through calm and storm! Then and there a change came over me. There I felt it to be a practical truth, that I was alone with God in the universe. Then and there, my soul spurned off the last fetter that human folly and wickedness had fastened on it, and I felt more entirely and forever bound by God's eternal will. Sick, prostrated, and deathish as I felt in body, my soul rose up with a firmness, a desperation of purpose, a sublimity, that I never felt before. But I received a slight shock to my physical constitution, from which I am not yet entirely recovered. The dampness of the atmosphere in Ireland has subjected me to some cold and a slight cough. But I am better, and hope soon to be quite well. But enough of this—too much, perhaps.

"A Kiss for a Blow."—An edition of 2000 has been published by R. D. Webb, and nearly 700 sold. They are being scattered here and there. Elizabeth Pease thus wrote to me, Nov. 25, 1842: "A copy ought to be in every school in the land. With respect to payment, (for publication,) thou must allow me to have the pleasure of giving R. D. Webb the twenty pounds which he stipulates to be paid in advance." Joseph Barker, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, took 500 copies. In a note from Henry Treffrey, of Exeter, he says, "I am much gratified with the book. I expect there will be a great demand for it. I feel confident it is calculated to reach and impress the minds of children, and not children only, by engaging the best affections, of all ages, to cherish the loving precepts of Christ." I have received several such testimonies to the nature of the book.

I have prepared from handbills, to be printed soon,

several tracts. One is headed, "Forgiveness in a Bullet." One, "Immediate Abolition of the Army and Navy"; the other, "The Soldier's Profession should be regarded as the Profession of a hired Assassin." When published and scattered about, I should not wonder if they should make some stir.

The friends in Dublin—the Webbs, the Haughtons, the Allens, &c. They are indeed a noble band of men and women as earth ever saw. They are wielding a great power over the destiny of this empire. The principles of Peace, of Anti-Slavery, and Teetotalism, which they are disseminating, are taking hold of thousands, and are doing a mighty work. They are known, and they are hated not less cordially than you and your coadjutors in anti-slavery were originally. They have recently adopted, and are going to publish and scatter, far and wide, the following declaration of sentiments:

"We recognize the Christian law of love and forgiveness in the treatment of enemies."

"We deny that man has any right to take the life of his fellow-man."

"We advocate the immediate abolition of all military defence and capital punishment."

"We believe the military profession to be incompatible with the Christian character, and such as should excite the abhorrence of every man."

POEMS ON SLAVERY.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

This is a neat little brochure of 30 pages, published by John Owen of Cambridge, containing eight short poems, all of them creditable to the author's practical taste and good feeling. The *Slave's Dream* is here selected as a good specimen of them.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land.
Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.
He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand!—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
And fell into the sand.
And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.
Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffree huts,
And the ocean rose to view.
At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream,
And the river-horse, as he crashed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.
The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.
He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away.

The action of this body demands something more than the passing notice given of it in our last. One of the supposed advantages of the famous excision act, a few years since, was that the subject of slavery would receive that attention which its paramount and awful wickedness demands. And then, some time previous to the late meeting, the New-York Evangelist, and the Watchman of the Valley, and other papers, expressed the strong conviction that something valuable would be done, and gave the whole weight of their influence to have men sent who would act. Well, the subject came up in the shape of resolutions, in the action of some of the Presbyteries, and was discussed for three days, and ended in the adoption, by a vote of two to one, of a resolution, 'That the Assembly do not think it for the edification of the church for this body to take any action on the subject.'

A word about the discussion. The memorials sent up did not ask that the Assembly should exercise any doubtful authority, and remove slavery, but only that they should bear their testimony against it, as they had done against violations of the Sabbath, and against dancing. So it was no very ultra thing they were asked to do. Well, this was violently opposed by some southern members, one man urging that the Synod of Cincinnati should be censured for their resolutions on the subject of slavery, although the subject had been, by express vote of the Assembly, referred to the lower judicatories, for such action as they chose to take—another man, Dr. Hill, stated some palpable falsehoods in regard to the action of the abolitionists, and openly justified lynching them. He stated that laws had been passed in Virginia, forbidding the instruction of the slaves, in consequence of the interference of the abolitionists, when the fact is that the last law on the subject was passed in 1831, two years before abolitionists could interfere, and that was only a reiteration of an old law which had fallen into disuse. He also said:

'There had been some abolitionists in his neighborhood, endeavoring to incite the slaves to insubordination; but, fortunately, they were interrupted in their infamous purposes, and some of them were lynched. And he believed that they deserved it! [Great sensation.] He was no advocate of lynching; but he did believe that there were extreme cases that called for extreme measures; and this was one of them.'

And this horrible sentiment passed without rebuke. This testimony was also opposed by northern members; by some on the old stale plea, that the Bible justifies slavery, but by most on the plea that we must have harmony in the church. *Peace, Peace, PEACE*—that was the great thing harped upon.—The slaveholders threatened to secede, and the northern men seemed to be frightened at the prospect.—One man who was sent by an anti-slavery Presbytery, said: 'If he should go home and tell his people he had lent his hand to divide the church, he should die with grief.' *The unity of the church*—that seemed to be the talismanic wand that kept northern men quiet. To prevent the contingency of a few slaveholding churches leaving them, they seemed willing that men should be bought and sold, families sundered, education denied, and even the gospel withheld from millions of their brethren. To preserve peace, the voice of reproof must be hushed, the most unnatural crimes covered up, and the truth perverted to sustain the oppressor. Verily, '*peace*' is a desirable thing, but it may be purchased, as in this case, at too much cost. We have somewhere read, that '*the wisdom which is from above is first pure, THEN PEACEABLE*'—that is, the purity should come first, and the peace afterwards, and in consequence of the purity. But the New School Assembly feel quite competent to reverse this authority, and clamor for the '*unity*' and '*peace*' of the church, without reference to its '*purity*.' Miserable policy is this all, and yet it is the policy of the representatives of the New School ('the more favorable party') Assembly in 1843!

The following terrible verses were occasioned by the christening, the other day, of the young vampyre, born heir apparent, at Windsor Castle, to the life blood of subject Britain. Shall-fed archbishops, fattened on princely revenues, stood by, with their purple faces disfigured to clerical elongation. Royal brother leeches from the Continent were present, and looked *solemn*, according to the superstition and hypocrisy of their respective latitudes. His Grace, the Duke of Wellington, having on no doubt "the breastplate of righteousness" he wore at Waterloo—was by among others to solemnize the event. The water they sprinkled the tyrant baby with, was brought all the way from Syria. It was holy water. It was dipped from the Jordan—where the Son of God was baptized—whose vice-gent this regal infant is to be on the earth—the defender of "the faith once delivered to the saints." It was brought at we know not what expense and ceremony. An envoy extraordinary was despatched, perhaps, with a kingly retinue, to obtain it—in a consecrated vessel. It would not answer to profane that brow, with water that was common to the uses of humanity, or brought by unanointed hands. So they over-awe, and bewitch the world.

The Baby Sprinkling.

A Starvation Anthem for the Royal Christening.

Bring forth the babe in pomp and lace,

While thousands starve and curse the light!

But what of that?—on royal face

Shame knows no blush, however slight.

Bring forth the babe; a nation's moans

Will ring sweet music in his ear,

For well we know a people's groans

To royal ears were always dear.

Bring forth the babe; down, courtiers, down

And bow your lacquey knees in dust,

Before a child's beslobber'd gown—

(Our children cannot find a crust!)

When Christ was born, no servile throng

Around the Saviour's manger met;

No flatterers raised their fulsome song—

But what was Christ to Albert's pet?

God, who hast heard the widow's moan—

God, who hast heard the orphan's cry—

Thou, too, dost sit upon a throne,

But none 'round thee of famine die!

Things like this baffle of royal birth,

Who boast their princely "right divine,"

Are but thy parodies on earth—

Their's is oppression—mercy thine.

Bring forth the babe! From foreign lands

Fresh kingly vampyres flock to greet

This new one in its nurse's hands,

(For royal mothers give no teat;)

Bring forth the toy of princely whim,

And let your prayers mount night and day

For ought we not to pray for him,

Who'll pray on us enough some day?

O! who would grudge to squander gold

On such a glorious babe as this?

What though our babes be starved and cold—

They have no claim on earthly bliss.

Ours are no mongrel German breed,

But English born and English bred;

Then let them live and die in need.

While the plump Coburg thing is fed!

Christen the babe, Archbishop proud,

Strange servant of the lowly Christ,

Thousands are to your purse allowed—

For him the smallest loaf sufficed.

Though holy water's scanty now,

My lord you may dismiss your fears;

Take to baptise the infant's brow,

A starving people's bitter tears!

AN ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION was held at Colombian Hall in this place, on Tuesday. Present as speakers, Frederick Douglass, the fugitive slave, C. L. Remond, a colored man, of Salem, Mr. Burleigh and others. Stephen S. Foster, the celebrated come-outer, gave an address in the street here the evening previous, but left town the next morning, and was not at the Convention. The principal subjects of discussion on Tuesday, were the intimate connection of the northern churches and ministry with southern slavery, and the pro-slavery character of the United States Constitution. Mr. Douglass spoke on both these questions, and very eloquently too. In fact, we have heard but few white men who surpassed him in genuine oratory. And yet, this man is but four and a half years from servitude, never attended school a day in his life, and is a negro. If there are those who contend the colored race is inferior to the white, let them but listen to the glowing strains of Frederick Douglass and Charles Lenox Remond,—the one a full-blooded negro, and the other a mulatto, and say whether they think these below the white man in point of intellect.

Mr. Douglass, who spoke at the Anti-Slavery Convention the other day, has at command a great fund of anecdote. He related, among others, the following: Said he, 'I was engaged at a particular time, in collecting funds for the anti-slavery cause, in and about Worcester. I one day called on a Mrs. Waldo, belonging to a wealthy family which had erected a church at its own expense. I told Mrs. W. my object, and that I was a slave. Said she, 'I suppose you want money to buy yourself with?' 'No,' said I, 'I am a runaway slave.' 'Then I cannot give you any thing,' was the cold response. 'I think you did your master a great wrong when you ran away from him.' 'How much do you suppose you would have brought at the South?' I answered, 'Perhaps a thousand dollars.' 'Then you have robbed your master of a thousand dollars.'

All this, said Mr. D., was spoken in a very pious tone, for Mrs. W. was a member of the church, and an exceedingly godly woman.

Mr. D. took up the different churches in course, and delivered a philippic against each of them. In speaking of the fellowship between the churches of the North and those of the South, he said of the Unitarians—'The Unitarians take the ground that they can hold communion with any one; horse-thieves, or what not.'

He alluded to a Convention of the Baptist ministers, which had been held in Baltimore, and was composed almost wholly of slaveholders. In the doings of this meeting, said Mr. Douglass, sundry brethren who were slave-owners participated. 'A thief preached the sermon—a thief made the prayer—a thief administered the sacrament, and then this pack of thieves all stood up together and sang in unison—

"Lo! what an entertaining sight
For brethren to agree!"

The Third of April.

It went by the other day, not with the "Advent" of Conflagration—but the event of a terrible storm of snow-drift.—Many abused and affrighted people were looking to "go up"—on that day. They were disappointed. Will they learn anything from their disappointment. I trust, something. Here the Earth still is, under our feet, with all its labors and stern realities, with a robe of snow on whiter than the garments prepared by our deceived brethren for their expected Ascent.—Fifteenth of February too has come and gone, and no rupture of the blue sky, or march of troops and array of chariots emerging through the cleft concave. Third of April has now come and gone, but winter has not gone.—Snow has come down, but our friends have not gone up. The Prophet Miller has extended the day of Advent throughout the year. I am sorry he has, for the excitement will be continued through that long period. The voice of Truth cannot be heard amid its din. Anti-Slavery cannot get audience, to much extent, amid its obstreperous exclamations. The most honest among the outward worshippers are involved in it. The very persons we should be most likely to enlist in the cause of Humanity. They are the freest—the least priest-ridden of the Sects. We should have them in the ranks of Anti-Slavery—but they are carried away in this whirlwind of Millerism.

Well they must go on in it another year. I can offer them no admonitions. They must try it. Time is their speediest remedy. It is a good while—but it has an end. The time of the pulpit priesthood has no definite limits.—They can always delude mankind—so long as they are themselves perpetuated.

But don't let these sky-gazers play with our superstition beyond the current "Jewish year." Don't let them get another continuance. This is long enough in all conscience and many a brain and many a life will fall under its dreadful excitements. But be content with the year ending March '44. Don't begin to say, as that draws to a close, and dispels this vain and wicked delusion, that if it don't come then, we will wait till it does come.

Let your "Advents" go. If there be any such coming events, they are for God to look to, and not us. We can't manage them—or calculate them, as we may eclipses. Let us attend to our pressing—our all important duties. Let us do what our hands find to do. We shall find our hands full with that. Let us abolish slavery. Let us banish drunkenness. Let us undermine the horrible Priesthood by the Truth of God. Let us deliver shuddering, quivering Humanity from its false gods. Let us plant our feet firmly and calmly on the Rock of Truth and of Righteousness—not to spring thence into Paradise, or to get above high-water mark of the waves of damnation—but to become right from love of THE RIGHT, and to help one another out of trouble. This is God's character. It ought to be ours. He does not seek his own Salvation. He is not after his own good. His is that Almighty "Charity that seeketh not its own." Our's should be so.—I judge so of Him, because I know that it is right. We should be perfect even as He is perfect. He enables us to be so. It is our duty to be so. It would be glorious business to spend our lives in being so. Humanity, bleeding and dying around us, demands it at our hands. Let us up and be doing then, in the flashing, noonday light of our own convictions. Withdraw all eyes from the heavens. There is nothing there to look at. We are here. Duty is here. God is here. Our God. He is always where we are, and we should not be gazing abroad after him. He is not far, as Paul well said, from every one of us. Employ no thought upon these wondrous events. If they are not present—they can't be seen—for they don't exist. You cannot see what does not exist. All expectation of foreseen events, is vain. It is an impeachment of God. Be right. That is of more importance than to "be ready." "Get ready," they cry. Get Right, I say. If you ask me why get right, I answer only, "Get Right!" no matter why. It is a state, the "why and wherefore" of which needs not be considered. It is a sufficient why, of itself. Get Right. Act Right. Be Right. *Reps*

Second Advent.

A brother, who signs the Cross, is anxious to offer through the Herald some of his views on this topic. I publish them, principally because Second Advent is absorbing the philanthropy of not a few, who were once, with friend J. V. Himes, active in the Anti-Slavery Cause. I form no opinion whatever on the accuracy or inaccuracy of the Miller calculations, or those of his opponents. I do not feel at Liberty to employ my small capital of mentality in such speculations. I see terrestrial, moral evil enough to call into exercise all my solicitude. My neighbors are enslaved.—I am trying to overthrow the system that enchains them, and I cannot be diverted from it by any cry of Fire, raised at any conflagrations short of that Anti-slavery Blaze, that shall burn slaveholding and all its "bulwarks" and pillars to ashes.—Others may gaze into the sky for signs.—I prefer looking at the "signs of the times," down here where we live.

But free discussion for all.—Ed'r. *Reps*

Miscellany.

From the New Mirror.

IRISHMEN IN AMERICA.

Power was no less astonished than gratified, when I told him of the immense sums sent home annually, by the *laboring Irish*, as presents to their relatives and friends—some three hundred thousand dollars per annum, from New-York and Philadelphia! These remittances vary from five to one hundred dollars, according to the means of the emigrants. One beautiful trait in the Irish character is, that after the poor emigrants have been here a few months, their first exertions are made to send home a small offering to a father, mother, sister, or brother, as the case may be. One instance of filial affection especially pleased Power. One morning, a young Irishman, from the county of Limerick, presented me with a letter of introduction. He was a laboring man, twenty-one years of age. I asked him how long he had been in the country. "Six weeks, sir," replied he. "I landed at Boston, and found work there, and so I stopped; but as I had this letter to your honor, I was *unasy* until I delivered it." I inquired if he had saved any money. "Oh, thin, yes, sir, praised be God, I have a trifle; and shure, by *reason* of that, I've come to ax your honor to send it home to my poor, old mother, that wants it?" "How much do you wish to send?" said I. "Twenty-five dollars, sir, is all I can spare at this present time; and shure I wish it was more!" "Twenty-five dollars!" repeated I. "Why, you are doing wonders. This is a great deal to save in so short a time, and I fear you are leaving yourself too bare. Hadn't you better send fifteen now, and the rest by-and-by? You may be taken sick. Tell me how much money you have left, if you send the twenty-five dollars?" At first he would not tell me, but I insisted, and he replied: "Why, thin, sir, I'll have just three dollars and a half, which is plenty for me; for shure I've good health, and a strong pair of arms, and with the blessing of God, I'll soon earn it over again. And thin, sir, only consider the poor, old widow, at home, that depends on me, and didn't I promise to send her my very *first* wages, and won't she expect it, and didn't God prosper me for this purpose?" "Say no more," said I; "you are a good lad, and twenty-five dollars shall be forwarded without delay."

Just as I had fixed this matter for him, a gentleman from Massachusetts entered the office, introduced himself, and said:—

"I have been told by my friend, Mr. G——, that you often have good Irish laborers recommended to you by your friends abroad; and so I thought I would call upon you, as I want a farmer just now."

I simply related to him the scene that had just taken place between Michael L—— and myself, and as soon as I had finished, he exclaimed:—

"Well, my lad, I'll hire you at once, if you agree to it; for I never knew any but a good young man, who would thus take care of his aged mother."

A bargain was immediately struck between them, and they left town next day. About a year after this, the gentleman called on me to say that Michael had given him seventy-five dollars to hand to me, for the purpose of bringing out his mother, brother, and sister, from Limerick. I gave the order, and in three months had the pleasure of seeing them off to join Michael, in Massachusetts. Another year passed away, and one morning I was surprised by a visit from Michael.

"Well, Michael," said I, "what in the world brings you to town?"

At first he seemed abashed, but at length he said:—

"Why, thin, I'm *afraid* you'll laugh at me, but I can't help it. I'll tell the truth, any way. You see, sir, the *ould* woman isn't *content* among them Yankees at all. She is over seventy, and can't change her ways; and thin she don't understand their talk; worse than all, there's no chapel near her, and she hasn't heard mass, nor been to the priest, since she came there; and she wants to take care of her soul, and return to ould Ireland, to lay her bones in the family burying-place—shure your honor knows—near Boherbuoy; and so, with your honor's *lave*, and the blessing of God, I've come down to send her home, for there's no use arguing with her."

It was in vain I remonstrated, and told him she would regret it when she got home. He persevered and sent her back, giving her money enough to last a year, and at the end of another year, he sent her a further remittance. Soon afterwards I happened to meet his employer in the street, and inquired after Michael.

"Oh!" said he, "Michael has left me, and never did I part with anybody so reluctantly; he was the best man I ever had on my place, and I don't know how

I shall manage without him; but the fact is, he has grown too rich to remain in service any longer; he has saved about eight hundred dollars, and is determined to go to Ohio and buy a farm—but, between ourselves, I am inclined to think he has been *crossed in love*; he was a great admirer of one of our servant girls, but she being a Presbyterian and he a Catholic, her friends would not consent unless he gave up his religion, which he positively refused, and this determined him to go west."

The next week, Michael called on me on his way to Ohio, to bid me good-by, and also to send thirty dollars to his mother. I joked him about his matrimonial scheme, but he would not admit it.

"What would the likes of me do with an American wife," said he; "shure it's joking Mr. — was, more shame for him. I *aint* ould enough yet, and shure my sister can take care of me!"

Six months afterwards I was again surprised by a visit from Michael, and at first I did not recognize him. He was dressed quite sprucely, a handsome blue coat, blue pantaloons, and Wellington boots; very different in appearance from the raw Limerick lad of five years before; but his heart I found as sound as ever.

"Where do you come from now?" said I.

"From Troy, sir," replied he.

"From Troy!" repeated I, "I thought you were in Ohio."

"Oh, sir," replied he, "shure it was a mistake, for when I went out there, I got what I never bargained for, the *faver* and *ague*; and shure it almost kilt me; and, thinks I, what's the use of all the wealth in the world, if you haven't health. So I resolved to come back, and well I did, for me brother and meself are doing very well in Troy, thanks be to God; and I'll not go roaming again."

"Then, what brings you to town now, not to send for the old woman again?" I said, laughing.

Michael blushed, and looked very much confused, while he replied:—

"Ah thin, sir, what a guess you have made; shure the *ould* creature is anxious to come out, after all, now that she knows we are in Troy, where there's a priest and regular mass, and plenty of Irish, and some of the neighbors from Limerick; and aint it my duty to do what she wants? She can't live long, and it makes no *differ*; and so, if your honor's *plasing*, I would send for her."

"No," said I, "I'm not *plasing* just yet, she is now too old for a third Atlantic voyage. You have already done your duty by her; therefore, take my advice and send her home some money; but don't determine upon bringing her over until next year, when, if you both remain of the same mind, I shall not then object!"

With considerable difficulty I persuaded him to do so, and he returned to Troy, only half-satisfied with himself; but before the year was out, the old woman lay quietly in the church-yard at Boherbuoy, and Michael from that hour devoted himself to promoting the happiness of his remaining relatives.

The Hutchinsons.

Our Anti Slavery Warblers are carrying all before them in the world of concert and song. They are singing in the cities of the Empire State, to crowded and charmed audiences. I would caution them against the intoxicating influences of success and of applause. The world does not love them, that it praises them. It loves itself—or rather indulges itself, in its plaudits. The heartless press lauds their music, to show that it can puff as well as they can sing, and to give sale to their papers, and the fashionable and the idle will strive to seduce them astray by its insidious flatteries. Let them not tarry long in the cities—let them fly home again—and return often always—to the old family Nest in Milford, there where they first tried their mountain pipes. Let them nestle ever and anon under their native shelter—with the "good old fashioned people" their "dear parents." It will keep up their content and love of home. They will become birds of passage, if they don't take heed. And their songs—let them learn the genuine strains of humanity, and high truth.—Great tunes and great verses, alone become their home-taught, generous spirits. Don't let them learn the fashionable trash of the professed performers—that go round and feed the fancies of the soulless city—for money to spend in dissolute indulgence. Grand music, and lofty, ennobling lines—and above all—brief excursions, and frequent flights home.

A REPEAL OF THE UNION BETWEEN NORTHERN LIBERTY AND SOUTHERN SLAVERY IS ESSENTIAL TO THE ABOLITION OF THE ONE, AND THE PRESERVATION OF THE OTHER. 51

To the Friends of the Liberator.

We wish friend Garrison were well enough to pen his usual salutation to the friends of the Liberator, in the closing number of the year. Not that we need any pledge from him either for vigilance, fidelity, or devotion: the past is his best pledge, if we wished any, and to continue at his side is not a favor to him, but truth to humanity, and a blessing to ourselves.—While sickness still keeps him from his post, we wish to say a few words in regard to the Liberator, not in commendation, but as respects the duties of its friends.

We have always thought there was one test, tried by which the paper deserved, as they phrase it in the East, to live forever. Foster says, 'Judge of a book by the mood of mind in which you rise from it.'

We appeal to any, even those who dissent from some of its Editor's views, and would say things in different language from him, (and, by the way, let them remember 'words were made for use—the fault lies in deserving them,') whether they are not conscious that they rise from the Liberator with a clearer perception of social wrongs—a firmer resolve of reform, and holier devotion to the great interests of humanity.

Where has the anti-slavery enterprise taken deeper root than in the sphere of its greatest circulation? Where will the devoted advocate of any good cause more *confidently* seek, or sooner find a welcome, than among its subscribers? In there any State where the Latimer Journal could have sold 5000 of its first number, but where the Liberator fanatics had turned the world upside down?

There are some peculiar reasons which require more active efforts than usual to secure it a wider circulation and increased pecuniary resources.

The West seems to have thoroughly awakened from her sleep of the last few years, and doubtless considering the lips, (all praise, among the rest, to Abby Kelley,) which have been commissioned to arouse her, will naturally look somewhat to Boston for an example: the Liberator should have the means of large gratuitous distribution there. The circumstances of the times have compelled, in many cases, a lessening of the number of agents in the field. So much more need of the press, with its ceaseless activity. Again, after the Amistad and Creole cases, Providence seems to have led our country one step further onward by the sympathy for Latimer. Let us omit no effort to secure for the great battle the thousand hearts whose first feelings have been kindled by an individual case of oppression. By whom shall that work, within the Commonwealth, be done, if not by the Liberator?

The peculiar aspects of the cause, at the present moment, show how necessary and indispensable is a press in which all have confidence, and open to all controversies. The devoted enthusiasm of some of our friends is striking out new and startling measures; the short-sighted hurry of some makes them a prey to the specious pretences of Liberty Party; others, just awakened to the claims of the slave, are destitute of that experience which years passed in such a searching struggle must necessarily give, and some seem to doubt whether any system or organization be a useful instrumentality. The consideration of most of these things must be excluded from the platform of any organization where *concert* in measures, and discussion concentrated on certain defined points are necessary to effective action. How valuable, in this light, becomes a press, the organ of no society, whose editor not only knows, but has created the past history of the enterprise, and whose pages are open to controversy on all points and all measures.

That associated action in all general causes, moral as well as others, is necessary, every man's every day experience shows. That such associations should confine themselves fairly within certain limits is but a principle of common honesty between their members. But that no moral reform will ever make progress without a press vigilant in every new development of the principle, and at liberty to take ground

in regard to it without compromising the society itself, till some unanimity of feeling be secured among the friends of the cause, is equally evident from the whole history of our struggle. Such emphatically is the Liberator. The accusations made against it time turns into eulogy. Look back, friends, and see if what some doubting hearts thought over-anxious suspicion, does not seem, in the retrospect, prudent foresight. See if what you sometimes thought too eager love for controversy was not necessary vigilance?

You who owe such spiritual life to its appeals, respect too much the fountain from which your souls were fed, to let it *beg* for patrons. May it live a thousand years! unless the labors of fifty shall make its future life unnecessary.

As for support, the Liberator may rest secure, if now, in its thirteenth year, those who feel their lives bettered by its labors will pay back one tythe part of the debt they owe it. How small is the number of those who have laid aside a luxury or devoted a day to strengthen the foundation or widen the influence of so invaluable an auxiliary. How soon shall it be said that it has paid its expenses? This year, friends, if you will do your duty half as well as its pages do theirs.—W. R.

INFORMATION FOR NORTHERN TRAVELLERS!—THE NORTH STAR LINE!—In the Chicago Citizen we find the following significant notice:

MR. EDITOR:—As boasts and threats have been made, together with some abortive attempts at breaking up our "LINE," and as rumors prejudicial to us, and calculated to lessen our patronage, by creating a want of confidence in the permanency of our establishment, therefore I request you to publish the following

NOTICE OF THE CANADA LINE OF STAGES. *Cheep!* *Cheep!*—The subscriber would very respectfully inform the ladies and gentlemen of color of the South, who wish to travel North, for the benefit of their condition, or any excursion of pleasure to the Falls of Niagara, that the above line of stages will be in active and efficient operation during the summer.

Passengers will be carried all the way through for nothing, and found. For further particulars inquire of the subscriber, at his residence in Princeton, Bureau county. OWEN LOVEJOY, General Agent. Princeton, Bureau County, May 24th, 1833.

N.B.—Extras fitted out at any hour of the day or night, and articles of clothing furnished gratuitously, to those who have fallen among southern banditti, and been stripped. O. L.

This Mr. Lovejoy is brother of the martyr, and was with him when he fell, wounded and dying. It needs a martyr's spirit thus to defy the lion on the very borders of his den.

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP. *Longfellow*

In dark fens of the dismal swamp
The hunted Negro lay;
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
And heard at times a horse's tramp,
And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glowworms shine,
In bulrush and in brake;
Where waving mosses shroud the pine,
And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine
Is spotted like the snake;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,
Or a human heart would dare,
On the quaking turf of the green morass
He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,
Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame;
Great scars deformed his face;
On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,
And the rags that hid his mangled frame
Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,
All things were glad and free;
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
And wild birds filled the echoing air
With songs of Liberty!

On him alone was the doom of pain,
From the morning of his birth;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
And struck him to the earth!

THE CONTRAST.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED BETWEEN 1835, AND 1843.

1835.

1843.

The Abolitionists refused admission to Faneuil Hall.—It is gratifying to see, as we do by the Boston papers, that these wretched plotters of mischief have been promptly refused admission into classes and of every rank Faneuil Hall. A petition in life. Its sessions in the for liberty to desecrate day time are held in a that honored edifice by a curious place, the great meeting of the immediate Miller tabernacle in How-emancipationists, signed and street, and those char-by the leading spirits of ming vocalists, the Hutch-that most miserable of the insons, are in constant at-disorganizing factions of tendance to enliven the the day, was presented to proceedings with their the mayor and aldermen soul-stirring music. Not of Boston, and that body, less than three thousand with a feeling and spirit people were present yes-that do it signal honor, terday afternoon. Last refused unanimously to evening the Convention grant the incendiary re-assembled in FANEUIL quest. It would indeed Hall, which was crowded have been a most melan-to the utmost. I have choly spectacle to have never attended a meeting seen that glorious old Hall, within the walls of the within whose walls the Old Cradle in which the young liberties of the enthusiasm of the audi-country and of the worldence ran so high as on were first nursed into vi-this occasion. Garrison gor, occupied by the bas-presented an address to est organized band that the slaves of the United has set itself seriously at States, drawn up in his work to dissolve the work-peculiarly strong style, manship of our patriot telling them that their fathers. To see Faneuil masters were tyrants and Hall, where the founda-hypocrites, &c. and advi-sions of our national inde-ing them all to run away pendence were laid, open-the first opportunity.—ed for the ranters who are Charles Lenox Remond, doing their utmost to set a man of color, moved its one portion of this confed-adoption, and in the course eracy against the other, of an eloquent speech in-and thus by dividing, ut-troduced to the audience terly to destroy the only George Latimer, whose free government upon the case has produced so much face of the earth. excitement here and else-

We rejoice that the municipal government of Boston, has thus stepped between the venerable building so long devoted to a pure patriotism, and the fanatical banditti that would pollute it. To have suffered such an assem-blage within its walls would have taken from it half the venerated sacred-ness of the place. It would have levelled the proudest monument of New-England's History; emancipate his slaves, for Faneuil Hall would have lost all the charms of its glorious reminiscences, by such a contamination. Heaven grant that the day may be extended far, very far, into the future time when that building shall be dishonored by the presence of traitors, whether of five growth, or brought here from foreign coun-tries, to sever the bonds of this Union.—*New-York* rock. The convention to-*Courier and Enquirer.*

where. The assembly received him with great applause. Frederick Douglass, a fugitive slave, also made an earnest speech. He was followed by William H. Channing, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who seconded the motion for the adoption of the address to the slaves in a brief and eloquent speech. Wm. Phillips presented an address to President Tyler, requesting him to New-England's History; emancipate his slaves, for Faneuil Hall would have lost all the charms of its glorious reminiscences, by such a contamination. Heaven grant that the day may be extended far, very far, into the future time when that building shall be dishonored by the presence of traitors, whether of five growth, or brought here from foreign coun-tries, to sever the bonds of this Union.—*New-York* rock. The convention to-*Courier and Enquirer.*

day has been engaged in discussing the relations of the Church and ministry to the anti-slavery cause. Among the able speakers who took part in the debate was John Pierpont.—*New-York Tribune.*

WALKS OF USEFULNESS.

This is the title of a neat little volume of three hundred and twenty-four pages, containing the reminiscences of Mrs. Margaret Prior, dedicated to the American Moral Reform Society. It consists of a brief biography of Mrs. Prior, and copious extracts from her journal, while laboring as a missionary of the Moral Reform Society. The record of these visits to a sinning and suffering sisterhood, are often deeply interesting. Mrs. Prior was evidently a woman of great tenderness of heart, and deep religious feeling. She was a zealous member of the Methodist church, and her spiritual state is stamped upon every page. The overflowing kindness of her character may be judged of by the following anecdote. She had successively lost seven children, and her heart yearned to adopt an orphan, on whom she might bestow maternal love and care. "After some consultation, the arrangement was made to select such a child from the orphan asylum. She passed from room to room, observing some with whose looks she was pleased, but fixing upon none. As she entered the nursery, the first object that attracted her attention was a little infant lying in its nurse's arms, wan and wasted with sickness. It moaned piteously as she approached, and reached its tiny arms towards her, as if it would have said, 'Do take me.' The suggestion at once came to her mind, 'There's no charity in taking a healthy, pretty child; but there would be in taking a sick one.' She said had an audible voice from heaven whispered this in her ear, she would not have felt more strongly impressed that if an act of charity was designed, duty called her to choose this child in preference to others. It was but a few months old, and having received a severe injury of the spine, by some accident, it had been sick almost from its birth. She learned that its mother was a Christian, and with her dying breath had resigned it to the keeping of God, apparently in the strongest exercise of faith. Mrs. Prior was troubled in spirit; for she had sought counsel of the Lord in this matter, and now felt that his will was manifest—but she was not ready for the sacrifice. She went home in silence, with a load at her heart, purposing to state the case to her husband, and thinking if he objected, as she expected he would, it might relieve her from further sense of responsibility. Mr. Prior listened patiently to the matter, but gave no decided opinion for more than a week. During this time, her exercise of mind was such, that she was made fully willing to encounter any self-denial required, in case her husband gave his consent. One Sabbath, after a season of silent meditation, he came in, and said to her very pleasantly, 'Margaret, thee can take that child, if thee pleases.' The question was thus settled; and

poor Adeline found foster parents, who, as far as possible, supplied what few children who have once lost it, ever know—

'A mother's love, and a father's care.'

"Owing to the injury alluded to, this child could neither sit nor stand, till after she was three years old. The labor of taking care of her was truly arduous, requiring a degree of fortitude and unwearied patience, that even parents are seldom called to exercise. Mrs. Prior regarded this as a special dispensation of Providence, for the trial of her faith; and it proved a school in which she was taught many salutary lessons. She found occasionally that there was still much in her naturally high and independent spirit that needed to be subdued and moulded, so that in all circumstances it might be patient and Christ-like. When she had been broken of her rest at night, or obliged to perform repeated tiresome offices for the child during the day, she was sometimes so strongly tempted to impatience, that the perspiration would stand in drops upon her face, while her heart was lifted in ejaculatory supplication for grace to help. When thus tried, she would frequently repeat aloud, 'Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.' To her surprise, the first words her little charge attempted to speak were, lisped in broken accents, 'Et patence hab it perfer wut, at e may pe perfect an tire, wantin notin.'

At eleven years old, this child of care died. She had for some time been regarded as one of the lambs that Jesus had folded to his bosom. The evidence of early piety in her case was so marked, that none who knew

her doubted its being genuine. Mrs. Prior was led to rejoice greatly in the Lord that he had permitted her to be instrumental in polishing a gem to sparkle forever in her Redeemer's crown."

This good little book is for sale at the office of Moral Reform, 36 Park Row, and also at Saxton and Miles, 205 Broadway. The proceeds are to be devoted to benevolent purposes. *C. M. C.*

From the New York Tribune.

MR. TRIBUNE: They tell me you printed my letter to you. If you did, I take it it is all one as if you asked me to write again; for they tell me you never write back when they send you letters, but only print them when you like. Any how, I will send you this one more.

I writ you rather at arm's end, in my other letter. If I remember right, I spoke of New Hampshire lawyers. I don't know how I came to, unless it was speaking about DANIEL WEBSTER, and I spoke of him, speaking about the White Mountains. I was going to say something about the Mountains that lay heaped up round about me here. It kind of stretched out my idea, the thought of them, so high, so wild, so solitary, and the notion of this Webster came to me. He is a mountainous sort of creature. Mr. Tribune, if you've ever seen him. There's one of the mountains out here by the great White Mountain Gap, that has got a forehead exactly like him, and the mighty dark woods that skirt it all about, are about as dark as he. I know little about the man since he left his native State. Indeed I do n't care much. A man that can quit his birth-place and forget the hills and woods he was among when he was a boy, would forget his own mother.—I would n't leave New Hampshire, if I could! I would n't leave any where, where I was born and grew. If a man is driven away, and can't help it, that is another thing. I mean when he quits for money or ambition. I'd quit my skin as soon as I wou d where I was born. One is as much a part of a man as the other.

There's a town a little South of me about five-and-thirty miles off, in plain sight, where they've held Courts for the County. It's the County of Gratton. They've held Courts there these seventy years. This Webster us'd to come to Court there when he was a young lawyer. They say he went to his first Court there. I don't know how that is, but he went there when he was almost a boy. I could see him plainly from here. He was singular in his look. Him and his brother 'Zeke' us'd to come to Court together after a year or two. Daniel came first, though 'Zeke' was the oldest. I can see them now driving into that little village in their bellows-top chaise—top thrown back—driving like Jehu, the chaise bending under them like an elm-top in a high wind. I had heard tell of Dionied and Ulysses, a couple of old Greeks that used to ride in some such looking car as they did, though I believe the Greeks did n't ride together. But Daniel and 'Zeke' Webster made me think of them two Greeks. Daniel us'd to drive very fast. They'd come in as if they had started long before day, and it was a sight, in a small place, to see them two ride in together. I could have told either of them thirty miles among a thousand men.

The Court House was a little one-story building that stood on a hill. They took the steeple off twenty years ago and turned it into a wheelwright shop. Daniel made his first speech, they tell me, in that house, and had his first case there. It was a small case and the only one he had. He wanted to get it put by. The lawyer on the other side was opposed to it, and Daniel got up and made a speech to the Court that made that little old house ring again. They all said—Lawyers and Judges and people—that they never heard such a speech, or any thing like it. They said he talked like a different creature from any of the rest of them, great or small, and there were men there that were not small. There was a man tried for his life, that Court, or one soon after, and the Judges chose Webster to plead for him, and from what I can learn,

he never has spoken better since, than he did there when he first began. He was a black, raven-haired fellow, with an eye as black as death and as heavy as a Lion's, and no Lion in Africa ever had a voice like him, and his look was like a Lion's, that same heavy look, not sleepy, but as if he did not care about any thing that was going on about him, or any thing any where else. He didn't look as if he was thinking about any thing, but as if he would think, like a hurricane, if he once got waked up to it. They say the Lion looks so when he is quiet. It was not an empty look, this of Webster's, but one that did not seem to see any thing going on worth his while.

Zekiel did not use to speak in the Courts for a great many years. The talk was that he couldn't say any thing. They said he was a better judge of law than Daniel, but couldn't speak. He didn't need to speak much, for he generally put his cases into such a shape that he got 'em without coming to trial. No body ever knew how or why, but Zekie Webster's cases hardly ever came to trial. After some years he got to helping try other lawyers' cases, and then he spoke, and as well as a man could speak—more sensible, they said, than Daniel himself. It was not till after Daniel left the State, and some thought he didn't speak before because Daniel was present.

There was a lawyer by the name of Parker Noyes that used to go to Court the same time with the Websters—a better lawyer, it was said, than either of them, but he had not Daniel's terrible power of talk, a nicely said lawyer and a fatal pleader. Webster used to dread to meet him, he said. He knew the books and the cases and was an authority about the Court-house. Webster would sometimes be engaged to argue a cause just as it was coming to trial. That would set him a thinking. It would not wrinkle his forehead, but make him restless. He would shift his feet about, and run his hand up over his forehead through his Indian black hair, and lift his upper lip and show his teeth, which were as white as a hound's. He would get up and go across the bar and sit down by Parker Noyes and ask him where such and such a law was decided and the names of the cases. Not what the law was, but where it was in the books. What it was, he decided for himself. Noyes would tell him where it was, and then he would go back to his seat, and when the case came up for trial he would up and pour out the law and cite his authorities as if he had spent months poring upon it—his own mind arriving at the decisions of the Sages of the Law without having seen the books and on the spur of the moment. But for the sake of the Judge he would ask Parker Noyes to tell him where the authorities had writ it down.

Parker Noyes was a great advocate himself.—You probably never heard of him in your State of New York. He was a man that did not wish ever to be heard of, or talked about, any where. A man of no vanity whatever. He was not an orator—but his talk was very powerful both to the jury and the judges. He got such a credit for candor and honesty, among the people, that the jury put as much confidence in what he said as if he had been a witness on a judge. He spoke to them more like a judge than an advocate—and he never was excited or disturbed. Zekiel Webster, who was a diffident man, seeing Noyes get up once in his calm way, to address the jury in an important case, whispered to a lawyer sitting by him, "See how undisturbed Noyes is,—*cantharides* would not excite him!" He was one of the great New Hampshire lawyers. Richard Fletcher lived in the same town with him, before he left the State, and owed much of his legal sharpness, no doubt, to the training he got by the side of such an antagonist. Parker Noyes, I believe, did not go to Massachusetts—the way of all the New Hampshire great—(besides those that went elsewhere, Mr. Tribune.)

Old Judge Livermore, I said, was another eminent native here, who had the magnanimity to stay at home. He was sometimes at the Bar and sometimes on the Bench. He was not a man of books, though he occasionally looked into them, to see if

they agreed with him in opinion. If they did not, it was their hunt, not his, and when they did differ, they say he was oftenest in the right. It is laid down so and so, in Coke Littleton, please the Court, said a Counsel once to him in an argument. "Coke was an arbitrary man," said the Judge, in reply. Said the Counsel, "a Massachusetts Judge of some standing, was of the same opinion, in such a case—Theophilus Parsons!" Mr. Parsons was a great adherent to precedent, said the Judge. "The Law is not so in New Hampshire." And they said the Judge was right. He would decide for himself, if all the Judges in old England and New were of the other opinion. It bothered the Lawyers more than it did the people. You haven't a Judge on your Empire Bench, Mr. Tribune, that can stand up the always stood up, long after other New Hampshire Judges used to sit down, and have the Jury stand up too, and charge a Jury, with the clear strong sense and old Shakespeare English, that our New Hampshire Judge Livermore could, and that he can now if he has got the bodily strength left, though he must be eighty.

They sent him to Congress at the time John Randolph was there. Randolph thought he looked a little too stately and baronial for a Northerner, and thought he would make him aware that he did not come from Old Virginia. Livermore had made a few remarks in his peculiar way—and not to Mr. Randolph's mind. He immediately got up, and in the Roanoke vein and manner, said that the gentleman from Vermont had said so and so, &c. The House felt the taunt all round—all but Livermore, who, not perceiving it at all, quietly rose, when Randolph had done, and said—Mr. Speaker: I respect the opinions of the gentleman from Rhode Island, but must differ from him in this instance, &c., going directly into the argument, as though no mistake had been made. Randolph put on his fur cap and went out to see what had become of Juba and Syphax. The sensation throughout the House may be imagined. Henry Clay was writing a letter at the moment. On finishing a sentence of it, he went to Judge Livermore and told him he had been writing to Mr. — of Philadelphia of the extinction of Randolph. Mr. Randolph did not mistake Judge Livermore's State after that—though if the haughty Virginian had but known it, it was a greater honor to come from Vermont than from his own worn-out tobacco field—the Old Dominion.

New Hampshire is a hard State, Mr. Tribune, and a rough one, and cold, and poor, and small, and all that. But more great men spring in it—and greater great men, than in all the other States put together. I don't know why it is so—if it isn't because it is so tough a State to live in at all—that if any body can live, they must be somebody. If a man can survive his bringing up in New Hampshire, it is because he has got something in him, and if he lives through it, he is pretty sure to be great—especially if he moves away. There are a great many of our New Hampshire men that become great by going away into other States, who never would have been anything special if they had staid at home, where New Hampshire folks are common. Like some of these hills here about me—Old Mooschillock, for instance—something of a mountain it would be reckoned down in Massachusetts among their Mount Holyokes, and Mount Toms. It is thought nothing of here. I should advise people to be born in New Hampshire, Mr. Tribune, and brought up,—and then I'll warrant them any where—though if they are truly first-rate, I never would emigrate. I would live and die here in the native and abiding place of your friend,

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN,
Franconia Notch, March 28, 1846.

From the Philanthropist.

THE PALMYRA PRISONERS.

We have been deeply affected, by lately reading an account, (prepared by a committee,) of the transactions in the case of Alanson Work, James E. Burr, and George Thompson, tried for the alleged crime of negro-stealing, and sentenced to imprisonment for twelve years, in the Missouri penitentiary.

Mr. Work was an industrious mechanic, from Middletown, Connecticut, having, at the time he left, a wife and four children, dependent on him for support. Messrs. Burr and Thompson were members of the Mission Institute, near Quincy; the first from Western New-York, the last from Licking county, Ohio; and were preparing themselves for service in the missionary cause. They were all young men of unimpeachable character.

Certain slaves in Missouri had expressed a desire to be free. These young men, moved by compassion, agreed to afford them facilities for accomplishing the object. In the prosecution of this work, they were found in Missouri, in company with the slaves, were betrayed by them, arrested, thrown into a dungeon, tried by a prejudiced court and jury, and sentenced to confinement in the penitentiary for twelve years.

They violated no law of Missouri, except constructively; as was admitted on the trial. The evidence was not pretended to prove anything more, than that they were found with the slaves, and designed to give them aid to escape, if they wished.

The counsel for the prisoners therefore asked the court to instruct the jury as follows:—

"That before they can find the defendants guilty, they must, from the evidence in the case, (and from no other source,) find the following facts: 1st. That the defendants had possession of the slaves; and to constitute a possession in them of said slaves, the jury must, from the evidence in the case, find that the defendants exercised authority to restrain the movements of said slaves, or, (the slaves being present,) claimed the right of control, dominion, or authority, over the will of the said slaves. 2d. That if they find that the defendants were so possessed of said slaves, the jury must also find, from the evidence in the case, that at the time of becoming so possessed of said slaves, it was the intention of said defendants, to convert the property in said slaves to their own use. If, on the contrary, the jury shall find, from the evidence in the case, that the defendants were in the control of said slaves, or in the power of said slaves, or that when the defendants and slaves met, and while they remained together, the defendants claimed no authority over said slaves, but met them on an equal footing, as freemen; they ought to find the defendants, not guilty.

"They ask the court further to instruct the jury, that, whether Anthony met the defendants with or without the consent of his master, still to constitute a taking of said slaves by said defendants, the said slaves must have been in the possession of said defendants, as before explained; and that even such possession cannot authorize the jury to find defendants guilty of larceny, unless the jury also find, from the evidence in the case, that, at the time, defendants had the intention to convert the property in slaves to their own use. That a conversion to the use of said defendants cannot be made out, by merely showing that the defendants were willing and desirous, to give aid and assistance to said slave or slaves, in crossing the Mississippi river, and pursuing their journey to Canada, but that there must be an intention to sell, or hire, or retain said slaves for their service, or otherwise to exercise acts of ownership over said slaves."

The court refused to give such instructions, but instructed the jury, that the agreement to meet the slaves, for the purpose of aiding them in obtaining their freedom, and their meeting under such agreement, constituted a taking.

To all this the defendants excepted.

The court, in accordance with the motion of the attorney for the State, gave instructions to the jury of such a character, as to place the prisoners within the meaning and intent of the law. To these instructions, the counsel for the defendants also excepted.

After the verdict, they moved in writing for a new trial, because the court had refused proper instructions, when asked by defendants; because it gave improper instructions, on behalf of the plaintiff; because the verdict is against evidence; because it is against law; because the punishment is excessive. This motion was overruled, and the opinion of the court, in overruling it, was excepted to by defendants, who then moved in writing, to arrest judgment in the case. But the court also overruled this motion, and the defendants excepted, and prayed that their several exceptions to the opinion and decisions of the court, might be signed, sealed, and made part of the record in the case.

No appeal of the case was allowed—and these

young men are doomed to drag out twelve of the best years of their life, as felons in a penitentiary, for doing—what? That which in itself was an act of heroic philanthropy.

For a little while, let us recognize the fact, that slaves are men, most wickedly deprived of liberty; and elevate ourselves above the mists with which slavery has surrounded us. The two young men who risked their lives in an attempt to liberate the noble Lafayette from a despot's dungeon, won for themselves, imperishable glory. The object of their sympathy, was an illustrious one. If they failed, and were arrested, no disgrace would attach to their names; but the prayers of the world would go up in their behalf. If they succeeded, every heart would thrill at the mention of the names of Bollman and Huger. The objects of the benevolence of the young men of Quincy, were but slaves—despised, down-trodden slaves. Success would insure them no reward on earth; detection would consign them to a dungeon, and their names to infamy. And yet, with high resolve, they ventured on their work of mercy. Is there a man with a soul so debased, as not to recognize in their act, a sublimer daring, than in that of the heroes of Olmutz? May God be with them in their prison! Let them be of good cheer—twelve years hence, there will not be left one stone upon another of the great bastille of slavery.

It is painful to us, with our feelings of pity for the young men, to take up the tone of a censor. But we shall do what we believe our duty, even at the risk of being denounced by coarse fanaticism, as a compromiser, an expediency man, yielding to corrupt public sentiment, &c. &c.

Heroic as was the conduct of these sufferers, we believe they committed an error. The ground of our objection to their act, and all other acts of the kind, is, simply, a conviction that the anti-slavery cause is injured by them, and thus the day of deliverance to the entire slave population, delayed.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 29.

I promised again to take a glimpse of the antiquities of New-York; but, alas, in this new country the very word is calculated to arouse ridiculous associations. For us, tradition has no desolate arches, no dim, and cloistered aisles. People change their abode so often, that, as Washington Irving wittily suggests, the very ghosts, if they are disposed to keep up an ancient custom, don't know where to call upon them.

This newness, combined with all surrounding social influences, tends to make us an unreverential people.—It was the frequent remark of Mr. Combe, that of all nations, whose heads he had ever had an opportunity to observe, the Americans had the organ of veneration the least developed. No wonder that it is so. Instead of moss-grown ruins, we have trim brick houses; instead of cathedrals, with their "dim, religious light," we have new meeting-houses, built on speculation, with four-and-twenty windows on each side, and at both ends, for the full enjoyment of cross-lights; instead of the dark and echoing recesses of the cloister, we have ready-made coffins in the shop-windows; instead of the rainbow halo of poetic philosophy, we have Franklin's maxims for "Poor Richard;" and in lieu of kings divinely ordained, or governments heaven-descended, we have administrations turned in and out of office at every whirl of the ballot-box.

"This democratic experiment will prove a failure," said an old-fashioned federalist; "before fifty years are ended, we shall be governed by a king in this country." "And where will you get the blood?" inquired an Irishman, with earnest simplicity; "sure you will have to send over the water to get some of the blood." Whereupon, irreverent listeners laughed outright, and asked wherein a king's blood differed from that of an Irish ditch-digger. The poor fellow was puzzled. Could he have comprehended the question, I would have asked, "And if we could import the kingly blood, how could we import the sentiment of loyalty?"

The social world, as well as the world of matter, must have its centrifugal as well as centripetal force; and we Americans must perform that office; an honorable and useful one it is, yet not the most beautiful, nor in all respects the most desirable. Reverence is the highest quality of man's nature; and that individual, or nation, which has it slightly developed, is so far unfortunate.—It is a strong spiritual instinct, and seeks to form channels for itself where none exists; thus Americans, in the dearth of other objects to worship, fall to worshipping themselves.

Now don't laugh, if you can help it, at what I bring forth as antiquities. Just keep the Parthenon, the Alhambra, and the ruins of Melrose out of your head, if you please; and pay due respect to my American antiquity. At the corner of Bayard and Bowery, you will see a hotel, called the North American; and on the top thereof you may spy a wooden image of a lad with ragged knees and elbows, whose mother does n't know they're out. That image commemorates the history of a Yankee boy, by the name of David Reynolds. Some fifty years ago, he came here at the age of twelve or fourteen, without a copper in his pocket. I think he had run away; at all events, he was alone and friendless. Weary and hungry, he leaned up against a tree where the hotel

now stands; every eye looked strange upon him, and he felt utterly forlorn and disheartened. While he was trying to devise some honest means to obtain food, a gentleman inquired for a boy to carry his trunk to the wharf; and the Yankee eagerly offered his services.—For this job he received twenty-five cents; most of which he spent in purchasing fruit to sell again. He stationed himself by the friendly tree, where he had first obtained employment, and soon disposed of his little stock to advantage. With increased capital he increased his stock. He must have managed his business with Yankee shrewdness, or perhaps he was a cross of Scotch and Yankee; for he soon established a respectable fruit stall under the tree; and then he bought a small shop, that stood within its shade; and then he purchased a lot of land, including several buildings around; and finally he pulled down the old shop, and the old houses, and built the large hotel which now stands there. The old tree seemed to him like home. There he had met with his first good luck in a strange city; and from day to day, and month to month, those friendly boughs had still looked down upon his rising fortune. He would not desert that which had stood by him in the dreary days of poverty and trial. It must be removed, to make room for the big mansion; but it should not be destroyed. From its beloved trunk he caused his image to be carved, as a memento of his own forlorn beginnings, and his grateful recollections. That it might tell a truthful tale, and remind him of early struggles, the rich citizen of New-York caused it to be carved, with ragged trowsers, and jacket out at elbows.

There is a curious relic of bygone days over the door of a public house in Hudson street, between Hamersly street and Greenwich Bank, of which few guess the origin. It is the sign of a fish, with a ring in its mouth. Tradition says, that in the year 1743, a young nobleman, disguised as a sailor, won the heart of a beautiful village maiden, on the western coast of England. It is the old story of woman's fondness, and woman's faith. She trusted him, and he deceived her. At their parting, they exchanged rings of betrothal. Time passed on, and she heard no more from him; till at last there came the insulting offer of money, as a remuneration for her ruined happiness, and support for herself and child.—Some time after, she learned, to her great surprise, that he was a nobleman of high rank, in the royal navy, and that his ship was lying near the coast. She sought his vessel, and conjured him by all recollections of her confiding love, and of his own earnest protestations, to do her justice. At first, he was moved; but her pertinacity vexed him, until he treated her with angry scorn, for presuming to think she could ever become his wife.—“God forgive you,” said the weeping beauty. “Let us exchange our rings again; give me back the one I gave you. It was my mother's; and I could not have parted with it to any but my betrothed husband. There it is your money; not a penny of it will I ever use; it cannot restore my good name, or heal my broken heart: I will labor to support your child.” In a sudden fit of anger, he threw the ring into the sea, saying, “When you can recover that bauble from the fishes, you may expect to be the wife of a British nobleman. I give you my word of honor to marry you then, and not till then.”

Sadly and wearily the maiden walked home with her poor, old father. On their way, the old man bought a fish that was offered him, just taken from the sea.—When the fish was prepared for supper that night, lo! Lord Wallingford's ring was found in its stomach!

When informed of this fact, the young nobleman was so strongly impressed with the idea that it was a direct

interposition of Providence, that he did not venture to break the promise he had given. He married the village belle, and they lived long and happily together.—When Lord Wallingford died, an obelisk was erected to his memory, surmounted by the effigy of a fish with a ring in its mouth. Such a story was of course sung and told by wandering beggars and travelling merchants, until it became universal tradition. Some old emigrant brought it over to this country; and there in Hudson street hangs the Fish and the Ring, to commemorate the loves of a past century.

Now laugh if you will; I think I have made out quite a respectable collection of American antiquities. If I seem to you at times to look back too lovingly on the Past, do not understand me as quarrelling with the Present. Sometimes, it is true, I am tempted to say of the Nineteenth Century, as the exile from New Zealand did of the huge scramble in London streets: “Me no like London. Shove me about.”

Often, too, I am disgusted to see men trying to pull down the false, not for love of the true, but for their own selfish purposes. But notwithstanding these drawbacks, I gratefully acknowledge my own age and country as pre-eminently marked by activity and progress.—Brave spirits are everywhere at work for freedom, peace, temperance, and education. Everywhere the walls of caste and sect are melting before them; everywhere dawns the golden twilight of universal love! Many are working for all these things, who have but the dimmest insight into the infinity of their relations, and the eternity of their results; some, perchance, could they perceive the relation that each bears to all, would eagerly strive to undo what they are now doing; but, luckily, heart and hand often work for better things than the head wots of.—L. M. C.

The following petition signed by near 200 most respectable and worthy names, is now before the Massachusetts Legislature, and was printed with petitioners' names, by their order. The clergy will not encourage it. They rather be chaplains in the army and navy than hangmen. The office of executioner is too degraded for their fancy. They rather pray at the gallows, than tie the noose, or spring the platform.

To the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled.

The undersigned, citizens of Massachusetts, earnestly entreat you immediately to abolish all laws of this Commonwealth which require the infliction of Death as a penalty for crime.

If, however, such abolition shall be deemed by you inconsistent with the public welfare, and an infringement of the law of God, then we pray you—

First—That clergymen, instead of sheriffs, may be appointed executioners, they having been ordained and consecrated as ministers of Him whose law is said to require “blood for blood.” Your petitioners conceive, that if the office of Chaplain, in legislative and military bodies, is too sacred to be conferred, without great and manifest impropriety, upon mere laymen, however celebrated for piety and moral worth; the fearfully solemn work of putting an end to human life, and ushering the soul of the criminal into the presence of its final Judge, should be committed to none other than ordained and consecrated hands.

Secondly—In order that executions may be invested with all possible religious solemnity, and exert their appropriate influence upon society, we pray you so to alter the laws that they may hereafter take place on the Sabbath, in or near some place of public worship, such as may be selected by the clerical executioner, that thus the whole community may witness them; instead of being confined, as at present, to the jail-yards, where they can be seen but by a small number of persons, and those not always of the class most likely to be benefited by beholding such a scene. This arrangement would seem to accord with the example of our fathers, who placed their pillories and whipping-posts “at each church's door.”

Boston, Jan. 23, 1844.

ALTON, Oct. 30th, 1837.

Dear Brother Stanton,—Illinois is safe—is FREE. Pursuant to the call, the Convention met in Upper Alton on the 26th instant, at 2 o'clock, P. M., in the Presbyterian church.—The Rev. Dr. Blackburn was called to the Chair, and by a vote of the house invited to open the meeting with prayer. A motion was then made, that Rev. Mr. Graves be appointed temporary clerk, and that the roll be made out and the convention regularly organized. But this was opposed by U. J. Linder, Esq. the State's Attorney, on the ground, that the citizens of Alton present, were not all permitted to vote, or be recognized as members of the convention. The motion, however, prevailed. But now motion after motion was offered, speech followed speech, and the whole afternoon was consumed in determining who were the proper members of the convention.—In vain did Pres. Beecher urge the right of any six men to call a convention for any specified object, and invite their friends, only, or those who sympathized with them, to take part in

these deliberations. The demand was made, that all the citizens of Alton should be recognized as members. Thus the day was spent without determining this first question, and the citizens adjourned the house until the next day at 9 o'clock, A. M. Mr. Linder and his 'constituents' retired to the front of the meeting house, where he made a speech to them against the abolitionists, while the appropriate members of the convention spent a short time in silent prayer. The evening was spent, also, in prayer to Almighty God, that he might confuse the counsels of the wicked, and make the wrath of man to praise him. Special prayer was offered for Linder, the leader of the opposition.

Friday, Oct. 27.—Met according to adjournment. The meeting was opened with prayer by the chairman. The chair then stated, distinctly, that none would be enrolled as members, but those who assented to the conditions of the call, viz: Those who believed slavery to be a sin, and that it ought to be IMMEDIATELY ABOLISHED. The counties were then called in order, and all, who complied with the terms of the call, gave in their names. Almost every anti-abolitionist present, on such conditions, gave his name to the clerk. What honest, honorable men! But they were still defeated in the election of a moderator. We chose Dr. Blackburn. They succeeded in electing one of the clerks. Mr. Linder then offered a resolution, that the rules of the legislature of this State be adopted as the rules of this convention. This was carried. After the appointment of a committee to report business, consisting of Rev. E. Beecher, Rev. Mr. Turner, and U. F. Linder, Esq., the convention adjourned to 2 o'clock P. M.

In the afternoon, our opponents marshalled all their forces to vote us down. The meeting was opened, and the committee reported a series of resolutions for discussion. The minority presented a counter report, which was adopted as the subject of discussion.

Mr. Linder then offered a resolution, the import of which was, that as the constitution of the United States, and the constitution and laws of the several States, sanctioned slavery, or the right of property in man, the system of slavery could not be abolished without violating the right of private property, and immediately moved that the house be resolved into a committee of the whole, which was carried.—Mr. L. addressed the committee about fifteen minutes in favor of the resolution; a resolution having been previously passed that no one should speak more than 20 minutes at any one time. He was followed by Pres. Beecher, in a most eloquent speech against the resolution, also by Rev. Mr. Galt, who exposed the sinfulness of the slave laws and the duty of the slaveholding communities to abolish them immediately. Several other gentlemen addressed the committee, some for and some against the resolution, among whom was the Rev. Mr. Hogan,

THE ALTON TRAGEDY!

Or Slavery murdering Liberty in the person of her Representative, the martyred Lovejoy.

This 'Liberator Extra' is published and sent out with special reference to simultaneous meetings on the 22d, in reference to the recent murder at Alton. The design, in what has reference to that outrage, is to put the community in possession of the FACTS IN THE CASE. We begin with the constitutional guaranties, under which, as a citizen of Illinois, Mr. Lovejoy was acting, and had a right to act.

BILL OF RIGHTS OF ILLINOIS.

That all men are born equally free and independent, and have the inalienable and indefeasible rights of enjoying and defending life and liberty, and of acquiring, possessing, and protecting property and reputation.

That all free governments are instituted for the safety and happiness of the people—that no human authority can, in any case whatever, control or interfere with the rights of conscience. That the people shall be secure in their persons, houses, papers and possessions. That no freeman shall be deprived of his life, liberty, property or privileges, but by the law of the land.

The printing press shall be free to every person who undertakes to examine the proceedings of the General Assembly, or of any branch of the Government, and no law shall ever be made to restrain the right thereof. The free communication of thoughts and opinions is one of the invaluable rights of man; and every citizen may freely speak, write or print on any subject, being responsible for the abuse of that liberty.

In the exercise of rights, given him of God, and thus guaranteed to him by the Constitution of the State, Mr. Lovejoy established his paper at Alton. He had formerly published it at St. Louis, Missouri, as the St. Louis Observer. After his press was destroyed in St. Louis, he removed the paper to Alton, changing its name to that of the 'Alton Observer.' While at St. Louis, and for a time after its removal to Alton, it opposed the principles and measures of the abolitionists; so that its establishment at St. Louis, and subsequently at Alton, was not the establishment of an abolition, but of a religious paper generally—and a paper too, at the time, opposed to abolition. And when, in consequence of a change in the editor's opinions, it held a different language, and the press was in consequence again destroyed, its re-establishment was—(1) not the establishment of a new paper, but the re-establishment of an old one; and (2) not the establishment or re-establishment of an abolition paper, but of a religious paper generally, open to the discussion of slavery in common with other subjects. So that the question at issue, and in defence of which Lovejoy fell, was not whether an abolition paper should be established or re-established, but whether a religious paper should be tolerated, in which, in the language of the Bill of Rights, 'every citizen might freely speak, write, or print, on any subject, that of slavery not excepted. Let these facts be borne in mind in reading the following accounts.

The Murder—Preliminary Movements.

That it may be seen who are responsible to the community for this fatal result; we refer to some facts which occurred before the tragedy of November 7th.

On the 24th of October, a Colonization Society was formed, by a meeting of the citizens of Upper and Lower Alton and Middletown, in the Presbyterian house of worship—Upper Alton—which is reported, in the Alton Telegraph, to have been 'overflowing with gentlemen and ladies.' This meeting, in its resolutions, complained of 'the unchristian and abusive epithets against the slaveholding community,' and lauded the Colonization Society, 'because it tends to unite men in all sections of our country, in philanthropic feeling.' Hon. Cyrus Edwards, Rev. Mr. Parker, of New Orleans, and Rev. J. M. Peck, addressed this meeting.—Human Rights.

Anti-Slavery Convention.

On the 27th of October, the State Convention was held for the formation of a State Anti-Slavery Society. Rev. John J. Miter, who was present, gives the following account of its proceedings.

[Handwritten notes and signatures on the left page, including:]
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a Methodist minister, who stood at the elbow of Mr. Linder, and most eloquently defended his resolution. He was followed by Mr. L. again, who talked to every thing but his own resolution. He denounced the 'great Dr. Ely, and the abolitionists, and the black coats,' and hoped, that before the constitution was altered, 'the abolitionists might be sunk to the centre of the earth, and himself with them, and that they might wash their sins white in their own blood,' and closed by saying, that he 'would say no more on the subject.' He then moved, that the 'committee rise and report,' which was carried: also that the resolutions of the minority be adopted as the sense of this convention. This was also carried by acclamation. A motion was then offered and carried, to adjourn *sine die*. Thus was the meeting terminated by our opponents themselves, in which they had repeatedly challenged us to meet them in debate. They, however, discussed the subject long enough to know, that if it were continued, it must result in their entire defeat.

This evening was also spent in prayer. Every brother seemed to repose perfect confidence in the God of the oppressed, and to quietly wait for his salvation.

Saturday morning, Oct. 28th.—We met at the house of Rev. F. B. Hurlburt, and organized by calling Rev. Asa Turner, of Quincy, to the chair, and appointing Rev. Mr. Farnum and Dr. Adams, Secretaries. The roll was then called, and more than sixty delegates, from different parts of the State, reported themselves. The day was spent in discussing a bill of rights, preamble and constitution, and resulted in the formation of the 'Illinois State Anti-Slavery Society.' While we were thus concerned, we were compelled to lock the door against the rabble, who came with Linder at their head, and tried to gain admittance. They then retired to the academy, and were again addressed by their leader, and after passing a resolution, that they would have NO MOB!!! they dispersed. In the mean time, the orderly citizens took efficient measures to put down any attempt at violence.

On Saturday evening, the Convention appointed a committee to wait on the trustees of the Presbyterian churches in Upper and Lower Alton, and get their permission for President Beecher to preach in both houses on the Sabbath, on the subject of slavery. The request was granted. I heard the sermon in the lower town, which was a most masterly exhibition of several of the most important points connected with the discussion of slavery. I have never heard the minister who DARED to go so thoroughly into the merits of this deeply interesting subject, especially on the Sabbath.

The sermon was listened to with most manifest interest—and will not fail to produce its effect. It was full of thought, delivered with great boldness, and with deep feeling. The same discourse was delivered in the upper town in the afternoon, and with the same happy effect.

On Monday, the 30th inst., some of the members of the convention, together with some of the first citizens of Alton, met in the store of Alexander & Co., to discuss the question, whether the ALTON OBSERVER should be re-established at that place. The subject was coolly canvassed by President Beecher, and Dr. Miles, of Cincinnati, several of the citizens and others, and the conclusion arrived at, that there was no other way—that it must be sustained there. It was also clearly proved by a number of gentlemen present, that Mr. Lovejoy had VIOLATED NO PLEDGE to the citizens of Alton. But, on the contrary, that in all his interviews with them, he had distinctly reserved to himself the right of discussing what he pleased.

Pro-Slavery Meeting.

On the 2d of November, 'a large and respectable meeting was held in the city of Alton, at the counting room of Messrs. John Hogan & Co., (Mr. Hogan being a Vice President of the recently formed Colonization Society!)

the object of which was stated to be, to take into consideration the present excited state of public sentiment in this city, growing out of the discussion of the abolition question, and to endeavor to find some common ground on which both parties might meet for the restoration of harmony and good fellowship by mutual concession. The Rev. Edward Beecher and W. S. Gilman, abolitionists, laid before the meeting for their consideration, the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That the free communication of thought and opinion is one of the invaluable rights of man; and that every citizen may freely speak, write, and print on any subject, being responsible for the abuse of that liberty.

2. Resolved, That the abuse of this right is the only legal ground for restraining its use.

3. Resolved, That the question of abuse must be decided solely by a regular civil court, and in accordance with the law, and not by an irresponsible and unorganized portion of the community, be it great or small.

4. Resolved, For restraining what the law will not reach, we are to depend solely on argument and moral means, aided by the controlling influences of the Spirit of God; and that these means, appropriately used, furnish an ample defence against all ultimate prevalence of false principles and unhealthy excitement.

5. Resolved, That where discussion is free and unrestrained, and proper means are used, the triumph of the truth is certain; and that with the triumph of truth, the return of peace is sure; but that all attempts to check or prohibit discussion, will cause a daily increase of excitement, until such checks or prohibitions are removed.

6. Resolved, That our maintenance of these principles should be independent of all regard to persons or sentiments.

7. Resolved, That we are most especially called on to maintain them in case of unpopular sentiments or persons; as in no other case will any effort to maintain them be needed.

8. Resolved, That these principles demand the protection of the editor and of the press of the ALTON OBSERVER, on the ground of principle solely, and altogether disconnected with the approbation of his sentiments, personal character, or course as editor of the paper.

9. Resolved, That on these grounds alone, and irrespective of all political, moral or religious differences, but solely as American citizens, from a sound regard to the great principles of civil society, to the welfare of our country, to the reputation and honor of our city, to our own dearest rights and privileges, and those of our children, we will protect the press, the property, and the editor of the ALTON OBSERVER, and maintain him in the exercise of his rights, to print and publish whatever he pleases, in obedience to the supreme laws of the land, and under the guidance and direction of the constituted civil authorities, he being responsible for the abuse of this liberty only to the laws of the land.

These resolutions were opposed by U. F. Linder, Esq., the Attorney General of the State, in a long speech, and finally referred to a committee, of which Hon. Cyrus Edwards was chairman, to report at an adjourned meeting. Mr. Linder then offered the following resolution which was agreed to:

Resolved, unanimously by this meeting, that in the interim, between the adjournment and reassembling hereof, if any infraction of the peace be attempted by any party or set of men in this community, we will aid to the utmost of our power in the maintenance of the laws.

This 'large and respectable meeting' were thus far resolved to put down Mr. L. and his press, peaceably, if they could. Till the peaceable means should be fully tried, they unanimously resolved to do just what the abolitionists demanded, viz: 'to aid to the utmost of their power in the maintenance of the laws.' Had not the mob a right to infer that if at the adjourned meeting, this resolution should not

be renewed, the respectable resolvers would no longer endeavor to maintain the laws? The meeting adjourned to the next day, November 3d, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when the Hon. Cyrus Edwards from the committee, reported that the resolutions referred to them did not suit 'the exigency which had called together the citizens of Alton,' and 'that it was deemed a matter indispensable to the peace and harmony of this community, that the labors of the late editor of the Observer be no longer identified with any newspaper establishment in this city,' &c. &c.

Mr. William S. Gilman, the only abolitionist on the committee, entered his protest against the resolutions reported. Mr. Lovejoy addressed the meeting in favor of his right, under the constitution of the State, freely to publish his opinions. Mr. Hogan pretended that Mr. Lovejoy, when he first came to Alton, had given a public pledge that he would not advocate emancipation. The Rev. F. W. Graves asked Mr. Hogan, 'whether Mr. Lovejoy did not at the time referred to, distinctly state that he yielded none of his rights to discuss any subject which he saw fit.' Mr. Hogan replying in the affirmative, Mr. G. proceeded to remark, that when Mr. Lovejoy arrived in this city, he entertained the views attributed to him by the gentleman who had just taken his seat; (viz. that it was not his duty to advocate emancipation in a free State,) that a change had subsequently taken place in his opinions, and that at a certain meeting of the friends of the Observer, he (Mr. Lovejoy) had made known this alteration in his sentiments, and asked advice whether it was best to come out in public on the subject. That, under the circumstances of the case, it was deemed most proper to let the paper go on—there then being no excitement in the public mind. Mr. G. next alluded to the present excited state of popular feeling; and said that the friends of the Observer had lately received communications from all parts of the country, and even from Kentucky, Missouri and Mississippi, urging the necessity of re-establishing the press. Mr. Linder then offered a resolution that it was 'destructive of the peace and harmony of the citizens of Alton' that abolition should be discussed there in the Observer or any other paper, which was finally agreed to. Other resolutions of a similar nature were passed, with a simple disapproval of violence—but the pledge to sustain the law was NOT RENEWED!

The Deed Done—The Martyr Dead.

The first intelligence on the subject was contained in a letter addressed to the editor of the Cincinnati Journal, and dated Alton, Nov. 8, the morning after the murder, the substance of which was as follows:—

I grieve and am mortified when I say it, but such scenes have been acted over in Alton, within the last week, as would disgrace any town on the coast of Algiers. Steamboats have been boarded indiscriminately by armed ruffians, travellers' goods and boxes of furniture have been seized and broken open, in quest of printing presses, and their persons and lives have been threatened for remonstrating against it; scenes similar to this have been acted over on almost every boat that has touched our shores within the last week or ten days.

On Monday night the obnoxious press, so long looked for, arrived. Its friends had taken the precaution to have it landed late in the night, when it was supposed a mob would hardly be raised. They took the further precaution to have about fifty armed men secreted in the ware-room, ready for the service of the Mayor at any moment. While the press was landing, the spies of the enemy were seen lurking about, and the sound of their horn was raised, shrill and long. But whether the enemies of peace and order were buried too deep in the arms of Bacchus and sleep, or whether they feared the formidable preparations that were made to receive them, I know not.—There was no further molestation than the throwing of a stone or two, while the press was

removed into the ware-room of Messrs. Godfrey, Gilman & Co. Things remained quiet yesterday, saving the threats and imprecations that were heard along the streets against Mr. Lovejoy and the press. Mr. L's life was threatened openly and repeatedly. The Attorney General of the State was heard to say emphatically and significantly that "Mr. L. would be

killed within two weeks." Soon after dark, there were unwonted gatherings in certain coffee houses. Here the spirit of vengeance which had been rankling, was excited to desperation by spirit behind the counter. By 10 o'clock they were prepared for the work.

Accordingly they repaired to the ware-house of Godfrey, Gilman & Co. They commenced the attack by hurling volleys of stones through the windows and doors. Mr. W. S. Gilman appeared in the door of the 2d story, and addressed the mob in his peculiar kind and impressive manner. He earnestly and affectionately advised them to desist from violence; told them the property was left with him on storage; that he was bound to protect it. Assured them that nobody in the building had any ill will against them, and that they should all deprecate, doing any of them any injury. At the same time he assured them that the press would not be delivered up, but that he and his associates would defend it at the risk and sacrifice of their lives. He was answered by a fresh volley of stones. Those inside then disposed of themselves at the different doors and windows, and prepared to defend it to the last. They all agreed that no gun should be fired till the doors were burst open, or till there was some firing from without. Volley after volley of stones were hurled into the windows and against the doors, then a gun was fired into the window from the mob. Presently a second gun was fired. The balls were heard to whistle through the window, but neither of them did any injury. At this juncture, one of the party within, with the consent and by the advice of the rest, levelled his gun upon the mob. One man fell, mortally wounded. His associates took him up, and carried him away to a physician, and the mob dispersed. The young man died in about half an hour. The mobites have to-day taken a great deal of pains to send abroad the impression that this young man was a stranger, and was present only as a spectator, and took no part in the riot. But I have ascertained that there is no truth in this statement. He was a carpenter by trade, and was at work yesterday for Mr. Roff, and was heard to speak repeatedly during the day of the part he intended to act last night. I have just been told also, by a very respectable citizen, that he saw him, just before he was shot, very actively engaged in throwing stones into the windows. I learn that his name was Bishop, recently from Genesee county, New York.

In about an hour, after the mob had had time to revive their spirits, and recruit their courage in the aforesaid Coffee Houses, they returned with increased numbers, and armed with guns and muskets, &c. &c. and recommenced the attack with renewed violence.—They formed on the east side of the store, where there are no doors or windows, and occasionally a fire was given from each party.—Whiskey was brought and distributed profusely among them, and all were exhorted to be "good men and true." Occasionally one of the mob was heard to sing out, "if any more guns and whiskey is wanted, away to the French Coffee House." Baffled in their attempt to gain admittance into the store by doors and windows, they resolved unanimously, with a shout which cleft the air, to fire the building, and "shoot every damned abolitionist in it, as they should attempt to escape."—Accordingly a ladder was made, and combustibles prepared, and a man ascended to the roof. Presently it was in a blaze. Meantime the company within sent out a detachment of 4 or 5 of their number to prevent it. Mr. Lovejoy was of the number. The man on the ladder was fired at—and wounded. Just about

this time, Mr. Lovejoy, who stood near the reader, was deliberately aimed at by a man who stood a few yards from him, and shot down.— He jumped up after he was shot, went into the counting room, exclaiming 'I am shot,' 'I am a dead man,' and fell down and expired in a few minutes. Those within perceiving the building on fire, and that it, together with its valuable contents, must be inevitably destroyed, and the press which they were defending with it, proposed to capitulate. They were assured by those without, that if they would withdraw from the building, and leave their arms behind them, not one of them should be molested. They accordingly left the building, and as they were going out of the door and turning the corner, almost every one of them was fired at. Mr. Roff received a ball in one of his legs, which has not yet been extracted. It is apprehended that his leg will have to be amputated. His clothes were perforated with several holes, and one shot entered his nose near his eye, which bled profusely. Mr. Weller, of the firm of Gerry & Weller, received a ball in his leg, but it is thought the bone is not fractured. Several others have their clothes perforated with balls. They were pursued and fired after in every direction, till none of them could be found. The mob then entered unmolested, threw out the press and demolished it. There were 18 men in the building, with about 36 stand of arms, besides small arms: they were not desirous of destroying life, or they might have shot down 50 of the rioters as easily as one. They Mayor was heard to express the opinion to-day, that there were of the rioters from 150 to 200, of whom from 50 to 80 were armed. Our young and worthy mayor exerted himself, and did what he could to disperse the mob. But his kind admonitions were only returned by curses. A certain grog-seller in town stood a short distance from the mayor, and vociferated that 'If any one of their number was arrested by the civil authorities, he was authorized to say, he should be rescued by force and arms.' The immediate cause which emboldened the mob, was the same here as that which preceded the famous riots of your own peaceful city. A public meeting was got up, and resolutions were passed, not driving Mr. Lovejoy from the city, but just strong enough to excite and embolden the mob to do it. The Attorney General of our goodly State took a very conspicuous part in this meeting. He came out in an inflammatory speech in which he abused by every epithet he could command, Mr. Lovejoy and his associates, and the ministers of religion generally. He denounced Mr. L. at one time as a very wicked fellow, at another as a fanatic who was utterly beside himself and ought to be taken care of. But he did not yet hand him over to the tender mercies of the mob. O no! I will testify for him, that he said expressly that 'he would not advise that individuals, property, or person be sacrificed, until the peace of the city required it.' But at the same time he plainly intimated by the turn of his eye, and the peculiar expression of his countenance, that that time was not far distant. A reverend clergyman of our city followed in a speech, in which he attempted to explain the doctrine of expediency; reminded the meeting that St. Paul's friends thought it expedient on one occasion to let him down in a basket from the wall, and let him go. Whatever may have been the intention of the speaker, it was manifest that the audience were willing to construe it as a good precedent for them to dispose of Mr. Lovejoy.

The account of the outrage published by the Mayor of A'ton, does not differ materially from the above, except that his statement, though it does not assert it, is calculated to give the impression, that the first gun was fired from within. This, if true, would not alter the merits of the case at all. But it is not true. It will be seen by the above, that Mr. Gilman 'appeared in the door of the 2d story, and addressed the mob.' In another letter, to the same editor, and of the same date with the above, the writer says:—

Though yesterday we did not hear much noise, last night fourteen, citizens, of whom I was one, remained in the building with arms, which, under the authority of the Mayor, were to be used in defending the property. It was a bright moonlight night. About ten o'clock an armed mob of some thirty desperadoes assembled in front of the store, and demanded the press. I assured them that we would not deliver it—that we had been told by the Mayor to protect our property, and would do so with our lives. They then began to throw stones, and soon beat in the second story windows; then they fired upon us at the doors. Our men then fired and killed one of their number. They were more quiet for a few minutes, but soon returned again, having ladders lashed together and materials prepared to set fire to the roof of the warehouse. Occasionally guns were fired, amid dreadful threats and curses on their part. They ran up the ladders, and we found that the only way to prevent them was to come out of the building and fire: this we did, and wounded two or three of them; but they had the advantage by this time, having increased their numbers by some forty or fifty. (I hear that a number of them were sent up from St. Louis; and this I presume is the fact.) On their renewing the attempt on the roof, we again went out, but they had now fearful advantage of us, having stationed men behind the adjoining buildings, and at a pile of boards on the landing, who could fire from under cover. Mr. Lovejoy and Mr. Weller were shot down by them. Mr. L. only lived to reach the counting-room, and died on the floor. Mr. W. was hit in the leg, near the knee—not dangerous. Our men again retired into the building. We had now been in the conflict from one and a half to two hours—the church bells ringing—yet so numerous were the mob and their friends, that the Mayor and Constables could do nothing, as the citizens could not be rallied in sufficient numbers to give a chance of success. We now called out to them that Mr. Lovejoy was dead, and we wished to end the affray on some terms. They replied with dreadful curses, that the lives of all in the building should be forfeited. With the roof of the warehouse already on fire, it was folly to resist longer, as it would only be at the certain sacrifice of our lives, and twenty or thirty thousand dollars' worth of property by fire. Mr. W., who was outside the building and acquainted with many of the mob, acted nobly. He came to the door, and told us to escape down the river. All of our men but two who staid with the wounded, (Mr. Roff and Mr. Weller, both wounded in the leg,) escaped, and running along the river bank, got off, notwithstanding the heartless creatures fired at us as we ran.

For a subsequent and highly important letter from Alton, see the first page of this paper. Referring to that letter, the Emancipator sums it up thus.

THE LETTER FROM ALTON, taken from the Cincinnati Journal, settles several points, in our view, satisfactorily.

1. That Mr. Lovejoy was not defended as an abolitionist, nor by abolitionists, as such, but as the editor of a free religious paper, by the friends of freedom of the press, as such.

2. That those who acted on the defensive, acted in every instance, with the express advice and sanction of the Mayor, and exactly followed his directions; so that they were, in fact and morally, though not in form, the posse comitatus.

3. Observe the calm and deliberate self-possession with which Mr. Lovejoy addressed the meeting on the 3rd; his candid statements, frank explanations, conscientious firmness, his tenderness of spirit in referring to his family, his hopelessness of all human protection, his trust in God, his prayerful spirit, his readiness to meet the issue.

4. The cautious but effective course of the committee, to carry the meeting just as far as was necessary to secure effective action by the mob, without formally committing the 'gentlemen of property and standing' in favor of violence.

5. The caution of the supporters of the press, not to exhibit any thing like bravado, or any thing needlessly irritating to the minds of their enemies.

5. That brother Lovejoy never intended to leave Alton. This his own letters also abundantly prove.

6. That President Beecher is already marked as the next victim, and all ministers of the gospel are warned, that if they will keep still, they shall not be sacrificed! This is American Slavery.

The following is an extract of a letter from Rev. Mr. Graves of Alton, who has nobly stood 'faithful among the faithless,' to the N. Y. Evangelist.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—Our once honored city has again been the theatre of the most daring, heart-rending scene of violence that has ever been witnessed in the United States of America. Yes, brother, the first American martyr to the cause of the oppressed sons and daughters of Africa, has fallen; and that too, in the free state of Illinois, and the once generous, enterprising city of Alton! He has gone; the talented, devoted Lovejoy is no more—his work on earth is done; and, we doubt not, has fully entered upon the high and holy employments of heaven. Never, it is believed, did a man ripen faster for glory, or was better prepared to exchange this world of sin, and trial, and persecution, for the upper sanctuary, than was our deceased and beloved brother. The afflictions through which he had passed for the few preceding months, had worn away the rubbish and infirmity of the old man; and brought out in delightful contrast the sweet, the chastened, the sanctified temper of the sincere Christian. But I need not dwell upon this strange, and to us unexpected event. Brother Lovejoy now sleeps in the lonely church yard, there to rest till the archangel's trump shall call him to judgment. But though dead, he yet speaketh. His pen, now dipped in blood, will speak nobler, and kinder, and more convincing words for the poor and oppressed African, than he could have said during a life of three score years and ten.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. Joel W. Parker, to the editors of the N. Y. Observer:

I believe it is well known who shot Mr. L. It is also well known who were the principal leaders in the mob. They are all citizens of the Lower Town, I believe; but they cannot be brought to justice, because the law is prostrated and violence rules. Several balls entered Mr. L's breast, and passed through the lungs. He was at Mr. Long's the day before, and left his wife to spend a few days in this village, that she might be out of the storm, and returned himself to the Lower Town to see to his affairs. He shook hands with me and bade me good bye, and observed that he hoped soon to see me and my wife at his house. On Thursday I went to his funeral. The morning after the fatal accident, I was commissioned to bear the tidings to his wife, who was in feeble health. At a suitable time I went, and found her confined to her room and to her bed, though she had not the least suspicion of what had happened. It was a painful task to me indeed. She is a most amiable, artless, and sensible lady. When I revealed to her the disaster, she immediately sunk into an insensible and tremulous state, as if an arrow had pierced her vitals. She continued so through the day, but has since so far recovered as to be removed to her own house, and will soon go to St. Charles, Mo. to her mother.

From the Cincinnati Journal.
LETTER FROM ALTON.

Alton, November 15, 1837.

MY DEAR BROTHER—I wrote you hastily from this scene of strife and danger last week. As there are some other matters connected with the recent transactions in our city, which the public are interested to know, and as there is a press in this neighborhood, that I am aware of, that is not either in the interest of the mob, or afraid to tell all the things that have come to pass here in these days, it has seemed good to me, having been an eye and ear witness of most of the things that have transpired, to write unto you, that you may know the certainty of these things. I am fully aware of the danger I incur by so doing. Ministers of the gospel have been told here, in the street, by authority, that it would be unsafe to disregard, that if they opened their mouths, they might expect to share the fate of Lovejoy; while at the same time they have been kindly assured, that if they would keep still, they should not be molested. I have not been threatened with violence, that I am aware of, but I consider myself not the less in danger. I shall, nevertheless, proceed to tell you the truth, as I conceive every American citizen is deeply interested in the events that are here transpiring. I state nothing but what I know from personal observation, or from the most unquestionable authority. If I shall, from wrong information, or inadvertently, state any thing that is not in strict accordance with truth, I will most cheerfully retract it, so soon as it shall be made to appear that I have erred, and take pains to make the retraction as public as the statement. My object is to injure no man; but simply to tell the truth.

NOT A QUESTION OF ABOLITION.—You, I believe, sir, know pretty well my views in reference to abolitionism, the great agitating question of the nation. I shall not, therefore, be charged by you, at least, with zeal for abolitionism, in writing what I have. The great strife is not between abolitionism and anti-abolitionism. The number of abolitionists in this town is quite small. And those engaged in this conflict have not taken sides according to their views in reference to this question at all. It has been a question, whether a peaceful, unoffending citizen, of irreproachable character, should be protected in the exercise of his lawful rights. Probably not one-fourth of those who volunteered from time to time, in defence of the press, and probably not more than one half of the number in the building devoted to destruction that night, were abolitionists. Several were there who I know have always been opposed, and are still opposed to abolitionism. Interesting as the question of slavery is, the question now pending here, I regard as surpassing it in interest. To have my mouth hermetically sealed and guarded by pistols and bayonets, and not allowed to express an opinion without danger of immediate assassination,—this, this is slavery infinitely more degrading and humiliating than is to be found in any form in Louisiana and Mississippi. For one, I shall not submit to it. While I live, I shall utter freely my opinions, however dear I may pay for my temerity. Life is as dear to me as any man. But life, purchased at the expense of disfranchisement of all the dearest attributes of my being—what is it? It is too high a price for me. I scorn to be a slave.

ACTED BY AUTHORITY.—But those who united in defending the press have been called a mob. It has been said that one mob opposed another. There is no truth in this statement. The citizens have, in no instance, since those late difficulties commenced, taken up arms, without the express advice and sanction of the mayor. They acted under his authority and direction. On the night of the 31st ult., when it was rumored that a riot would be got up at the Presbyterian church, where President Beecher was to preach, the mayor expressly advised that those who were disposed to aid him in keeping the peace, should have their arms in some convenient place where they could get them at a moment's warning. They obeyed him implicitly in this matter. Their arms were deposited near the church, and when there were indications of a mob, by a stone having been thrown into the window, they repaired immediately to their guns, and formed in a line in front of the church, awaiting the orders of the mayor. After the church was dismissed, he advised them all to go home. They immediately obeyed, although, as they retired, some of the people threw stones at them. One was struck in the head; another in the back, and a third had the breech of his gun struck off by a stone.—But they did not retaliate. If this was a mob, acting as they were, under the direction of the civil authorities, then these men will not deny that they were in a mob.

Again, on the night of the landing of the press, the mayor was with the thirty men under arms,

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counseling and acting with them. Again, while the mob was raging, the mayor after he had exerted all his official authority without, went into the building to confer with those within, on the expediency of giving up the property, they asked him whether they should defend their property with arms, and he replied, as he had repeatedly before, that they had a perfect right to do so, and that the law justified that course. This then is the kind of mob that was organized against the assailants.

A PUBLIC MEETING.

I alluded in my former letter, to a public meeting held on Friday P. M. previous to the outrage. This meeting originated among those who were known to be opposed to the views of Mr. Lovejoy. But Mr. L. and his friends, desirous of promoting peace, if it could be done at any price short of a total abandonment of principle, met with them, and although care had been taken to secure a large majority of those who were adverse to Mr. L's views, they remained, and discussed the matter with them till the going down of the sun, when it was determined to commit it to a committee of seven, to report at an adjourned meeting the next day, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Although the avowed object of the meeting was to endeavor to effect a compromise, yet in the appointment of the committee which was done by the chair, there was not one abolitionist on it, and but one who had manifested any disposition to defend Mr. Lovejoy in the exercise of his undoubted rights. The committee was selected chiefly, from our most substantial and respectable citizens—men in whose hands I would willingly trust my property and life in any case where their minds had not been predisposed against me. But the most of them were known to be irreconcilably hostile to Mr. L's remaining among us.

What sort of a report was to have been expected from such a committee? Why, just such an one as they brought forth. While it made no concession on the part of those who were opposed to Mr. L. it very modestly required of him to abandon his constitutional rights, his principles, his occupation, his property, his all!! and this too, while no charge or insinuation was made that there had been any infraction of the laws; but on the contrary, it expressly asserted that his private character was unimpeachable; and yet this was called a compromise.

At the adjourned meeting on Friday, pains were taken by certain individuals to get in as many as possible who were opposed to Mr. L. that every thing might be carried by acclamation. The meeting was hardly organized, before a resolution was willy brought in, excluding all from a participation in the deliberations except citizens of Madison county. It was understood, that the object of this resolution was to prevent president Beecher and others who had troubled them with some sober truths and arguments the day before opening their mouths on the occasion. The way, being thus cleared, one of the committee (Mr. Linder) made a

long speech in explanation of the views of the committee, and commending in the highest terms their liberality and indulgence. It was viewed by the speaker as a remarkable instance of moderation, considering the provocation that had been given; and more than intimated that if it were not accepted, so favorable terms might not again be offered. In the course of his remarks, he broke out in several episodes of considerable length against abolitionists, ministers of the gospel, &c. &c.

Mr. LOVEJOY'S DEFENCE.—After he had concluded his speech, which, although it professed to be very mild and conciliatory, was in fact, of the most inflammatory character, Mr. Lovejoy obtained the floor.

He proceeded to the desk in front of the audience, laid aside his overcoat, and in the most calm and deliberate manner addressed the meeting. He repelled, in a spirit of meekness, several charges and insinuations that had been hurled at him. He said it was not true that he held in contempt the feelings and sentiments of this community in reference to the great question which was agitating it. He respected and appreciated the feelings of his fellow citizens; and it was one of the most painful and unpleasant duties of his life, that he was called upon to differ from them. If they supposed he had published sentiments contrary to those generally held in this community, because he delighted in differing from them, or in occasioning a disturbance, they had entirely misapprehended him. But, although he valued the good opinion of his fellow citizens as highly as any man could, yet he was governed by higher considerations than either the favor or fear of man. He was compelled to the course he had taken, because he feared GOD. As he should answer to God in the great day, he dare not abandon his sentiments, or cease in every proper way to propagate them.

He told the meeting he had not asked or desired any compromise. He had asked for nothing but to be protected in his rights as a citizen, rights which God had given him, and which were guaranteed to him by the constitution of his country. He asked, 'What infraction of the laws have I been guilty of? Whose good name have I injured? When and where have I published any thing injurious to the reputation of Alton? Have I not, on the contrary, labored in common with the rest of my fellow citizens, to promote the reputation and interest of Alton? What has been my offence? Put your finger upon it. Define it, and I stand ready to answer for it. If I have been guilty, you can easily correct me. You have public sentiment in your favor. You have your juries, and you have your attorney, (looking at the attorney general,) and I have no doubt you can correct me. But, if I have been guilty of no violation of the laws, why am I hunted up and down continually, as a partridge upon the mountains? Why am I threatened with the tar barrel? Why am I waylaid in the day, and from night to night, and my life in jeopardy every hour?' He told them they had made up a false issue (as the lawyers say;) there were not two parties in the matter between whom there could be a compromise. He planted himself down upon his unquestionable rights, and the question to be decided, was not whether he should be protected in the exercise and enjoyment of those rights—What is the question?—Whether my property shall be protected, whether I shall be suffered to go home to my family at night, without being assailed, and threatened with tar and feathers, and assassination: whether my afflicted wife whose life has been in jeopardy, from continued alarms and excitements, shall night after night be driven from a sick bed into the garret, to save her life from the brick bats and violence of the mob: that, sir, is the question.'

Here his feelings overcame him, and he burst into tears. Many others in the room also wept, several sobbed aloud, and I thought for a time, that the sympathies of the meeting were so much excited that there would be a reaction in his favor.

He apologized for having betrayed any weakness on the occasion. It was the allusion he said to his family that overcame his feelings. He assured them it was not from any fears on his part. He had no personal fears, not that he felt able to contest this matter with the whole community; he knew perfectly well that he was not. But where should he go? He had been made to feel that if he was not safe in Alton, he would not be safe anywhere. He had recently visited St. Charles, for his family, and was torn away from their embrace by a mob. He had been beset, night and day, in Alton. Now if he should leave Alton and go elsewhere, violence might overtake him in his retreat, and he had no more claim for protection upon any other community, than he had upon this. He had finally come to the determination, after having consulted his friends, and earnestly sought counsel of God to remain in Alton, and here to insist upon protection in the exercise of his rights. If the civil authorities refused to protect him, he must look to God for protection; and if he very soon found a grave in Alton, he was sure he should die in the exercise of his duty.

The above is a very meagre outline, which I sketch from memory, not having taken any notes at the time. His manner: but I cannot attempt to describe it. He was calm and serious, but firm and decided. Not an epithet or unkind allusion escaped his lips, notwithstanding he knew he was in the midst of those who were seeking his blood, and notwithstanding he was well aware of the influence that that meeting, if it should not take the right turn, would have in infuriating the mob to do their work. He and his friends had prayed earnestly that God would overrule the deliberations of that meeting for good. HE HAD BEEN ALL DAY COMMUNING WITH GOD. His countenance, the subdued tones of his voice, and whole appearance, indicated a mind in a peculiarly heavenly frame, and ready to acquiesce in the will of God, whatever that might be. I confess to you, sir, that I regarded him at the time, in view of all the circumstances, as presenting a spectacle of moral sublimity, such as I had never before witnessed, and such as the world seldom affords. It reminded me of Paul before Festus, and of Luther at Worms.

As soon as he had left off speaking he left the room, and the attorney general again obtained the floor. He treated as hypocritical cant, every thing Mr. L. had said. He held him up as a fanatic of the first order, and as a very dangerous man in the community. He waxed warm and became very violent, not only against Mr. L., but against abolitionists and ministers of the gospel generally, interlarding his speech with many profane allusions to Scripture; in reference to which he betrayed as much ignorance as malignity.

A number of respectable gentlemen, most of whom are not abolitionists, unwilling to sit and hear themselves and friends, and their religion longer abused, arose and left the room. As they were going out, the speaker paused, and said he would wait for all the abolitionists to leave the room—he was sure they would not be missed.

After speaking a while in a most inflammatory manner, he introduced a resolution as a substitute for those in the report of the committee which said, a religious paper might be established in Alton, under certain circumstances. The manifest spirit and design of his resolution was, that no independent religious paper should be tolerated.

The chairman of the committee, Hon. Cyrus Edwards, arose, and in a very respectful but decided manner, expressed his dissent from the sentiments just uttered. He urged the importance of maintaining peace and good order, and concluded by saying, that he wished to take his stand before the country, on the report and resolutions of the committee. But the substitute was urged with a great deal of pertinacity, and finally carried by shouts which made the whole building ring—no one voting to the contrary. Those in favor of maintaining the supremacy of the laws had either left the room, or remained as idle spectators. The idea that Mr. Lovejoy was a fanatic if not partially insane, was countenanced by religious men in the meeting. A story was told of the lamented Elijah Pierson, who fell a victim to the impostor Matthias, as illustrative of the nature and tendency of this kind of fanaticism. Other stories were told of a similar kind, which were regarded as very much in point by the meeting. Their whole tendency was to impress upon the minds of the audience, that Mr. L. was not entitled to the protection of the laws in the exercise of his rights.

THE RESULT OF A MOB. The meeting adjourned with every expression of satisfaction at what had been done. No resolution had been passed to destroy Mr. L. and his press, it is true, but from the resolutions that were passed, and from the remarks made, it was clearly demonstrated to the minds of all present that if such a work was undertaken, it would not be interrupted by those who composed that meeting. Add to this the fact, that several of the magistrates were in favor of the mob. One had been heard to say, openly, after the first press was destroyed: 'I ordered them to disperse, but they had my good wishes.' Another recently said, 'he considered the mobs as the least of the two evils' (comparing them with abolitionism.) And to these add also the well known opinions of the prosecuting attorney of the state, 'that any thing might be tolerated rather than suffer Mr. L. and his press to remain among us.' I say put all these things together, and it was not difficult to predict the result. I told my friend on my way home from the meeting, that there would certainly be violence. It would be the legitimate fruits of such a meeting in the present excited state of the community. If there should not be, it would certainly not be because in the nature of the case, there had not been sufficient preparations to secure it; but it would be because, God had held in check the elements fitted for the purpose.

THE TRUE GROUND. How differently might have been the result, if the whole committee, with all their influence (and they have much in this community,) had planted themselves upon the correct doctrine contained in the brief and simple, but expressive protest of Mr. Gilman, viz. 'That the rigid enforcement of the law, would prove the only safe protection of the rights of citizens, and the only safe remedy for similar excitements in future.' Had they taken this course: had they assured the mayor, in the presence of the assembled multitude, that he might rely on their assistance, their counsel, their influence, and their personal efforts to aid him in suppressing violence and maintaining the laws, had they at once set about devising ways and means for promoting the public peace and safety, instead of taking the course they did—who believes that we should have witnessed such scenes as occurred soon after the meeting? Who believes that human blood would have been shed? That our young, and hitherto prosperous and far-famed city would have been so indelibly disgraced? And that the world would have been furnished with this new, but signal and desired opportunity of sneering at our boasted liberty and freedom of speech? There is not a man in this community that believes it. I regret, deeply regret, that the committee should not have taken this ground. I believe the time will come, when they will see that they have erred. They may, indeed, for a time, enjoy the unenviable satisfaction of being commended by every slave-holding and enslaved press in the land, for their zealous attempt to compromise human rights. They have already received this need. The Missouri Republican, a print zealous in the interest of the mob, is clamorous in their praise; but, when the occasion of the present ex-

citement shall have gone by, and men again return to sober reflection; when reason, instead of passion and interest, begins again to sway men's minds, these transactions will be viewed, even by themselves in a very different point of light from what they now are. When the history of these times shall hereafter be chronicled by the impartial historian for the use of posterity, the highest place that I desire on the historian's page is to be found, standing up for, and supporting the laws of my country. Let my name have an humble place under the simple, but patriotic protest of WINTHROP S. GILMAN.

—With the laws of my country let me stand or fall. Many incorrect statements have gone abroad relative to the conduct of those engaged in defending the press. Some of them we deem it important to correct.

They have been charged with a spirit of bravado and recklessness, in bringing the press into the city at a time when the populace were so much excited against it. That there is no foundation for this, will appear from the following facts, which are not generally known. On the 2d inst. when the excitement was so great that it was apprehended that the press could not be safely landed, (it was expected daily,) they sent an express to St. Louis, to await its arrival there, and have it landed at Chippawa, about five miles below this place, and hauled to a place for seclusion in a building which had been engaged to store it. A team was kept in readiness the next day at Chippawa, to receive it, and two individuals went down to assist in loading it. It did not arrive, however, and as it rained the next day, the road from C. was bad. It was then concluded to let it arrive at Alton, and if it should come in the day time, let it be landed; but if at night, and there should be any appearance of a mob, it was to be carried further up the river. On Saturday night, Nov. 3d, another express was sent to St. Louis, ordering the press to arrive at Alton at 3 or half past 3 o'clock A. M., it being thought the most unlikely time for a mob. On Sunday evening, the 4th, an express arrived from St. Louis, and advised of the arrival of the press at that place, in the Missouri Fulton. An urgent letter was then written to the Captain to make his arrangement to reach this place at 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning, which he did, as already stated in my former letter. By this statement it will appear that every precaution was taken to avoid excitement on the landing of the press.

Another story that has been reported through the Missouri Republican, is, that Mr. Lovejoy, on the evening preceding his death, had agreed to leave Alton, and remove his press, but was dissuaded by Beecher and others from so doing, on the ground that the war had been commenced there, and must be terminated there. This statement is not true. Mr. L. never vacillated for a moment, in regard to his duty in maintaining his rights to the last. That President B. did express it as his opinion in consultation on Monday, that it was the duty of good citizens to contend for the freedom of speech, and to resist the demands of a lawless mob, is quite probable. These are well known to be his sentiments. These are the sentiments of all who defended the press—they acted upon principle. These are the sentiments of all the gentlemen who composed the Convention at Upper Alton. (I mean the delegates.) And for the special benefit of that editor, and those of his friends who don't know it, I will take it upon myself to inform them, that these were the sentiments of Washington and Lafayette, of Adams and Hancock, of Jefferson and Franklin, and all the founders of our free (?) republic. And they are the sentiments of Daniel Webster, the

great expounder of the constitution, of Henry Clay of John Quincy Adams, and almost every other man who has distinguished himself by promoting his country's good and his country's glory. Yet, for the expression of these sentiments in 1837, President Beecher is held up to public animadversion. The editor regards him as 'a far more dangerous man than the deceased Lovejoy,' and has already designated him to the operators as a suitable victim to be sacrificed. We regard it as very providential, that he left town on Monday; for we are advised, that a plot was deliberately laid for his assassination. Had he remained, there is but little doubt, that he too would have found a grave in Alton. May that God, who has so signally interfered for his preservation, long preserve his valuable life!

CONCLUDING EVENTS. The next morning after Mr. L.'s death, his remains were removed, by a few of his friends, from the warehouse in which he died, to his family. It was manifest, as the hearse moved through the street, that the malignity of his enemies, not satiated by having spilled his heart's blood, still burned against him. I myself saw their sneers, and overheard some of their profane jests. One who was known to have taken a conspicuous

part in the tragedy remarked, that 'if he had a life, he would play the dead march for him.' The next morning, his friends assembled and quietly deposited his remains in the narrow house of the tomb. There was no public exercises except a prayer at his funeral,—it being deemed that silence was the most expressive sermon for the occasion. He is now where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. He rests from his labors, and his works will follow him.

His poor afflicted wife, we fear, will scarcely survive the tragedy. She has been delirious almost constantly since his death. She is entitled to the sympathies of the Christian world, and, no doubt, will receive them.

There is now comparative quietness in our city. The mob, having triumphed over the laws, have undisputed control. No steps have yet been taken to arrest the offenders, although they are well known. Indeed, they boast openly in the streets, of their deeds of valor. Report says there has been quite a contention between two or three of the leaders, as to who was entitled to the honor of shooting Lovejoy. There is, probably, no city on the civilized globe, where, when the evidence of guilt is so abundant, and so palpable, no efforts would be made to bring the offenders to justice. The magistrates who are not in the interest of the mob, feel, like all the rest of us, that they are at their mercy.

O! my country! my country! I tremble for thy destiny. I already see the fair fabric of its government crumbling by the hand of the ruthless destroyer—its pillars tottering on their base, and the foundations themselves giving way! May the God of nations, who has been so often provoked by contempt of his authority, and abuse of his goodness, in his infinite mercy, avert the fearful judgments that are fast gathering over her! If he does not, then we are, as a nation, undone. Desolation and ruin, wide-spread and fearful, will sweep away all the structures that have been reared for human liberty and human happiness, and blot out our name from under heaven. W.

THE GOOD PART,

THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY!

She dwells by Great Kenhwa's side,
In valleys green and cool;
And all her hopes and all her pride
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air
That robes the hills above,
Though not of earth, encircles there
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls
With praise and mild rebukes;
Subduing e'en rude village churls
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide,
'Of One who came to save;
To cast the captive's chain aside,
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells
When all men shall be free;
And musical, as silver bells,
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,
In decent poverty,
She makes her life one sweet record
And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all
To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her hall,
And labored in her lands.

Long since, beyond the Southern Sea
Their outbound sails have sped,
While she, in meek humility,
Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,
That clothe her with such grace;
Their blessing is the light of peace
That shines upon her face.

Lord Brougham and America.

This distinguished British statesman, in a recent speech on the Boundary Question, made use of the following language: "I so infinitely over-value, perhaps, the importance, the vital importance, to the interests of this country and of mankind at large, of a good understanding, of a cordial friendly footing being restored between this country and our kinsmen of America, that I care not how this line of boundary is drawn. I am utterly indifferent what direction that line takes; let it go a few miles or leagues to the right hand or to the left; even let it affect Cape Rouse, even let it affect the navigation of the St. John's river—welcome! take it all! give it up! Give me peace between America and England!"

The grandest thing ever said in the British Parliament. I take it from the able little "Asylum Journal," of the Vermont mad people. By the way, one of the best conducted periodicals we have. The conductors are of course crazy, or they would not be in the Asylum. But, somehow or other, they have a very nice little paper.

Our school books contain the splendid passages of Lord Chatham—of Fox and of Burke.—All they ever said, put together—all they ever could have said—all they were ever competent to say, I mean, would not weigh against the above glorious outbreak of Lord Brougham.—HENRY Brougham, I should have said. I ask pardon of the man, who could say such things—for calling him by that dark-ages title, that barbarous, feudal appellation, "Lord." It is a sign of the times, that he should either be able to conceive it, or dare to utter it in the House of Parliament. I look upon it as a more important portent, a more ominous sign than the comet tail, or sundry rumblings of cholic in the Earth's bowels—or any halos about the sun or moon, seen these vapory days and nights; or any other technical Advent tokens. It is a sign of a moral '43. Reform has touched the British Peerage—one of the last places (except the American Peerage) it will have to touch, before a humane age will usher in. Brougham owes his divine notions to the Fanatics of the day.—See if our Secretary will dare talk like him, about Peace with England.

Quarter's Support, ending 7th March.

Nantucket Anti-slavery Fair,	\$10 00
Daniel Gregg, Dedham Mills Village, Ms.,	3 00
Patten Davis, Bethel, Vt., 3 yds. cloth,	4 00
" " " Silk and thread,	63
Charles Burns, Milford,	1 00
Jesse Hutchinson, Lynn,	1 00
John Mills, Milford,	1 00
Luther Melendy, Amherst,	5 00
Elizabeth Melendy, "	1 00
Mrs. Luther Melendy, 20 lbs. butter,	3 34
" " a cheese,	1 50
A Milford friend,	50
Francis Jackson, Boston,	10 00
Henrietta Sargent, "	5 00
Z. G. Wallingford, Somersworth,	2 00
Dea. E. Dodge, New-Boston,	2 00
Dr. N. Plummer, Chester,	3 00
Benj. Chase, "	1 00
John Hazeltine, Gilford,	50
A friend in Portsmouth,	2 50
A friend in Exeter,	1 00
J. K. Lund, Bradford,	1 00
Ambrose S. Brackett, Bradford, 2 pair children's shoes,	2 00
A mother in Rhode Island—a pair of child's pantaloons, worn only once by a little anti-slavery son, now dead,	priceless
Leonard Chase, Milford, window sashes,	5 00
	\$66 97

Further Acknowledgements.

From Joseph Jennings, Cork,	\$1 00
Maria Waring, Wexford, } Ire. 5 00	
Richard D. Webb, Dublin, } laud. 10 00	
by the hand of Amasa Walker.	

I would here divulge what the Irish friends who sent it, forbade me to—that last year, a

valuable chest of articles was sent over from Emerald Isle—in aid of the editorship of the Herald—and sold in part or whole, at the Fair at Great Falls,—and appropriated accordingly. They are too far off to hold me responsible for divulging it. I have a good mind, while in the mood, to disclose another imposition from the same quarter, of a dozen beautiful dickeys, of the rarest of Old Ireland's Linnen,—and what is worse yet, a dozen besides of those appendages, to the dickey, called shirts—all of the same Hibernian material. This was some two years ago—with intimations it was not to be reckoned towards support, or spoken of. How they could fit things so exactly—at such distance, I don't know. Richard Webb can take a man's moral and intellectual measure at a glance—I was not aware he could any other. *Robert*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., wished to add another resolution:

Resolved, That whether the members of Congress sustain freedom of speech in the Capitol or not,—Massachusetts and Faneuil Hall are never gagged.

Sir, said Mr. P., we are asked what the abolitionists have done. Two things we have certainly done; we have opened these doors, and we have pictured that man's features, [pointing to Mr. Adams' portrait] on these walls, not to honor him as the ex-president of the United States, but as THE MAN who alone has dared, on the floor of Congress, to maintain that slaves have a right to petition. It is fitting that we should meet here. We have united to finish what our fathers left unfinished, when they declared that all men are born free and equal. When, in 1780, our fathers hung up the shield of this declaration, in their constitution, they did not make it broad enough to cover the black man. We have met to strengthen the stakes and enlarge the canvass of the law, till it shall cover all men, both black and white. And not the black man alone demands our labors. The patriot as well as the abolitionist is concerned in this struggle. When we first commenced the contest for the rights of the colored man, we supposed that all our own rights were safe. The right of petition was a right which our fathers brought over with them. It is of English not American origin. But we have learned another lesson; we have found that in order to establish the rights of the slave, we must first establish our own. Sir, it was not a slave that perished at Alton, but a freeman in a free city who fell the victim of a system to which he was never subject. It is the right of the white man, therefore, as well as the black man, for which we strive.

It is said that our efforts will dissolve the Union. Sir, is the Union to be bought at the price of free lips? The Union may be bought too dear. We may preserve the form of Union, but it will be valueless, if bought at such cost. There is no union at this moment, for every man in this hall, that will sustain our own rights. He cannot set his foot in Virginia. And that colored free citizen I see yonder, if he set his foot in Savannah, is imprisoned until he can prove his own freedom, pay his own costs, and leave the place without delay. It was the boast of Ancient Rome, that she had thrown over her own citizens the shield of her own powerful protection. No matter in what remote or barbarous land he might be found, as a Roman citizen he was sure of protection. Not so with Massachusetts; her citizens are seized in sister states and sold into slavery; a Senator of the United States threatens wholesale hanging, while her Webster is dumb and her Fletcher is gagged.

But it is said there is a compact between us, and that Virginia did not understand it as allowing us to interfere with her institutions, and therefore we must adhere to her understanding of the compact. Very well; how did Massachusetts understand the compact? How did Faneuil Hall understand it? Why, that we were to be free under the Union, as we were free before. If the thoughts and suppositions of the parties, and not their words, are to settle the nature of the compact, let Massachusetts speak, as well as Virginia. Let her tell the thoughts of her Heaths and her Sedgewicks, her Quineys and her Otises, and other leaders of the revolution.

Sir, I feel that it is fit we should meet in the cause of liberty, in Faneuil Hall. He that speaks upon liberty strikes the key-note of these walls. Surely, sir, when our misguided fellow citizens met here, a few years since, for the defence of slavery, that meeting could have called out no responsive echoes from this roof. That meeting spoke for oppression, and it ought to have been silenced, as it was, in forgetfulness and disgrace. They said they were seeking to prevent the dissolution of the Union. But I say, that if lawful and peaceful efforts for the abolition of slavery in our land will dissolve it, let the Union go. Love it as we may, and cherish it, as we do, equally with the loudest of our opposers,—we say, perish the Union, when its cement must be the blood of the slave! when the rights of one must be secured at the expense of the other. We will not accept of the blessings of the Union, if we must abandon the slave. But God has so bound us to the slave, that we cannot abandon him. We are embarked in the same vessel, and must be saved or perish together. So let it be our firm determination this day, that united or divided, free or bound, we will live or die with the slave.

Loud and repeated calls were then made for Garrison, Garrison, Stanton, Stanton; but the platform was next mounted by the venerable Seth Sprague, of Duxbury, father of the Hon. Peleg Sprague, who was one of the speakers at the great anti-abolition meeting in Faneuil Hall in 1835.

Communications.

LETTER FROM GEORGE BRADBURN.

PENDLETON, (Indiana,) Sept. 18, 1843.

William A. White, Frederic Douglass, and myself, came hither to attend an anti-slavery convention. The convention was mobbed, was broken up by as brutal and brazen a band of miscreants as Pandemonium itself could let loose upon us. White was hit on the back part of the head by a stone, making a gash in the scalp two inches long, and quite down to the skull, which, also, must have been perforated, but for the protection afforded it by his hat. Douglass, likewise, was struck on the head by a stone, which raised a protuberance, nearly as large as a hen's egg, though without breaking the skin, besides receiving an injury in the side, and on his right hand. He was taken up, and carried to the house of a friend, in a state of insensibility. We feared he might not recover, but were happily disappointed, for on the following day he addressed an audience. Several others were injured, but none of them dangerously. I received no injury myself, although I refused to leave the ground at the bidding of certain of the scoundrels, who, flourishing brick-bats about my head, swore they would knock my brains out if I did not do so. I will give you some of the particulars of this most diabolical affair.

It had been intimated to us, before we arrived at P. that "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort," in one or more of the adjoining towns, had "organized" for the avowed purpose of preventing us from holding the convention. But to this intimation we gave no heed. Our first meeting was held in the Baptist church, and addressed by Douglass and White. There was no disturbance. Before the hour for our second meeting had arrived, we were told we could not hold it in the church, whose doors had been locked by its minister, himself a professed abolitionist, who assigned as a reason for thus locking us out, that he feared the church would be torn down by a mob. Fears of a mob also kept him from attending any of our meetings; at which, had he been present, such is often the reverence of mobocrats for clergymen, all violence might have been prevented. But he very frankly confessed himself to our friend, Dr. Fussell, to be "a physical coward," and he "dare not attend."

What a cowardly sentinel should ever be in the tower of the church militant! We were driven to the house of a friend, where we were soon surrounded by a crowd, of sundry unshaven, swarthy, savage-looking loafers; while our friends, by their horrible mutterings of murder, and blasphemous oaths, against abolitionists and "niggers." They were "strangers from abroad," and had entered the town on horseback, and their courage had been stimulated by the spirit of rum. Some of us held a little conversation with several of them. I then began a speech to the audience, on the rights and interests of our northern working-men; but after speaking some fifteen minutes, was obliged to desist, not, however, by the mob, but by a drenching shower. We adjourned to meet on the next morning, in a beautiful wood not far distant, where preparations for holding our convention, had, in fact, been already made. The mobocrats retired without making any assault upon us, save tossing at us a single stone, and one or two "evangelical eggs."

In the evening, a meeting of the citizens was held, at which a resolution, condemnatory of the conduct of the mobocrats, was passed unanimously, and ordered to be posted up about town. By invitation, friend White and myself addressed the meeting.

On the following morning, we found a good audience assembled in the wood. After a few excellent remarks from friend White, I spoke an hour and a half, when I was interrupted by an announcement to the meeting from Dr. Cook (who, though not professing to be an abolitionist, is entitled to especial thanks for his prompt and strenuous efforts, throughout this whole affair, to protect the right of speech), that the mob was coming; an announcement for which I was in some measure prepared, from certain movements I had noticed while speaking. Presently these grim sovereigns of the day, to the number of about sixty, coatless, with shirt-sleeves rolled up, marching in double file, all well supplied with brick-bats, stones, and "evangelical eggs," and "every several man," with one of those weapons in either hand, entered upon the ground, halting at the outskirts of the assembly. One of them wore a fantastic coon-skin cap, with the tail of that popular animal appended to its front, projecting, and nodding spasmodically, over "a forehead villainously low"; it had probably been out in "the cider barrel campaign" of '40; and its owner all the while making special exertions to appear particularly ferocious. Their leader bade us disperse. Those, some half dozen of us, occupying the platform, kept their places; a portion of the audience left theirs in alarm. The mobocrats forming a sort of semi-circle in the rear of the audience, then discharged at our heads a volley of their chosen missiles, which, however did but little execution. Dr. Cook now attempted to address them, and with partial success, holding also, brief colloquies with some two or three of them, aside. Meanwhile, most of the mobocrats worked their way up to the platform, where White and myself also conversed with several of them, so as to be heard by the audience. They soon saw that this would not do, that the mob's work could not proceed if they allowed the matter to be talked about. Forthwith one of them leaped upon the platform and strove to harangue

the people on "the anti-republicanism and toryism" of abolitionists, in refusing to vote for slaveholders, and insisting on "letting the niggers loose for nothing." But his tongue refusing, with most assinine obstinacy, to utter his feelings, the fellow fell into a paroxysm of mute gesticulation, exhibiting such grotesque, and at the same time terrible contortions of trunk and limbs, as perhaps were never yet exhibited by any culprit-corpses subjected to the action of a galvanic battery. Such a demonstration of the muscular capabilities of the genus homo, a Majendie, or a Sir Astley Cooper, would have given a thousand pounds to witness. It set the audience to laughing. Finding their tragedy was thus likely to turn out a farce, the mob now commenced tearing down the platform, which was speedily torn from under our feet. And then began a sort of general mêlée, in which White, and Douglass, and several others, were more or less injured, as I have before related. Several ruffians were seen to fall upon a single individual, beating him with frightful ferocity; when a lad came to Frederic and informed him, that that individual was his friend, meaning White. Laying aside his non-resistance principles, for the moment, as an uncertain Quaker is said to have done, under less provocation, Frederic seized a club, and went at the blood-thirsty monsters. The club, however, was almost instantly wrenched from his grasp, and finding himself weaponless, he ran, but was soon overtaken,

and knocked down by his pursuers, who shouted, as they pursued their victim, "kill the nigger, kill the d—n nigger," and one of whom, it was thought, would certainly have killed him, but for the timely interposition of White, who, by a most dexterous application of the argument *a posteriori*, sent the miscreant headlong, as, with uplifted cudgel, he was about to inflict the finishing blow upon Frederic. It is certainly creditable to the benevolence of Douglass, that he threw over-board his non-resistance not for himself, but for a friend; though the beaten person whom he had supposed to be White, proved to be another.

This was the most brazen, dare-devil mob I ever knew. They perpetrated their damning deeds before all the people, and in the light of a noon-day sun; and then, before leaving town, paraded themselves on horseback through its principal streets. I have since been told, that they passed through an adjacent village, on returning to their dens, shouting, "Hallelujah," and "Glory to God"; proving themselves a pious mob.—Some have expressed surprise at the report, that several of them belong to the Methodist and Baptist churches. One of them, we were told had been "dipped" only three weeks previously. But why should they not be in sweet fellowship with those churches? The abolitionists have convicted both these sects, in common with all the other large sects in the country, of giving their deliberate sanction to wholesale prostitution, theft, robbery, piracy, and murder. I should have been surprised, the rather to find such an aggregation of base wretches without the "bulwarks of American slavery," as James G. Birney has most justly denominated "the American Churches."

It was reported that the mob would return in the evening, and demolish the house and office of our noble and self-sacrificing friend and host, Dr. Edwin Fussell; and at night-fall we were told they had reinforced themselves for this purpose. It was therefore thought best to abandon the premises. We did so, secreting ourselves in the buildings of kind friends, located in different parts of the town. O, it was a painful sight to see, as I saw, that dear woman, the doctor's excellent wife, taking her leave of friends and relatives, as though she might never meet them more on earth; and, with an infant in her arms, accompanied by their two other little ones in his, hurrying stealthily out of their own house, in the evening's darkness, to avoid being buried beneath its ruins by an infernal mob. A goodly portion of the citizens were armed for the protection of Dr. Fussell's property. But the hell-hounds did not re-enter the town, though they were heard yelping in a distant wood. In passing a cottage, as I was going from the doctor's to my hiding-place, that night, I saw a young man rush out of the door with a rifle in his hand, his wife, as I took the woman who was standing in the doorway, to be, seeming to bid him God-speed, and pass hastily down the street. He was one of our volunteer defenders. I was half tempted to stop him, and beg his acceptance of my thanks for his humanity; for, after all, reason as we may, "instinct," which, with me, as it was with Falstaff, "is a great matter," assured me it must be humanity, to shoot down, like mad dogs, such infernal enemies of our race.

The present sacrifices of our New-England abolitionists, are all nothing, and less than nothing in comparison of those of our friends hereabouts.

Diverging from the direct route from Oakland to Cambridge, I delivered four lectures in Dayton, Ohio; a place infamous for its pro-slavery mobs. Here James G. Birney was mobbed; also John Rankin, a talented orthodox clergyman, who had several of his teeth knocked out; and, likewise, at a more recent period, Thomas Morris. My first three lectures were listened to with great interest, even by many who had once been mobocrats; but the last one was interrupted by a shower of stones and eggs. The meeting, however, was not broken up. The cause in Dayton has made great progress.—Generally, in Ohio, and Indiana, we have thus far been signally successful. Our four days at Oakland was a grand affair. It has delighted our hearts, causing us to "thank God, and take courage," to see the friends of freedom thronging to these conventions, lining the roads

THE PALACE OF BEAUTY.—A FAIRY STORY.

BY L. M. CHILD.

In ancient times, two little princesses lived in Scotland, one of whom was extremely beautiful, and the other dwarfish, dark-colored, and deformed. One was named Rose, the other Marion. The sisters did not live happily together. Marion hated Rose, because she was handsome, and everybody praised her. She scowled, and her face absolutely grew black, when anybody asked her how her pretty little sister Rose did; and once she was so wicked as to cut off all her glossy, golden hair, and throw it on the fire. Poor Rose cried bitterly about it; but she did not scold or strike her sister; for she was an amiable, gentle little being as ever lived. No wonder all the family and all the neighborhood disliked Marion—and no wonder her face grew uglier and uglier every day. The Scotch used to be a very superstitious people; and they believed the infant Rose had been blessed by the fairies, to whom she owed her extraordinary beauty and exceeding goodness.

Not far from the castle where the princesses resided, was a deep grotto, said to lead to the Palace of Beauty, where the queen of the fairies held her court. Some said Rose had fallen asleep there one day, when she had grown tired of chasing a butterfly, and that the queen had dipped her in an immortal fountain, from which she had risen with the beauty of an angel.* Marion often asked questions about this story, but Rose always replied that she had been forbidden to speak of it. When she saw any uncommonly brilliant bird, or butterfly, she would sometimes exclaim: "Oh, how much that looks like fairy land." But when asked what she knew about fairy land, she blushed, and would not answer.

Marion thought a great deal about this. "Why cannot I go to the Palace of Beauty?" thought she; "and why may not I bathe in the Immortal Fountain?"

One summer's noon, when all was still, save the faint twittering of the birds, and the lazy hum of the insects, Marion entered the deep grotto. She sat down on a bank of moss; the air around her was as fragrant as if it came from a bed of violets; and with the sound of far-off music dying on her ear, she fell into a gentle slumber. When she awoke, it was evening; and she found herself in a small hall where opal pillars supported a rainbow roof, the bright reflection of which rested on crystal walls, and a golden floor inlaid with pearls. All around, between the opal pillars, stood the tiniest vases of pure alabaster, in which grew a multitude of brilliant and fragrant flowers; some of them twining around the pillars, were lost in the floating rainbow above. The whole of this scene of beauty, was lighted by millions of fire-flies, glittering about like wandering stars. While Marion was wondering at all this, a little figure of rare loveliness stood before her. Her robe was of green and gold; her flowing gossamer mantle was caught up on one shoulder with a pearl, and in her hair was a solitary star, composed of five diamonds, each no bigger than a pin's point, and thus she sang:

The fairy queen
Hath rarely seen
Creature of earthly mould,
Within her door
On pearly floor,
Inlaid with shining gold.
Mortal, all thou seest is fair,
Quick thy purposes declare!

As she concluded, the song was taken up, and thrice repeated by a multitude of soft voices in the distance. It seemed as if birds and insects joined in the chorus—the clear voice of the thrush was distinctly heard; the cricket kept time with his tiny cymbal; and ever and anon between the pauses, the sound of a distant cascade was heard, whose waters fell in music.

All these delightful sounds died away, and the queen of the fairies stood patiently awaiting Marion's answer. Courtesying low, and with a trembling voice, the little maiden said:

"Will it please your majesty to make me as handsome as my sister Rose?"

The queen smiled. "I will grant your request," said she, "if you will promise to fulfill all the conditions I propose."

Marion eagerly promised that she would.

"The Immortal Fountain," replied the queen, "is on the top of a high, steep hill; at four different places fairies are stationed around it, who guard it with their wands. None can pass them except those who obey my orders. Go home, now; for one week speak no ungentle word to your sister; at the end of that time, come again to the grotto."

Marion went home light of heart. Rose was in the garden, watering the flowers; and the first thing Marion observed, was that her sister's sunny hair had suddenly grown as long and beautiful as it had ever been. The sight made her angry; and she was just about to snatch the water-pot from her hand with an angry expression, when she remembered the fairy, and passed into the castle in silence.

The end of the week arrived, and Marion had faithfully kept her promise. Again she went to the grotto. The queen was feasting when she entered the hall. The bees brought honey-comb and deposited it on the small rose-colored shells, which adorned the crystal table; gaudy butterflies floated about the head of the queen, and fanned her with their wings; the cucullo, and the lantern-fly, stood at her side, to afford her light; a large diamond beetle formed her splendid foot-stool, and when she had supped, a dew-drop on the petal of a violet, was brought for her royal fingers.

When Marion entered, the diamond sparkles on the wings of the fairies faded, as they always did in the presence of anything not perfectly good; and in a few moments all the queen's attendants vanished, singing as they went:

The fairy queen
Hath rarely seen
Creature of earthly mould,
Within her door,
On pearly floor,
Inlaid with shining gold.

"Mortal! hast thou fulfilled thy promise?" asked the queen.

"I have," replied the maiden.

"Then follow me."

Marion did as she was directed, and away they went over beds of violets and mignonette. The birds warbled over their heads, butterflies cooled the air, and the gurgling of many fountains came with a refreshing sound. Presently, they came to the hill, on the top of which was the Immortal Fountain. Its foot was surrounded by a band of fairies, clothed in green gossamer, with their ivory wands crossed to bar the ascent. The queen waved her wand over them, and immediately they stretched their thin wings and flew away. The hill was steep, and far, far up they went; and the air became more and more fragrant, and more and more distinctly they heard the sound of waters falling in music. At length they were stopped by a band of fairies clothed in blue, with their silver wands crossed.

"Here," said the queen, "our journey must end. You can go no further until you have fulfilled the orders I shall give you. Go home, now; for one month, do by your sister in all respects as you would wish her to do by you, were you Rose and she Marion."

Marion promised, and departed. She found the task harder than the first had been. She could help speaking: but when Rose asked her for any of her playthings, she found it difficult to give them gently and affectionately, instead of pushing them along. When Rose talked to her, she wanted to go away in silence; and when a pocket-mirror was found in her sister's room, broken into a thousand pieces, she felt sorely tempted to conceal that she did the mischief. But she was so anxious to be made beautiful, that she did as she would be done by.

All the household remarked how Marion had changed. "I love her dearly," said Rose, "she is so good and amiable."

"So do I," said a dozen voices.

Marion blushed deeply, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure. "How pleasant it is to be loved," thought she.

At the end of the month, she went to the grotto. The fairies in blue lowered their silver wands and flew away. They travelled on—the path grew steeper and steeper; but the fragrance of the atmosphere was redoubled, and more distinctly came the sound of the waters falling in music. Their course was stayed by a troop of fairies in rainbow robes, and silver wands tipped with gold. In face and form they were far more beautiful than anything Marion had yet seen.

"Here we must pause," said the queen; "this boundary you cannot yet pass."

"Why not?" asked the impatient Marion.

"Because those must be very pure who pass the rainbow fairies," replied the queen.

"Am I not very pure?" said the maiden; "all the folks in the castle tell me how good I have grown."

"Mortal eyes see only the outside," answered the queen; "but those who pass the rainbow fairies must be pure in thought, as well as in action. Return home—for three months, never indulge an envious thought. You shall then have a sight of the Immortal Fountain." Marion was sad at heart, for she knew how many envious thoughts and wrong wishes she had suffered to gain power over her.

At the end of three months, she again visited the Palace of Beauty. The queen did not smile when

she saw her, but in silence led the way to the Immortal Fountain. The green fairies and the blue fairies flew away, as they approached; but the rainbow fairies bowed low to the queen, and kept their gold-tipped wands firmly crossed. Marion saw that the silver specks on their wings grew dim, and she burst into tears. "I knew," said the queen, "that you could not pass this boundary. Envy has been in your heart, and you have not driven it away. Your sister has been ill, and in your heart you wished that she might die, or rise from the bed of sickness deprived of her beauty. But be not discouraged; you have been several years indulging wrong feelings, and you must not wonder that it takes many months to drive them away."

Marion was very sad, as she wended her way homeward. When Rose asked her what was the matter, she told her that she wanted to be very good, but she could not. "When I want to be good, I read my Bible and pray," said Rose, "and I find God helps me to be good." Then Marion prayed that God would help her to be pure in thought; and when wicked feelings rose in her heart, she read her Bible, and they went away.

When she again visited the Palace of Beauty, the queen smiled, and touched her playmate with the wand, then led her away to the Immortal Fountain. The silver specks on the wings of the rainbow fairies shone bright as she approached, and they lowered their wands and sang, as they flew away,

Mortal, pass on,
Till the goal is won—
For such I ween—
Is the will of the queen—
Pass on! pass on!

And now every footstep was on flowers, that yielded beneath their feet as if their pathway had been upon a cloud. The delicious fragrance could almost be felt, yet it did not oppress the senses with its heaviness; and loud, clear and liquid, came the sound of the waters as they fell in music. And now the cascade is seen leaping and sparkling over crystal rocks—a rainbow arch rests above it, like a perpetual halo; the spray falls in pearls, and forms fantastic foliage about the margin of the fountain. It has touched the webs woven among the grass, and they have become pearl-embroidered cloaks for the fairy queen. Deep and silent, below the foam, is the Immortal Fountain! Its amber-colored waves flow over a golden bed; and as the fairies bathe in it, the diamonds in their hair glance like sunbeams on the waters.

"Oh, let me bathe in the fountain!" cried Marion, clasping her hands in delight. "Not yet," said the queen. "Behold the purple fairies with golden wands that guard its brink!" Marion looked, and saw beings far lovelier than any her eye ever rested on. "You cannot pass them yet," said the queen. "Go home—for one year drive away all evil feelings, not for the sake of bathing in this fountain, but because goodness is lovely, desirable for its own sake. Purify the inward motive, and your work is done." This was the hardest task of all. For she had been willing to be good, not because it was right to be good, but because she wished to be beautiful. Three times she sought the grotto, and three times she left it in tears; for the golden specks grew dim at her approach, and the golden wands were still crossed, to shut her from the Immortal Fountain. The fourth time she prevailed. The purple fairies lowered their wands, singing,

Thou hast scaled the mountain,
Go bathe in the fountain,
Rise fair to the sight
As an angel of light—
Go bathe in the fountain!

Marion was about to plunge in; but the queen touched her, saying, "Look in the mirror of the waters. Art thou not already as beautiful as heart can wish?"

Marion looked at herself and saw that her eyes sparkled with new lustre, that a bright color shone through her cheeks, and dimples played sweetly about her mouth. "I have not touched the Immortal Fountain," said she, turning in surprise to the queen. "True," replied the queen; "but its waters have been within your soul. Know that a pure heart and a clear conscience are the only immortal fountains of beauty."

When Marion returned, Rose clasped her to her bosom, and kissed her fervently. "I know all," said she; "though I have not asked you a question. I have been in fairy land, disguised as a bird, and I have watched all your steps. When you first went to the grotto I begged the queen to grant your wish."

Ever after that the sisters lived lovingly together. It was the remark of every one, "how handsome Marion has grown. The ugly scowl has departed from her face; and the light of her eye is so mild and pleasant, and her mouth looks so smiling and good-natured, that to my taste, I declare, she is as handsome as Rose."

REPLY.

MANCHESTER, Aug. 3, 1840.

J. H. Tredgold, Esq., Sec'y B. & F. A. S. Society.

DEAR SIR,—Your note, inviting me to the sittings of the Anti-Slavery Conference in Freeman's Hall, in behalf of your Society's Committee, was duly received and I intended an immediate reply. But I could scarcely find time, while in London, or since leaving there, to sit down long enough to pen a reply. And now, on the eve of my departure from England, I find opportunity only to acknowledge your note and to give your Committee some of the reasons, in brief, which obliged me to decline the invitation.

I can say I should have been highly gratified, as an individual, to meet and sit with the worthy and interesting men, who composed that Conference. But as a delegate to "The World's Convention," I could not consistently do so. I was sent to THE WORLD'S CONVENTION. It turned out that no such body was in existence. It was a merely imaginary body. A fantasy of Anti-Slavery enthusiasm on the other side of the water. The enlightened British Committee had contemplated no such Utopian matter—but had thought only to call together a Conference to attend at one of their own consultations. "The World's Convention" was in fact but a "poetical flourish" of an imaginative, American versifier—a dream of rude abolitionism amid the woods of New England. It was extremely awkward, to discover the illusion for the first time, at the end of a voyage across the Atlantic.

Seriously, my dear sir, I could not think of entering a Conference, that had substituted itself for that august and glorious "Convention." I had come to no such conference. My constituents had delegated me to no such. They did not feel interested to be represented, at such distance, in such a body—nor should I have thought of crossing the Atlantic to attend it.—They are constantly, there, accustomed to anti-slavery assemblies of a much more liberal character. But a World's Convention, in the legitimate & sublime meaning of those words, interested their hearts and awakened their efforts. They will be deeply mortified and disappointed when they learn how those efforts have been baffled at London. And let me add that not American abolitionists alone are disappointed in this behalf. The free spirits of Scotland, of Ireland, of England, partake keenly in the disappointment and regret. I cannot speak so certainly of the delegates from lands less free. But they too, I believe, anticipated a "World's Convention." Those who have baffled that expectation

have incurred no slight responsibility. How far professed abolitionists from America are involved in that responsibility, your Committee know better than I do. I am apprehensive that some of them are not without a share in it. They will answer it, with the Committee, to the cause of bleeding and crushed Humanity.

On the same list and in the same credentials with myself and the noble co-delegates with me from the American Society, was the name of LUCRETIA MOTT. To name this woman is to characterize all that is self-sacrificing and praiseworthy among the abolitionists of America, and the large and increasing number of free hearts in this country. I found on my arrival at London, that our credentials had been virtually discredited, and the Society which had sent us dishonored, by the attitude assumed by the Conference (aside from its restrictive construction,) in excluding Lucretia Mott—because she was a woman. The National Society had sent her and me as co-delegates. I found their competency to select their own representatives, deliberately set at naught. Of course I could not enter the Conference. And I think you will at

once perceive the propriety of declining to accept your invitation to sit in it, in any other capacity than as delegate. It was a body, that had dishonored the credentials of the Society, which had sent me to England.

The competency of the Committee to extend the invitation, might perhaps be questioned. It was the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society—and not of the Conference. But that was a minor consideration. The weightier objection was the exclusive, restrictive character of the Conference. The purpose of our errand to the Old World was baffled by it, so far as it could be by the Committee. An arena for anti-slavery action, constructed altogether narrower and lower, than the lofty and expansive organization to which we had come. A serious injury was done thereby to the cause of Human Liberty. But the World's Convention will be holden—and that speedily. It has been deferred—but not defeated. Humanity and the Age call out for its assemblage, and the cry will now be louder and the more urgent for this baffled attempt to hold it. The World will convene—and in its largest character. Why should it not? And why should woman be excluded? Who could be gratified at her exclusion?—Who, that had the heart of man. The World will convene—and whether at London, the commercial capital of the World—or at Boston, its moral capital, its basis will be broad and free—as expansive as human suffering and human necessity. And oppressed and bleeding Humanity, in whatsoever form it may present itself, shall neither be excluded, nor unwelcome. Hoping for a speedy consummation so devoutly to be wished, I subscribe myself,

Very truly, your friend and brother,
NATH'L P. ROGERS.

THE ORPHAN BALLAD SINGERS.

BY MISS LONDON.

O, dreary, weary are our feet,
And weary, weary is our way;
Through many a long and crowded street
We've wandered mournfully to-day.
My little sister, she is pale;
She is too tender and too young
To bear the autumn's sullen gale,
And all day long the child has sung.
She was our mother's favorite child,
Who loved her for her eyes of blue,
And she is delicate and mild,
She cannot do what I can do.
She never met her father's eyes,
Although they were so like her own.
In some far distant sea he lies,
A father to his child unknown.
The first time that she lisped his name,
A little playful thing was she;
How proud we were! yet that night came
The tale how he had sunk at sea.
y mother never raised her head;
How strange, how white and cold she grew!
It was a broken heart they said—
Alas, our hearts are broken, too.
We have no home—we have no friends,
They said our home no more was ours;
Our cottage where the ash tree bends,
The garden we had filled with flowers;
The sounding shell our father brought,
That we might hear the sea at home;
Our bees, that in the summer wrought
The winter's golden honey-comb.
We wandered forth 'mid wind and rain,
No shelter from the open sky;
I only wish to see again
My mother's grave, and rest and die.
Alas, it is a weary thing
To sing our ballads o'er and o'er;
The songs we used at home to sing—
Alas, we have a home no more!

Charles C. Burleigh has left it, and retired from the mountains to Pennsylvania. I am not sorry he has given up editing. No man can excel in every thing. Hardly any man in two such things as speech-making and writing. (I might say in either of them.) Charles' forte is not, to my mind, in editing. He is out of place there, though he can write most eloquently, and at times, does. But he is not an agitator with his editorial pen. As a speaker, he is a cataract. But he wants to run among the hills, to get heard for his rapids and falls. He will have to look out, or he will run smooth in Pennsylvania. He ought to have a channel like the wild Ammonoosuck, that springs on the side of Mount Washington. He can create his own rapids, though, and his cascades. I have seen him when he was all of a white foam, of his own intrinsic impetuosity of current, and without any obstruction in his way. He was here so last Sunday evening. I wish he could keep in New-England, and in the midst of discussion and conflict. Nobody like him to elucidate and illustrate anti-slavery. His whole speech here above mentioned, was one stream of the most magnificent illustration, from beginning to end. But I am glad he has given up editing. The paper has gone into the hands of a sturdy blacksmith, J. Holcomb. He will strike when the iron is hot. And he will find hot iron all the time. If Vermont wants an anti-slavery paper, (as States do not necessarily,) I don't know a better man to edit it. He goes to Brandon with it—a better place than Montpelier for every thing but transmission and intelligence. A political capital, with a squad of meeting-houses, is the last place for moral agitation.

THE LAW OF 1793.

By request, we republish those Sections of the famous law of 1793, by which the Free States are made the hunting ground for slaves, and under which Mr. Van Zandt, of Ohio, has been sentenced to pay nearly \$2000, for harboring slaves who were in the pursuit of freedom; and which render any citizen of the North who renders a fugitive slave assistance, knowing him to be such, liable to a heavy penalty. The other sections of the law refer to fugitives from justice.

[SECT. 3.] And be it further enacted, That when a person held to labor in any of the United States, or in either of the Territories on the northwest, or south of the river Ohio, under the laws thereof, shall escape into any other of the said States or Territories, the person to whom such labor or service may be due, his agent or attorney, is hereby empowered to seize or arrest such fugitive from labor, and to take him or her before any judge of the circuit or district courts of the United States, residing or being within the state, or before any magistrate of a county, city, or town corporate, wherein such seizure or arrest shall be made, and upon proof, to the satisfaction of such judge or magistrate, either by oral testimony or affidavit taken before and certified by a magistrate of any such state or territory, that the person so seized or arrested doth, under the laws of the state or territory from which he or she fled, owe service or labor to the person claiming him or her, it shall be the duty of such judge or magistrate to give a certificate thereof to such claimant, his agent or attorney, which shall be sufficient warrant for removing the said fugitive from labor, to the state or territory from which he or she fled.

[SECT. 4.] And be it further enacted, That any person who shall knowingly and willingly obstruct or hinder such claimant, his agent or attorney, in so seizing or arresting such fugitive from labor, or shall rescue such fugitive from such claimant, his agent or attorney, when so arrested, pursuant to the authority herein given or declared; or shall harbor or conceal such person, after notice that he or she was a fugitive from labor, as aforesaid, shall, for either of the said offences, forfeit and pay the sum of five hundred dollars. Which penalty may be recovered by and for the benefit of such claimant, by action of debt, in any court proper to try the same: saving, moreover, to the person claiming such labor or service, his right of action for, or on account of, the said injuries or either of them. [Approved, February 12, 1793.]

Home Again. Rogers.

Four week's absence and rustication in the city and round about it, with a journey, and sojourn, on the banks of the Connecticut, having restored me some little health and endurance, I am glad to find myself once more at the little granite sentry post. Home is home. I have been abroad with the dearest of friends.— Indeed I went at the invitation of one, who affectionately proffered me exemption from all expense during the whole journey. He does not like public mention of his name or I would not withhold it. I have been to Boston, Brookline, Roxbury, Dedham, Quincy, Weymouth, Nahant, on the sea-board—and to Framingham, twenty miles out west of it—and to the valley of the Connecticut. All these places are distinguished by their respective and peculiar beauties. Springfield, Deerfield, Greenfield and old Northampton, on the broad meadows of the placid Connecticut—how they contrast with the thronged city and with the sea-girt cliffs of wild Nahant. I found a remnant of an Indian tribe visiting at Nahant. They came by water, in their bark canoes, I suppose from Maine. As we were fishing on the rocks for our dinner, it was most picturesque to see them paddling their light boats around the steep promontories.— Nothing could exceed the grace with which they handled their noiseless oars. These were broad and short bladed, and they dipped them with all the ease and skill of a sea-bird. And their narrow and taper birch canoes, as they cut through the brine, that once was alive here with the aboriginal fleets of their now faded ancestry, were objects of no small interest as well as beauty. They were out, I found, hunting the porpoise, with their rifles. These fishes, whose glance through the water is like a flash of light, are yet not quick enough to escape the eye and the rifle of the Indian. Several of their canoes came in while I was there, laden with captured porpoises. It was fine to see them come in from the broad, blue main—emerging on the sight like a loon, and straight on their way as an arrow, and as they touched the beach, an Indian springing silently to the land from each side, would take the light ship in hand and run it up high and dry above the reach of tide.— They skinned their porpoises, and spread the thick hide—full of oil for which they take them—on the rocks, in the sun, to dry. There was quite a family of tents of them encamped a little way up from the water.

An amusing incident occurred among us, as we were cooking and eating our ocean dinner, on the high rocks. We were a party from Boston and from Lynn, of as notorious abolitionists as can be found in New-England.— Jesse Hutchinson head cook and master of the feast, and the way he did it can be beat by nothing but the style in which he heads a charge of the Milford "Rainers," at an Anti-slavery Convention. In the midst of our entertainment, who should come up among us, but a portly slaveholder from Kentucky. I conjectured what he was, by his demeanor and dress. It happened he fell into conversation first with me, at a short distance from our fire, on the Nahant scenery. He discovered our Board on the grass among the rocks. "Hah"—said he—"a feast of fish!" Yes, said I, and we catch them ourselves,—and what is more, cook them ourselves, and more yet, if a stranger happen among us, we make him welcome. "That is best of all," said he, "that is real old Kentucky." All joined in the invitation, and he began to partake. Old Kentucky, said I,—we like her very well, all but her slaveholding. "Oh! that is bad said he—but we were getting rid of it as fast as we could, and should have been a free state by this time, but for the northern abolitionists." I am sorry said I, you have not independance enough to

carry out your principles, in spite of a handful of abolitionists. We talked away, some time,—all hands,—in the same strain, he vindicating slavery from the bible, and we denouncing it,—all in good humor,—he well pleased with our hospitality,—when I told him to look round on his company, and see a band of the *ranked abolitionists* in all the north. I wanted him, I said, to know it,—that he might know the true feeling, abolitionists entertained towards the South. They had been told we were their enemies. He could see here a sample of us. He started with some surprise, but frankly confessed he was a slaveholder. He said the Bible sanctioned slavery. I told him, if it did, I trampled it under my feet. Jesus Christ did not preach against it, said he, and he was among it. Then he was very wrong, said I. He was horror-struck at my impiety. Don't you believe the Bible! said he. Not if it sanctions slaveholding, said I. Nor in Jesus Christ! Not if he winked at enslaving men, women and children, said I. He started back as if I had been a serpent. What sort of people are you! said he. I might readily show you, said I, that Christ preached against slaveholding, but I shall not be at the trouble. You know, and I know, that it is a crime, and that is enough. 'My conscience is at ease about it,' said he, 'and,' he added, 'it is not seared, as I know.' That you must see to, said I. 'You are not Garrisonites,

I hope,' said he. Hand and glove with him, said I, for the abolition of slavery, all of us, and some of us worse than he.

The printer waits, and I can only add, that after much like conversation, in which all the friends partook, our Kentucky guest enquiring of one of the company who I was, and learning I was editor of an abolition paper, declared he would subscribe for it, and left his card—David A. Sayre, Lexington, Ky. I told him he should have it sent him, forthwith, and with this number, the little Herald of Freedom crosses Mason and Dixon's line to a subscriber. The result I cannot tell. God-speed the time, when Fanny herself shall cross it.

A PARENT'S PRAYER.

BY REV. LEONARD WITHINGTON.

At this hushed hour, when all my children sleep,
Here, in thy presence, gracious God, I kneel;
And, while the tears of gratitude I weep,
Would pour the prayer which gratitude must feel:
Parental love! O set thy holy seal
On these soft hearts which thou to me has sent;
Repel temptation, guard their better weal;
Be thy pure spirit to their frailty lent,
And lead them in the path their infant Saviour went.

I ask not for them eminence or wealth—
For these, in wisdom's views, are trifling toys;
But occupation, competence, and health,
Thy love, thy presence, and the lasting joys
That flow therefrom; the passion which employs
The breasts of holy men; and thus to be
From all that taints, or darkens, or destroys
The strength of principle, forever free;
This is the better boon, O God, I ask of thee.

This world, I know, is but a narrow bridge,
And treacherous waters roar and foam below,
With feeble feet we walk the wooden ridge
Which creaks, and shakes beneath us as we go;
Some fall by accident, and thousands throw
Their bodies headlong in the hungry stream;
Some sink by secret means, and never know
The hand which struck them from their transient dream,
Till wisdom wakes in death, and in despair they scream.

If these soft feet, which now these feathers press,
Are doomed the paths of ruin soon to tread;
If vice, concealed in her unspotted dress,
Is soon to turn to her polluted bed;
If thy foreseeing eye discerns a thread
Of sable guilt, impelling on their doom,

O spare them not—in mercy strike them dead;
Prepare for them an early, welcome tomb,
Nor for eternal blight let my false blossoms bloom.

But if some useful path before them lie,
Where they may walk obedient to thy laws,
Though never basking in ambition's eye,
And pampered never with the world's applause,
Active, yet humble, virtuous too, the cause
Of virtue in the dwellings where they dwell,
Still following where thy perfect Spirit draws,
Releasing others from the hands of hell,—
If this be life, then let them longer live; 'tis well.

And teach me, Power Supreme, in their green days,
With meekest skill, thy lessons to impart,—
To shun the harlot, and to show the maze
Through which her honeyed accents reach the heart.
Help them to learn, without the bitter smart
Of bad experience, vices to decline;
From treachery, falsehood, knavery, may they start,
As from a hidden snake; from woman, wine—
From all the guilty pangs with which such scenes combine.

How soft they sleep, what innocent repose
Rests on their eyelids, from older sorrows free.
Sweet babes, the curtain I would not unclose,
Which wraps the future, from your minds, and me.
But, heavenly Father, leaving them with Thee,—
Whether or high or low may be their lot,
Or early death, or life await them,—be
Their Guardian, Saviour, Guide, and bless the spot
Where they shall live or die; till death, forsake them not!

Though Persecution's arches o'er them spread,
Or sickness undermine, consuming slow;
Though they should lead the life their Saviour led,
And his deep poverty be doomed to know;
Wherever thou shalt order, let them go;
I give them up to Thee—they are not mine;
And I could call the swiftest winds to blow
To bear them from me to the Pole or Line,
In distant lands to plant the gospel's bleeding shrine.

When as a scroll, these heavens shall pass away,
When the cold grave shall offer up its trust,
When seas shall burn, and the last dreadful day,
Restores the spirit to its scattered dust,
Then, thou most merciful, as well as just,
Let not my eye, when elements are tossed
In wild confusion, see that darkest, worst
Of painful sights, that ever parent crossed,—
Hear my sad, earnest prayer, and let not mine be lost.

Poetry.

Thanks to our brother from the rocks for sending us back a verse or two of remembrance for the hill country and the Herald. And thanks too to his wife. Her Virginia residence did not assimilate her spirit to the "peculiar institution." Southern residence only makes anti-slavery the stronger—while it makes pro-slavery the ranker and more unblushing. Yet we can hardly say it makes it less honest. We have often called for poetry for our Corner. It occurs to us this moment, that we never made a formal demand on GEORGE S. BURLEIGH, brother of CHARLES. We here make it before witness! And our friend will bear in mind, that the law, in case of demand, requires only reasonable notice, in point of time. We demand at least ten stanzas of verse, from former George Burleigh, of Plainfield Hill. Subject, the Bulwark of American Slavery, or any thing kindred, that may strike his young "frenzy." Upland poetry. Not plantation. The world has had enough of that. Not Slavery on the flats of the South—but the Remedy, among the cliffs and ledges of the North. We want a thunder clap or two to "leap the rattling crags among"—high as the New-Hampshire Appenines, or at least as the Killington Peak. G. B. knows what we mean. We demand in behalf of the Cause. No apologies offered—no refusal or neglect or delay expected.—ED'R.

From the White Mountain Torrent.
To the Editors of the White Mountain
Torrent:

Friend Printers: I feel a little lothe to be sending you these letters every week. I shall get to be cheap by and by. "Old" folks are apt to talk, and I've heard say they don't always know when they begin to fail. There was one Milton writ a book when he was a youngish man—a very spirited book it is said—I never read it,) about creation, and the wars in heaven,—as spirited a book, according to the tell, as ever was put out. It was well spoke of and made considerable talk. But he got along in years, and nothing would do but he must write again, and try to better it. He tried and made out very slim. But they could not make

him believe it. He stood to it that it was smarter than the other. He had got old, and was failing. His sight had failed him, I believe, when he writ the first one, so he had to get somebody to write it down,—but it was a spirited book. I've heard lines of it said over, before now. People up to see the Notch, are quite apt to be saying over such kind of lines.—They feel lofty like. — By the way, that Mister Milton lived in a thick settled place. He could not see such sights about his home, as I see here, about mine. If he had been born and brought up here in this Notch, he would have had a brave fancy of his own, and would have, likely, writ some tall verses. The sight of these Haystacks out here, every day of his young life, would have struck him. They are sightly stacks. He could see some tall buildings in his native village. St. Paul had a church there, and the ministers that made the catechise had one they called an abbey—Wesminster Abbey. It was a good sized building. But then these did not begin to look like the domes of the Franconia mountains. People can't build, to put you in mind of the like of these. They put up some Pyramids—off some where. They were high—no mistake. It must have been solemn to see them at a distance—standing against the night heavens. A man on the top of the biggest Pyramid would not look bigger from the bottom than a woman's wheel-finger—and the people below looked to him like so many pismires. For human brick work they were certainly solemn piles and mighty to look up at. But then, what are bricks, and mortar, and men, to the piles you see here. Why, from where I am, you could not see down to the top of the tallest pinnacle ever put up by the boldest of your race. I don't know what you are up to—give you a chance,—but you have not made things like these yet. When you all get sober, you may build mountains, for I know. Leave off rum-drinking—get sober and steady and good natured all round, and then turn your minds strong and free to invention, and enterprize, and the like, and there it no knowing what you might bring about. It would fill you with a mighty faith. They say that "will remove mountains," and no doubt of it.—And why not build them—or something higher—if it should be wanted for any good. The whole of you, the globe over—all united—all with a good understanding—free to take hold—no enemies among you—no foreigners—no strangers—all sober, well and bright—and wide awake—and bold to think and to try—you never have tried yet—you never dared to—you don't know your own strength—in short, if you were all Right—you could do with your bare hands, what the old Greek mill-wright said he could do

with his lever—hoist the world—only give him a place to stand on. You would not want the place even. Mind—human genius can do every thing. Think of that steam business. I can see the sea off here south east. They tell me you cross it in a fortnight, without sail or paddle,—by the mere puffing of this steam. That sea looks wide to me—and if any body had told me, forty years ago, a boat could be put across it in a couple of weeks—in spite of wind and tide—right straight through—I would not have believed it. And on the land, too—they are going it there. I looked on canals as pretty crazy—the idea of boating on them away up inland—like so many wagons on the highway. But to go on wheels—and no horses—a man mounted on a thunderbolt of an engine—with a whole neighborhood on behind him, in houses—to see him start off, of his own mere motion as it were, and snake all creation after him, at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour—it amazes me. I am struck dumb. I am ready to believe you can do anything. Put your heads together, and nothing can stop you. The Teamster us'd to tell of a creature he call'd a Fairy, that said he could "put a girdle round about the earth in 40 minutes"—something he'd read, likely. I should not wonder, if some of you, with this steam, could girdle the earth, (if its round) in less than forty days—and carry ever so many people—and ever so much truck—and all as comfortable and safe, as sitting in your chimney corner. Only be sober—all get sober. Topsy folks can't do it. "Half seas over," is as far as they can get, you know, and that's not a convenient stopping place. They have to stop there, though, and put up with "Old Davy."—But I must come to a stopping place myself—and sign, as one Robert Calef used to, who writ to old Cotton Mather against witchcraft—

"Yours, to the extent I may"—
OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.
Franconia Notch, April 27, 1843.

THE WITNESSES. Longfellow

In Ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships, with all their crews,
No more to sink or rise.

There the black slave-ship swims,
Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs,
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves;
They gleam from the abyss;
They cry, from yawning waves,
'We are the Witnesses!'

Within Earth's wide domains
Are markets for men's lives;
Their necks are galled with chains,
Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the Kilo
In deserts makes its prey;
Murders, that with affright
Scare schoolboys from their play!

All evil thoughts and deeds;
Anger, and lust, and pride;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
That choke Life's groaning tide!

These are the woes of slaves;
They glare from the abyss;
They cry, from unknown graves,
'We are the Witnesses!'

James C. Jackson

Will excuse our not earlier noticing his article on the Herald of Freedom, in the Madison County Abolitionist of February 22nd. We have but just got sight of it—the paper not having come to our office for months past.

To our beloved brother's remarks upon our spirit, we make no word of reply. We shall say nothing to take back, and whatever of unkindness should fall from either of us, would all have to be taken back, in May, when we shall probably meet. There can exist no estrangement of feeling between us and James C. Jackson—or abiding disapprobation or misunderstanding,—unless we have greatly misconceived his nature—which we are not eminently apt to do, with such opportunities as we have had of estimating him. If he has said any thing incompatible with brotherly intimacy and confidence, he has got it to take back. We shall meantime refrain from reply.

We shall make no defense of the Herald of Freedom either.—It is not a defensive paper.—It has no defensive armor, and has never studied the science of defense.—It has neither mail nor shield—and like the young Lochinvar,

'Beside its good broad sword—it weapons has none,'—its business being offensive warfare with proslavery. James C. Jackson is a 3d Party man now by position. He is so against his better judgment. To be sure, it is a somewhat different matter to be a 3d Party abolitionist at the West—as we have always admitted—and to be one here in New England,—where 3d Party, as a movement, is New-Organization double-clerified. Yet even at the West it is losing its anti-slavery heart, and becoming politicalized, and it has led our gallant-hearted and generous-spirited brother Jackson to fall into the estimation he has expressed, of what he calls "New Hampshire abolitionism." His fancy for moral action has seemed to grow cool.—Politics has loomed up before his mental eye to giant size.—He looks at it as through a telescope, while moral action is seen through that instrument inverted.—Politics is magnified, like the moon in the hoaxing story of Herschell's great spy glass, which brought it down so near, that they could see the people at town meeting on its "spotty globe,"—while poor, inefficacious moral agency is thrown off to the infinite distance and diminution of a fixed star. It was a natural and inevitable result. The Madison County paper took on a character accordingly.—Instead of the sword of the Spirit, which we used to see flashing in the hand of its conductor, and the hilt of which so beautifully fayed, as we thought, to his brave grasp,—he had drawn out a miserable piece of iron, hammered out into killing shape at some United States armory,—such a one as his namesake, Old Hickory, laid about him with, at the battle of New Orleans, or as President Birney will flourish in '44, and his war secretary, the Reverend Joshua Leavitt! We bore our testimony against our beloved brother Jackson's position, the first moment we saw him in it. He will remember whether it was borne or not in a "christian spirit." We repeat that testimony here. We deny that 3d Partyism is legitimate anti-slavery. Political party action is contraband anti-slavery instrumentality,—as much as Gerrit Smith's inculcation of horsetealing on the Canada fugitives. That may be well enough in aid of Hiram Willson's Mission—to augment his colony, but not at all consonant to good anti-slavery, in our estimation. It would not abolish slavery, if the slaves should steal all the horses from New Orleans to the North Star, and ride them to Canada. Anti-Slavery never will triumph on a stolen horse—nor even by running away. The North Star is not its polar luminary.—Its needle does not point that way. The Star of Bethlehem has more of magnetic influence for it, though abolitionists all stand ready to lend a hand in aid of fugitive humanity. The great work of abolitionism is to beat down the moral bulwarks of American Slavery. These as Birney says, are the American church and clergy. Not the church and ministry of Christ, but the popish clergy and their corporations of sect. They are not to be demolished with political archery—but with the catapult and sling of moral Truth. Third Party enginery does not throw such missiles.

We are accused of denying justice in the case of Torrey. We repeat our positions in regard to that clergyman, if we can remember them. He had

no business at Annapolis, as an abolitionist. As an agent for 3d Party, and to get the means of rendering New-organization interesting and delusive for a time, he had right and occasion to go there, to spy out the councils of those miserable slave mongers. New-organization had occasion to know what was going on in that mad-house—for it is continually and systematically turning attention away from the northern church and clergy, (the Bulwarks of Slavery) and turning it South. Torrey had right enough, as an American citizen; (which is the highest capacity humanity is heir to in his estimation—to be a legal voter) to go to that convention, and take his notes, and they were ruffians to molest him. But anti-slavery never sent him there—that is our point—and as an abolitionist, we had no more sympathy with his going, than we should have with his going to Alabama with Gerrit Smith's Address, to distribute among the slaves. Pro-slavery says go to the South, and why don't you go to the South, and

the South must abolish slavery in its own time and way, &c., &c. Now we say, keep at the North, and if you are a southerner, and become an abolitionist, hie to the North. What has the South to do with slavery? (i. e. with its abolition.) Down with the northern bulwarks of slavery, and if any professed abolitionist turns against the faithful assailants of those bulwarks, and becomes demented enough to endeavor to divert general attention from them, and to draw it off upon the South—and even wild enough to go there, and thrust his head into the alligator's mouth—we will by no means endorse his sinister movement, or write him an anti-slavery epitaph, if the monsters of the swamp swallow down the morsel so rashly proffered them. We hold it important to the enterprise to vindicate it from the madness of all such manoeuvres. We protest against anti-slavery sympathy being wasted in that direction. Would friend Jackson take funds from the anti-slavery treasury to defray the Reverend Mr. Torrey's expenses to Annapolis, to learn the secrets of a gang of Maryland planters? If Torrey had got committed there for non-payment of a fine, or want of bonds that he would not come into slavery's lodge again, to spy out their secrets—would friend Jackson take anti-slavery funds from the treasury to ransom him, or find him bonds? We would not. We would contribute individually, to help a fellow man out of difficulty—no matter how he got in—but we would not involve the anti-slavery movement. Is there any injustice in such positions as these? Of course none. The injustice is in palming Torrey's insane expedition off on to anti-slavery. We would almost as soon father upon it a mission to the South, to instigate a general throat cutting, or a general horsetealing, as Mr. Smith advises. Such movements bring reproach upon anti-slavery, if they are imputed to it. We do not remember particularly all we said about Torrey's expedition, but if we remember rightly—it was in substance the above. At any rate we here deny to Torrey any anti-slavery merit, for going that jaunt. We tell the poor Maryland cannibals, that they were mightily mistaken, if they thought they had caught an abolitionist there—or that anti-slavery operated by such missions as that. Had James C. Jackson been travelling through Annapolis, and learned of that convention (for of course he never would have gone there after it) and inclined, as matter of curiosity, to attend it—would he have gone in with the current, as if he were a member or a southern reporter? Would he not have gone into the gallery as a spectator, or have reported himself on the floor as a northern traveller, and a disapprover of slavery—desirous to witness for himself a scene of its discussions and deliberations, and take notes to use against them before the nation. It seems to us that friend Torrey was there hardly honorably. He had legal right enough, but we would not have gone there, in that way. At any rate, anti-slavery, as we think, sends no delegates on such errands to the South, and has no time or money to spend in watching southern politicians. That was our point, and is now. The politicians of the North hold anti-slavery in far profounder contempt, than those of the South. They scorn abolitionists, as they do a "free nigger." And the northern clergy hate and dread them, far worse than the politicians. The northern politician has occasion to know what the southern conventions are about. Abolitionists want to know what the "Bulwarks of Slavery" are about at the North. Torrey wants to screen the "Bulwarks" from assault and observation. He belongs to the "Bulwarks." He is a clergyman, and though he

will scold at the clergy, who tread on him for meddling with abolition, like John Quincy Adams, who, though he is against the abolition of slavery, will lash its Representatives in Congress, when they undertake to dishonor him, yet Torrey will sacrifice the anti-slavery enterprise any day, to save the sectarian pulpit. And it is in the exercise of that spirit, that he goes to Washington, to hang about that miserable Congress, which has no more moral character than a camp—and it was in that, that he ventured over to Annapolis, to get news to tell of that pitiful convention. We clear anti-slavery of having sent him there, that's all.

James Jackson would have joined us in this before he stepped down to be standard bearer to 3d Party. He would not have taken that step, by the bye, in New-England. He would not have stooped to the Free American, or the People's Advocate. At the West, politics and morals run nearer in the same channel.

Our brother Jackson says we are "New-Hampshireized," and speaks of our being indifferent to Liberty out of "Switzerland." He does not understand us—and it may be our fault that he does not. We speak of New-Hampshire more in reference to its rocks—its long winters—its poverty and stubbornness of soil and climate—its intractable granite character as great material for anti-slavery if you could ever get it wrought. We never thought New-Hampshire was the world, or the world's capital or paradise. We do like the sturdy tone some of its humble men and women have imparted to anti-slavery warfare, which we attribute to their rugged position, and their trying latitude. We are not alone in this. The master spirits of the enterprise have noticed the bearing of New-Hampshire abolitionism, as Washington noticed their bare-footed soldiery in the days of Trenton. If we have ranted about this, beyond good taste, we crave pardon of our friend Jackson. That we are local, or geographical in our abolitionism, or our sympathies, is what we were not aware of.

Our polar position, and the lack of level and turf about our camp, has led to some bravery of expression now and then from our crow's quill, we know—doubtless beyond the proprieties of tasteful composition,—but we feel no exclusiveness. The anti-slavery field with us transcends our little Tyrol-ese Commonwealth,—and New England, and indeed the nation and the continent. We take in Old England, as well as New, and Old every where—wherever humanity ranges. We adopt the glorious motto of the glorious Liberator, as to anti-slavery "Country" and "Countrymen."

"Indiscriminate censure against all who advocate the Liberty Party"—our brother attributes to us—We believe we always had a salvo for the political anti-slavery of the West. Third Partyism itself, we repudiate as an anti-slavery instrumentality. And we assert that it was started in derogation of Old-Organized Anti-Slavery.—It was got up to run down the old pioneer movement, and friends of that

movement are out of their place to take service in that party. New-Organization raised the banner of 3d Party, as a dernier and desperate measure, to save itself, and to make good its secession, and to work out the annihilation of the old society. It is the upshot and catastrophe of New-Organization.—To be sure, some old-organizationists countenance it,—who think the ballot-box the main instrumentality of reform—but they continue to be active, to some extent, in the moral field—though less active than they would be, if uncontaminated altogether with political association. But where are the leaders of 3d Party, as to moral action? Where are the editors and the orators of new-organization? Gone their way—one to his farm, and another to his merchandize. In a few years the Cedar will disappear from the newspaper field altogether. And 3d Party will get weary, and be absorbed by larger political depositaries.

We have "dragged Non-Resistance on to the Anti-Slavery platform also." Now we have often thought that we would say something about Non-Resistance—not because we individually held to it,—but because old-organized anti-slavery is accused of making its establishment a distinct enterprise—or of building it up on the back of anti-slavery. A bag-bear has been made of Non-Resistance, to frighten away friends from the Herald of Freedom, because the Herald did not take ground

against it, and thus "drag the question on to the anti-slavery platform," on the other side, as New-Organization was doing. We have thought of telling the reader, what Non-Resistance was, that he might know, whether, if we did not personally repudiate it,—it was such a monstrous, pro-slavery heresy, that a secession ought to take place from our ranks, in order to put it down. We never have done it though,—and yet are accused of dragging Non-Resistance into Anti-Slavery. Let us discriminate. We have said—or do now, if we have not before—that anti-slavery was a moral—peaceful, or if you please, a non-resistant enterprise, and that therefore it could not employ political agency, as an instrumentality. In this we may be mistaken.—But is it "dragging in Non-Resistance?" If we say that the anti-slavery movement is a merely moral one, and cannot use political agency, because that agency is necessarily forceful and compulsory, and not of moral suasion, is that "dragging in Non-Resistance?" We have noticed politics, as illustrative of the work it would make of our enterprise, to embody it in a political party. We have shown up the master-field and the State House, sometimes, to show what an enterprise like ours could do through them. But we have never gone against political government, with a mere view of attempting its overthrow. We have never advanced Non-Resistance, any farther than regarded the anti-slavery movement. We have not gone against legislation, as such—but only against legislation as an abolition instrumentality. We have not often assailed war, as such—but only declined, as an abolitionist, the raising of armies to put down slavery.

We "have attacked church organizations as such"—only since we have come to the irresistible conclusion, that, "as such," they are the enemies of Human Liberty, and formidably in the way of our movement. If "as such" they will oppose no further obstacle in the way of Anti-Slavery action,—we have, as an abolitionist, nothing farther to say about them.—So of "the clergy, as such," and so of 3d Party, as such. If that will cease to call itself an anti-slavery movement—if its advocates and leaders will push it as a mere political scheme, independent of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise, a scheme which purposes to put down Slavery by the sword of the Powers that be—(when it can get hold of that sword)—not implicating the Abolition enterprise at all, any more than the other two parties do,—then we have nothing to say about 3d Party, any more than of 1st and 2d Party. But when, as it is about to jump overboard, it throws its arms about the neck of Anti-Slavery, and says, come, let us take a dive! we protest, and insist that 3d Party shall go to the bottom alone.

We go, bona fide, for the abolition of slavery by moral power. This is of course our purpose,—and only purpose, as an end. We go however also,—and with a view to attaining that end, for the annihilation of all obstacles that rear themselves across our way to it. We do not intend, so far as the little we can do goes, that any pro-slavery institution shall keep its feet in the land. Therefore it is that we speak of church, clergy, the religious machinery they wield against Anti-Slavery, &c., &c. We will try to strip all these usurpations of their borrowed garb of christianity, and leave them, as far as possible, in naked conflict with genuine Anti-Slavery.—God speed the right. It will take all the blinding influences of 3d Party to mislead James C. Jackson to think that we are going sinister ways—or are actuated by an unchristian spirit.

FLOWERS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Each leaflet is a tiny scroll
Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the heart
Should keep the dew of youth;
Bright missals from angelic throngs
In every by-way left,
How were the earth of glory shorn
Were it of flowers bereft!
They tremble on the Alpine heights,
The fissured rock they press,
The desert wild, with heat and sand,
Shares too their blessedness;
And wheresoe'er the weary heart
Turns in its dim despair,
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
Inviting it to prayer!

Anti-Slavery Societies.

The importance of strict and efficient organization is pretty well understood among abolitionists of the true stamp. They are absolutely essential to the prosperity of the A. S. cause. All that has been effectually done, since its inception, has been done through the instrumentality of societies. All that can be hoped of efficient action upon the public mind, must flow through the same channel, for a long time to come, at least. The blow which was given to the A. S. societies, in the towns, by new organization, is yet severely felt. And the effect extends through all the ramifications of the cause. In old times, when the American and Massachusetts Societies wanted money to carry on their operations, there was in almost every town an efficient organization which, in most cases, promptly attended to the duty required of it, and the work was expeditiously done up. Now, when the American Society wants funds, they must be raised by a comparatively few individuals, upon whom the chief burden falls. The female societies which have survived the shock of new organization, are living proofs of the advantages of such organization. A great proportion of the funds which go to spread light on the subject of slavery, comes from the women's societies.

If persons have a conscientious principle against organizations—it is a scruple which all genuine abolitionists will respect, if they cannot understand it; provided, that they show by their fruits that it is not a mere cover for doing nothing. The joining a society was never made a principle in the A. S. cause. Assent to the principle, and a life consistent with it, have ever been demanded as duty to God and man. But the choice of measures, of which organization is one, has always been left to the free will of every individual. In point of fact, however, the number of persons who have rendered any efficient service to the cause, who have refrained from joining the societies, is very small. And even in the cases where some influence has been exerted by such persons, it is very hard to conceive that they could not have done just as much in their individual capacity, and much more in their associated one, had they felt free to act with others. But this is a matter touching which every man should judge for himself, being accountable for the motives which prompt his action to his own Master.

It is to be hoped, however, that those who do not entertain any such scruples, will endeavor to breathe a new life into the old organizations, or to remodel and revive them, if their condition demands it. These societies should hold frequent meetings among themselves, and strive to keep alive and glowing the fires of freedom and humanity upon their hearts. Facts show that in the towns where the societies are the most flourishing, it is that the most interest is felt in the cause, and the greatest effort made to promote it. Zeal in a cause of disinterested humanity, as the anti-slavery cause is sometimes mistakenly considered, requires the aid of sympathy to keep it in a state of healthful activity. Let every town be as well organized as Lynn, and New-Bedford, and Nantucket, and Hingham, and some others, and a proportionable harvest will be reaped. Agitation is essential to the purification of the corrupt atmosphere that hangs over the land. A single individual, though he can do much, can scarcely do so much as many combined. The organization of fire-companies, and the introduction of fire-engines are thought to be an improvement upon the old individual bucket system. And it seems to me, as I believe I said in the last paper, that a man's individuality is as much endangered by his joining the one as the other. But of this, let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind. Only let him take care that he does something in his individual capacity to extinguish the conflagration which threatens to consume the whole land, and all that it contains of good and fair, and content himself with finding fault, with loud tones and earnest demeanor of the men who are working at the brakes, or directing the stream in the midst of the smoke and flame.

Though there are many honest minds that take this view of organizations, still a large proportion of the assertions that the A. S. societies have done their work, come from the enemies of the cause. The testimony of an enemy is always regarded as impregnable. And of this testimony, both the slaveholders

and their abettors, we have enough. They would regard our operations with but little terror, if we would be contented with working by ourselves, without combining ourselves into compact bodies, for the more economical management of time, strength and money. As long as A. S. societies are regarded with fear and aversion by the lovers of slavery, so long will it be the part of wisdom or of common sense, if wisdom be anything different from common sense, to continue them. I believe that they will be the main instrumentality for the overthrow of slavery, up to the very time of emancipation. Their influence indeed will be felt, and is far beyond their circumference, but the nucleus will be essential to the formation of that body of public sentiment which will compel the deliverance of the slave. Let us all apply ourselves to make the societies more active and efficient and we shall find that in no other way can we produce an equal amount of good. Abolitionists are too old to be enjoined out of the grand instrument of their warfare, to gratify either those who dread it or who do not like to handle it. 'Tell the dairy maid,' as Mr. Child well says, (I quote from memory,) 'to leave off churning when the feathering cream shows that the butter is beginning to come,' but tell not abolitionists to abandon their organizations when they are just beginning to tell upon the community.—E. Q.

From the New-York Tribune.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Belgium.—King Leopold ascended the throne of Belgium in 1830, and, being a disciple of the anti-villaging philosophers of the age, promptly declared that he should not doom any man to death, unless under circumstances of extraordinary atrocity. (This resolution was one which would soon make itself manifest to all by acts, even if its concealment were attempted. It carried with it, in our view, all the evils which would result from a legal abrogation of capital punishment, without securing all its benefits. We dislike the idea of pardons—of irregular and intermittent justice.) And yet one of the chief jurists of the country, and now one of the king's counsellors of State, published in 1836, a work on jurisprudence, embracing the statistics of crime in that country, which show that, while the number of murders for years before had been pretty steadily eight per annum, for the five years following they averaged but four. Is not this to the purpose, and worth a whole balloon of eloquence?

Tuscany.—This country abolished the infliction of death, by law, about 1778, and adhered to that abolition through a quarter of a century. When its independent government was subverted by the democratic despotism of revolutionary France, the guillotine was among the instruments of human regeneration established by the new supremacy. Now we have no precise and full statistics with regard to his country—we deeply regret that we have not—but European writers of high character affirm, that the number of murders greatly diminished after the abolition of capital punishment—that they were far fewer during the twenty-five years exemption from legal bloodshed, than before—less than they have been since death has been restored—and far less than in other parts of Italy at the same period. We do not see how these facts can well be got over.

Russia.—The opponents of capital punishment do lay great stress on the fact, that this punishment was abolished in Russia a hundred years ago; that it has never been re-admitted into the code of that immense and semi-barbarous empire; and that her statesmen and authors unanimously agree, that its abolition has been followed by the most salutary results; that heinous crimes are less frequent among her people than formerly. Is not this a case directly in point, and one mightily effective? How is it to be escaped? A cavil at the absence of precise data will hardly answer, since the Russian government does not court publicity for its operations: the simple fact that sixty millions of people live in at least the usual security against murderous assaults in the absence of the death-penalty, and, after a century of experience, still warmly and proudly proclaim their own system superior to that which prescribes judicial killing, is certainly very much to the purpose.

Letter from Rev. Charles Fitch.

It is with a thrill of sacred joy that we have read the following letter, from the Rev. CHARLES FITCH, and now lay it before our readers, according to the liberty which its repentant author allows us. We shall not attempt to describe the emotions which we feel, in view of a confession of guilt so humble, so ample, so unquestionably sincere and heartfelt. It is all that the friends of humanity can desire—all, we believe, that God will demand. Once more, therefore, we take our erring brother by the hand; and, as he has abased himself to the dust, for having thrown the anti-slavery ranks into great distress and confusion, by the issuing of the memorable Clerical Appeal, we cheerfully obliterate all that has past, and regard with admiration and delight his present magnanimous and christian conduct. We imprint upon his tear-bedewed cheek the kiss of forgiveness, especially respecting whatever he may have said or done injuriously to ourselves personally. Would to God that all the other signers of the Appeal might also be led to repentance for their participancy in that criminal movement, and be induced to make as frank and public a confession! For we doubt not that they were actuated by the same class of motives as those which operated in the breast of Mr. Fitch.

NEWARK, Jan. 9, 1840.

MR. W. L. GARRISON:

DEAR SIR—Herewith attempt the discharge of a duty, to which I doubt not that I am led by the dictates of an enlightened conscience, and by the influences of the Spirit of God. I have been led, of late, to look over my past life, and to inquire what I would think of past feelings and actions, were I to behold JESUS CHRIST in the clouds of heaven, coming to judge the world, and to establish His reign of holiness and righteousness, and blessedness, over the pure in heart. From such an examination of my past life, I find very much, even in what I have regarded as my best actions, deeply to deplore; but especially do I find occasion for shame, and self-loathing and deep humiliation before God and man, when I see in what multiplied instances the ruling motive of my conduct has been a desire to please men, for the sake of their good opinion. In seeking the promotion of good objects, I have often acted with this in view; but I feel bound in duty to say to you, sir, that to gain the good will of man was the only object I had in view, in every thing which I did relative to certain writings called 'Clerical Appeal.' I cannot say that I was conscious at the time certainly not as fully as I am now, that this was the motive by which I was actuated; but as I now look back upon it, in the light in which it has of late been spread before my own mind, as I doubt not by the spirit of God, I can clearly see that, in all that matter, I had no true regard for the glory of God, or the good of man. I can see nothing better in it, than a selfish and most wicked desire to gain thereby the good opinion of such men as I supposed would be pleased by such movements; while I can clearly see, that I did not consult the will of God, or the good of my fellow men, in the least, and did indulge toward yourself and others, and toward principles which I now see to be according to truth, feelings which both my conscience and my heart now condemn; which I know a holy God never can approve; and which I rejoice to think He never will approve.

I send you this communication, because my conscience and my heart lead me to do it; because I think the truth and the spirit of God approve it, and influence me to do it; and not because I expect or wish thereby to secure the applause of man, or even to regain any good will of man which I may have lost, by actions which I now wholly disapprove. I trust I have learned higher principles of actions; at least, I know I must learn them, or be in fearful circumstances in that day when 'every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit must be hewn down, and cast into the fire.'

The acknowledgment which I now make, I expect to approve when I appear before God with my final

Politics.

There is an article in a late Lowell Courier, which is excellent in many respects;—like Gibbon's famous chapters on Christianity,—true in every thing but the motive with which it was written. But, a dozen facts, as Biddle once said, may be so arranged as to make a lie. The Courier, 'being interpreted means,—‘Let all who hate Liberty party vote for the Whigs—as Mrs. Chapman would have them do.’—Let him not lay the flattering unction to his soul, that the men who don't organize, politically, don't act—that political action necessarily means the uproar of a caucus. Does he recollect that Catholicism, *without the ballot*, once swept the political board in Great Britain? that the working classes there, in 1831, without the privilege of voting, grafted the Reform bill into the British Constitution? Does he dream that men who have broken the bonds of party, dissolved the spell of the Church, and detected the hypocrisy of this bantling called Liberty party, will join that wreck of politics, ‘now scudding under the bare poles of hope,’ and vote with men who have a duellist for their candidate, and *dough-faceism* for their creed? Does the Atlas suppose it is bidding high enough, when it promises to keep ‘Slavery in the District an open question?’ Why, that lure would not even catch Liberty party, with the inherent alloy of availability in its creed;—much less those who mean, over the wreck of both parties, and *all party*, to bring back the State to righteousness. Open more than the *question* in the District, Mr. Editor; open *its ills*.

It is easy to explain the quarrel betwix Liberty party and the Whigs. Near relations never agree. The Jansenist hates Jesuit more than Protestant, and whig Editors, mole-eyed amid the oil and wires of their machinery, deeming that politics is ever to move in the halting step that it has, are insensible to the war-cry which is rising, not from parties, but the people—*Liberty, first and union afterwards.* It is the wordy quarrel of Neapolitan peasants, while the volcano heaves beneath their feet.—W. P. *Hillips*

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

Union of Old and New Organization.

We copy the following notice, from the Emancipator, for the benefit of any, or all, whom it may concern. What would be the sentiment of the American Anti-Slavery Society, or even of its Executive Committee, on this subject, I know not. I am responsible only for my own opinion. My own convictions of duty are clear as the noon. Having the anti-slavery cause deeply at heart, I deprecate nothing so much as even an *appearance* of union between the old and new organization. A union with colonization would seem to me as practicable, and quite as safe. If this painful warfare has been for anything but *principle*, we are indeed most blame worthy—most unpardonable in the sight of God and man. But it *was* a division on principle; and principles do not change their nature, as expediency does. That which was false, remains false; that which was true, remains true. They cannot unite together; the thing is impossible.

The gentlemen invited to attend are all new organizationists, except James C. Jackson; if we omit Gerrit Smith, who stands on 'debatable ground.' I have not the slightest tinge of personal unkindness towards a single individual of them all; but until they openly acknowledge that their secession from the American Society was founded on a mistaken principle, I would as soon appear to be acting in concert with R. R. Gurley, as with them.

This declaration is as painful to me as the drawing of a tooth; but I am constrained thereto by the unbiased dictates of my conscience. I look upon these invitations to 'union,' from various quarters, with distrust and alarm. I dread insidious friendship more than open enmity. If we suffer ourselves to be deceived by these solicitations, we shall assuredly make shipwreck of our noble cause, and that, too, when we are just beginning to outride the storm in safety.

Let new organizationists pursue their way in freedom, by such means as they choose; but let us avoid all partnership, or compromise, for conscience's sake.

L. M. C. *La*

From the Dublin Freeman's Journal.

To the Members of the Repeal Association.

Gentlemen and Friends:—I take my pen to address you on the present occasion with a feeling of deep regret, but under a sense of solemn duty. Yet I address you under a full and firm conviction, that whatever may be your decision on the point at issue between us, my feelings on the subject will be met by a responsive feeling in your breasts. Without further apology, I come to the point at once. You have passed a vote of thanks to the son of John Tyler, President of the United States of America. I respectfully, I solemnly entreat of you to rescind that vote. I ask you to do so for the honor of your country—I ask you to do so for the sake of outraged humanity. Either you have passed that vote in ignorance of Mr. Tyler's character, or some dark cloud has passed over your minds, obscuring for a moment the light of moral truth therein.

John Tyler is a man-stealer—(I have no doubt his son is one too)—he lives by the labor of slaves—by the labor of men as noble as himself, whom he has dared, in the face of high heaven, to deprive of every right given them by their Creator: he is said to be a slave-breeder; and, more horrible still, it is believed in his own country that he has sold his own children into bondage. This may or may not be true; but it is most certain that he is the stern abettor and upholder of the infernal system of American slavery, which supports these iniquities, and sanctions every other wickedness under the sun. John Tyler's son is most probably a man-stealer, a soul-driver like his father, and from such men Irishmen should neither accept of sympathy nor aid, in their patriotic and most laudable endeavors to secure for themselves and their children the inestimable blessings of self-government. I unite heartily with you in your peaceful efforts to obtain this object; but we will fail in these efforts, and we ought to fail, if we sacrifice our moral principles in the holy struggle. In my humble judgment it is a sacrifice, and a fatal sacrifice too, of moral principle, to hold out the hand of friendship to John Tyler and his son, or to any degraded American slaveholder. By all our hopes for our country—by all that is pure, and holy, and good, I conjure you, friends and countrymen, to avoid that horrid pollution; there is no degradation on earth so great as the companionship of men who buy and sell the image of their Creator. I beseech you, let us gain our objects by means which we shall never blush to have used. Oh! let us touch not the blood-money of the slaveholder, and let him never know, by any word of ours, that we have other than a feeling of contempt for him, and of horror of his infamous practices. Let us act thus on the present great emergency, and Ireland will indeed shine out gloriously before the nations. Permit me, in conclusion, to advert to one other deeply interesting point, in connexion with this subject, a point which deeply concerns our national honor now, and for ever. It is believed—it is almost but not entirely capable of proof, that the slaveholders in America have entered into a compact, implied or understood, with some degraded Irishmen in the land, to assist our association with pecuniary aid, on condition that they will give them their votes for the maintenance of slavery. Do we not revolt at such a damning condition as this? That some such stipulation has been entered into between these dishonored parties, appears to me to be a legitimate conclusion, for this reason:

It is impossible, I think, for any sane man to believe that the men in America, who keep in the most cruel bondage which exists on the earth nearly three millions of their own countrymen care one fig about the liberties of Ireland. It cannot be true—it is not true. These men are tyrants in practice; they must be haters of liberty in their hearts. I am amazed that our great leader, O'Connell, the friend of universal liberty, civil and religious, does not see the impropriety of holding any intercourse with slaveholders. He has before now nobly refused to shake hands with one of them. That was well done; it was withering; it told upon the seared conscience of the haughty soul-driver. I call upon him, I call upon every Repealer in my beloved country, to give a manly utterance to a renunciation of the slaveholder's sympathy, and of his blood-stained contributions. A fine opportunity is thus afforded us, of proving to all mankind that Irishmen are true-hearted, that we love liberty, and that we shall never dim its sacred fire by any contact with slavery. Let no man mistake us on this point. So may we hope that the blessing of the Almighty will rest upon us, and our sons, and our daughters, for ever.

I remain, gentlemen and friends, respectfully yours,
JAMES HAUGHTON.

34, Eccles-street, Dublin, 17th March 1843.

account; and this is reason enough to induce me to make it. I believe it is according to the will of God, and that will I fully approve.

You are at liberty, sir, to do with it what you please. If God can be honored, and good done thereby, I would like that the confession I make be as public as the sin I committed. I believe that I should do what I now have done, if I knew I should be despised for it by the whole world. There is one by me who searches my heart, and there is a judgment seat before me, where I must stand. There is, also, a despised, cast out, and crucified Saviour, who was none other than 'God manifest in the flesh,' whom I wish to please and honor. If you can make any use of this communication, that you think will be an honor to Him, or a service to the cause of truth, dispose of it at your pleasure.

The Lord strengthen you to do His will,
CHARLES FITCH.

Runaway. A negro woman belonging to one of our citizens, made her escape to Galena, on board of one of our steamboats a few days since. She succeeded then in procuring a passage further North. The owners of the boat have discovered that they carried an expensive passenger, as they will have to pay her full value, with the expenses incurred in endeavoring to apprehend her.—St. Louis Repub.

We understand that this is the same woman whose case lately made considerable excitement in Wisconsin. She was followed by a couple of woman-hunters, who discovered their prey in Milwaukee. Fortunately, however, the girl found friends, and with great difficulty she was delivered from the power of her enemies; she was secreted by being headed up in a barrel, and fed for several days on crumbs, which she received through small holes bored in the head. She is sixteen or eighteen years of age, and has but little, if any negro blood in her veins, but nevertheless is a slave; and she had been guilty of the atrocious crime of pretending to be free, and passing herself off as a white person! What depravity! That's the way liberty is protected in Wisconsin—headed up in a barrel! She was considered a valuable piece of property, on account of her color and genteel appearance; the hunters declaring that she could be sold for \$1200, for the purpose of prostitution; while a common black wench is not worth more than \$400. We understand that in Milwaukee a good deal of sympathy was manifested for the master, who was so unfortunate as to lose such a prize; and the kind-hearted people of that town turned out by dozens, and scoured the woods, in pious horror of amalgamation, to hunt down this young, interesting, and defenceless white girl—to return her to slavery and prostitution! This is the way female dependance, delicacy, and chastity, are protected in the 'land of the free and home of the brave'—hunted like a wolf through the woods and over the prairies, and at last only saved from the grasp of lust and cruelty by being headed up in a barrel! Don't get excited when you talk about slavery!—Western Citizen.

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

Loud he sang the psalm of David!
He, a Negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear,

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

The object of the anti-slavery movement is to abolish the specific evil of negro slavery. Every man who has humanity enough to be willing to help forward this cause has a right to join in the movement. The slave has a right to ask of him a faithful application of his own principles to his case, and he has no right to ask any thing more. Concert of action among abolitionists is essential to the success of the cause. Concert cannot be had, except on the terms of mutual forbearance and toleration. One man, or one set of opinions, is as good upon the anti-slavery platform as another man, or another set of opinions. Those upon it have a right to ask of their fellows, that they be faithful to their own ideas of duty touching this matter, and nothing more. This they have a right to ask, and also to point out whatever of inconsistency or shortcoming they may discern in their conduct, in the light of their own acknowledged principles. They have no right to decide that this or that class of men cannot be abolitionists from the necessity of the case, or to devote the common time and money to the destruction of any other institution than slavery. Civil government may be a wicked thing, but a government-man has as good a right upon the platform as a non-resistant. It may be a holy thing—but the non-resistant stands upon the platform on equal terms with the politician. The Church and ministry may be of God, or of the devil, but the minister and church member, and the come-outer, have equal rights on that platform. Individual property may be of divine or of diabolical origin, but the capitalist is as good a man on the anti-slavery platform as he that would have all things in common, and vice versa. And any of these classes would have good cause of complaint, if the time and money which he has helped to contribute for the specific purpose of destroying negro slavery, should be applied to the destruction of what he receives, or the building up of what he rejects. The come-outer would have just cause to complain if anti-slavery instrumentalities were used to propagate a belief in the divine origin of the institutions of the Church and ministry;—the non-resistant, if they were used to defend and support a government resting on the right to take human life at discretion; the re-organizer of society, if they were used to maintain the existing relation of things. They would have cause of complaint, because it would be (whether so designed or not) a breach of faith towards them, to divert time and money that they had contributed for a specific purpose to another purpose.

In our conflict with slavery, we cannot stop to investigate into the truth or the falsehood of all institutions and opinions to which men hold. The true philosophy of this, and of every other specific reform, is to assume that all opinions are true, and every institution what it professes to be, and then rigidly to demand of every one to apply his principles and to employ the institutions in which he believes, with perfect fidelity, for the extinction of slavery. Of this fidelity every one is to judge, and if he thinks his neighbor is wanting in it, he is bound to utter his testimony in his ears. Our brethren are perishing in the flames: we cannot wait to settle the truth, or even the expediency of the opinions and practices of those who are willing to go with us to their rescue. We, of course, think our way of going to work the best, but if our fellow-laborers do their best in their way also, we cannot complain of them. All they have to give we demand of those who profess to hate slavery, and we cannot well ask more.

But, it may be said, if we find an opinion or institution directly across our track, is it not our legitimate business to attack and destroy it? I answer yes, provided its hostility to the abolition of negro slavery be inherent in its very essence—so that its prevalence must of necessity defeat that object. But where is there such an opinion or such an institution, excepting the opinion that slavery is right, and the institutions founded upon it—and the Colonization Society? The State is not such an institution—for if the State carried out its idea, slavery would of necessity disappear. The political parties are not such institutions—for the principles of all of them cover the whole ground of anti-slavery, and if carried out, would instantly abolish slavery. The church and ministry are not such institutions, for if they had been

faithful to their own professed principles of duty, slavery would have been extinct long ago. All these institutions are good enough for the abolition of negro slavery, if they are used with fidelity for that end. It is their base and wicked want of fidelity to their own acknowledged standard of duty, that is the just cause of righteous indignation and stern rebuke. I may hold that the State and its parties are false to absolute truth—but still I see that they can abolish negro slavery, if they will but be true to such principles of truth as they profess to hold. I may regard the church and the ministry as impostures, but I know that if they will use the power they have, on the principles they profess, negro slavery would be speedily abolished. I cannot, therefore, assault any of these institutions on the anti-slavery platform—whatever my private opinion may be of them—as necessarily and inherently opposed to the abolition of slavery. For I see that they are not so of their own nature, but only through the wickedness and faithlessness of their members. It is begging the question to assert that it is impossible for a Whig or Democrat, a clergyman or a church-member, to be an abolitionist. There is nothing in the opinions that constitute him any of these things, that is hostile to emancipation. It is his wicked inconsistency—his treacherous infidelity to his own principles, that is the obstacle to overcome. I admit these classes of men to be false to their own principles, and the practical enemies of the slave, as a general, perhaps as an almost universal thing; but there is nothing in their distinctive principles (bad as they may be) that is necessarily hostile to the abolition of negro slavery. I will hold up their inconsistency and guilt before the eyes, and rebuke them in the ears of all the people; but as long as there is a single man holding to these opinions or institutions, (whatever my private opinion of them may be) who is a faithful abolitionist, nay, as long as there is a natural possibility of one becoming such, I cannot attack them as an abolitionist.

As I believe this to be true in principle as to the prosecution of this reform, so I believe it to be the best practical policy. I believe there is nothing that pro-slavery politicians and ecclesiastics (particularly the last)

deprecate so much, as the exposure of their inconsistencies with their own avowed principles. A pro-slavery clergyman does not wish to have his office attacked, to be sure, but I believe he would much prefer to have his office attacked, than his Christian character impeached. The policy of the enemies of the anti-slavery cause has ever been to divert attention from the true issue—their want of fidelity to their own principles of duty. This has been particularly the case with the pro-slavery clergy. Non-resistance, woman's rights, infidelity—everything has been tried—and now they are willing to shift the issue, even to their own divine commission, rather than to have the true issue made up before the people. Whether their claims to a divine legation be well or ill founded, they know that they are strong on this point in the general mind. But to be convicted of dereliction from duty is of deadly consequence. We should be careful how we suffer them to shift the issue from ground where they are weak to one where they feel themselves strong. This mutual toleration of each other's opinions is essential to combined action. When those who had been abolitionists began to weary of their work, and to seek out devices to cover their retreat back to the pro-slavery world and church, their pretence was that other matters had been 'dragged in' upon the anti-slavery platform. Had this been true, it had been good cause of new organization. Their misfortune was, that it was a lie—and they knew it to be such. Let us be cautious how we expose our enterprise to any just cause of reproach or advantage on the part of its enemies.

But are we thus to narrow our minds, and confine them to the limits of one idea? By no means. The anti-slavery platform is an ample one for all its purposes, but it does not cover the whole world. There is plenty of room in the world beside to assault whatever we find false and evil around us, without bringing it there. The Creator has made us so that we can do but one thing at a time. All that consistent anti-slavery can ask of those that profess it, is, to do that one thing at the time they have mutually agreed to devote to it. All other time is free to them to utter and to act whatever their tongues or hands can find to say or

And what the voice within us speaks,
Deceives not the soul that trustingly seeks.—Schiller.

Received November 4 1803
of William & Wood Esqrs
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December
7- To Cash for Rent of his house
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2-0
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[Reported for the Liberator.]

REMARKS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Wendell Phillips said—Fellow-citizens, I will ask your attention but a single moment. I wish only to bear my testimony in favor of liberty, (uproar.) There are husbands, brothers, sons before me. I ask, in the name of humanity, that you will hear me speak for a son and a husband, (great confusion.) No generous man will try to drown my voice, when I plead the cause of one not allowed to speak for himself.—Many will cry, 'Shame,' here, when they are told of the imprisonment of an innocent man. But where shall that shame rest? On the head of a poor officer, who, for a dollar, obeys his writ? On needy attorneys, who would sell the fee simple of their souls for an attendance fee of thirty-three cents a day? On ambitious lawyers, pining to see their names blazoned in southern papers as counsel for slave-catchers? No.—They are but your tools. You are the guilty ones. The swarming thousand before me, the creators of public sentiment, bolt and bar that poor man's dungeon to-night. (Great uproar.) I know I am addressing the white slaves of the North. (Hisses and shouts.) Yes, you dare to hiss me of course. But you dare not break the chain which binds you to the car of slavery. (Uproar.) Shake your chains; you have not the courage to break them. This old hall cannot rock as it used to, with the spirit of liberty. It is chained down by the iron links of the United States Constitution. (Great noise, hisses and uproar.) Many of you, I doubt not, regret to have this man given up—but you cannot help it. There stands the bloody clause in the Constitution—you cannot fret the seal off the bond. The fault is in allowing such a Constitution to live an hour. A distinguished fellow-citizen is reported to have said in this hall, that the abolitionists were insane enough to think that the duties of religion transcended those they owed to the Constitution. Yes, silly men that we are! we presume to believe the Bible outweighs the statute book. (Continued uproar.) When I look upon these crowded thousands, and see them trample on their consciences and the rights of their fellow-men, at the bidding of a piece of parchment, I say, my CURSE be on the Constitution of these U. States! (Hisses and shouts.) Those who cannot bear free speech had better go home. Faneuil Hall is no place for slavish hearts. (Hisses.) Fools!—you know not the inestimable value of free speech. Cowards! you dare not hear a colored man speak in these liberty loving walls! (Great confusion.) Fellow-citizens, no law binds our police to aid the slave catcher, nor our jailor to keep slaves. If they act at all, they are volunteers. Shall our taxes pay men to hunt slaves? Shall we build jails to keep them? (Uproar.) If a southerner comes here to get his lost horse, he must prove title before a jury of twelve men. If he comes to catch his slave, he need only prove title to any Justice of the Peace whom he can make his accomplice.—Again, if he comes for his horse, he sues at his own expense. If he comes for his slave, it seems he is to get him at ours! I record here my testimony against this pollution of our native city. The man in the free States who helps hunt slaves, is no better than a blood hound.—The attorney who aids is baser still. But any judge who should grant a certificate would be the basest of all:

'And in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour him, opens wide.'

Are you ready yet to hear a colored man speak?

There appearing some slight disposition to listen, Mr. Remond took the platform but an uproar immediately ensued, and he was at last compelled to desist.

PENDLETON, Ia. Oct. 6, 1843.

I have been engaged, for a few weeks, in attending the conventions held hereabouts by our eastern friends; and according to promise made to brothers Remond, Gay, and Monroe, at parting, proceed to give you a slight sketch of their doings.

The diabolical proceedings here, you have heard of; and I presume you have also had an account of the anniversary at Jonesboro'. The next convention attended by the friends above named, was held for one day at Noblesville, a small town, fourteen miles west of this place. James Monroe and I arrived there between 11 and 12, found a large collection of people about the court-house, where the meeting was appointed to be held, who seemed to be very earnestly engaged in discussion. We made our way up to a small group, from whom we learned that Charles and Sidney had both made short speeches, and that the meeting had been driven out of the court-house by the threatnings of a mob, and was to meet again at 2 o'clock, in the Methodist meeting-house.—Some one expressed a fear that the mob would again interrupt the meeting; but the sheriff assured him that there was no danger, for the mob had pledged him their word that the meeting should not be disturbed, if held anywhere else than in the court-house; and he knew all the men, and knew them to be "men of honor!" but they had sworn that no "nigger" should speak in their building; and he could not blame them much, for they had patriotic feelings, and strong prejudices! We soon left this peace officer, and went round to the other side of the building, among the "men of honor," who were some seventeen in number, regularly fitted out in the hoosier costume, with stout hickory walking sticks in their hands, about three feet long, and the thickness of a man's arm, with which they no doubt intended to administer the law. In the afternoon, we had a very quiet meeting, which was addressed at length by Gay and Monroe, to very good effect. The mob had dispersed, and troubled the meeting no more; frightened, it is said, by the application of their own argument to the head of their bully, by one of the citizens of the place.

The next day, the convention held two sessions at Westfield, a small village, six miles further west. Numerously attended, interesting, and orderly, with the exception of an occasional outbreak from a "defender of the faith." These "pious church members" generally make the best mobocrats. The man who knocked Frederic Douglas down with a stone, at this place, is, I understand, a Methodist class-leader! and another of that mob, who shouted "Glory to God," after their diabolical acts, had been, I am informed, "regenerated" only three weeks before, by "water baptism"!!

Rumor, with its thousand tongues, had told us stories of an organized mob parading the streets of Indianapolis in open day, with banners flying, and rifles loaded, all ready to shoot down abolition, if it should dare show its face in the capital of Indiana. It being thought best for Charles not to go there, he remained at Westfield, and continued the meeting there, with great effect, if the stirring up of the bitter waters of pro-slavery Methodism, and causing them to foam, and boil over with rage, as though "troubled before their time," is to be taken for a sign of the good wrought. The rest went on to Indianapolis, and instead of finding it as we expected—all excitement and violence—it was more like the dead calm which precedes the earthquake. All the moral elements seemed to be hushed to sleep, and a coldness, like unto death, filled the atmosphere, and sent a chill to the heart. No house could be obtained to hold a meeting in, and we therefore met in the State-house yard. In the morning, about one hundred and fifty men were present; in the afternoon, about three hundred of the elite of the town (only five women) attended. S. H. Gay made a strong speech on the political bearings of the question, and was followed by Monroe, in a giant effort, which was perfectly overwhelming, and scattered pro-slavery on every side, like a hurricane's whirlwind-breath.—Sometimes the assembly would seem to stop breathing, in order to listen, and then be shaken with laughter, as though suddenly taken with an ague fit without pain. I understand the town is in great ferment since, and inquiry is doing the work so well commenced. We have great reason, in view of the unexpected success of this convention, to thank God and take courage. This was the great pro-slavery citadel of this State; and we "shout, shout aloud," that a breach has been made in its walls. Some of the people of the place come out with baskets in their hands, loaded with provisions—mostly eggs—which they intended to present to us; but the officers gave them to understand that they ought not to "entertain strangers" in that way; and they quietly remained, and peacefully departed. After the meeting was over, we proceeded to Greenwood, where we were most warmly

received, and kindly entertained by Dr. B. Noble and his wife. The next day, the convention was held in the Presbyterian meeting-house. It rained hard all day, and the meeting was consequently small, though very interesting. An anti-abolition meeting had been held in the neighborhood a few weeks previous, at which a string of resolutions was got up, a mob organized, and a large banner brought forth, upon which blacks and whites were painted, in most loving proximity. With this device of Satan sailing over their heads, like a buzzard over the carrion below, the mob proceeded to Indianapolis, to drum up recruits; but they met with but little success.

except the jeers and scoffs of the people, and returned rather crest-fallen to their den.

They threatened to come with their banner to the convention at Greenwood, but were informed that if they did, there were "physicians there," who would undertake the *treatment* of their case, and probably administer some *blue pills*. They did not come. In the evening, Charles made his appearance, completely drenched by a thirty-miles' ride in the rain, but seemed not to suffer much in consequence. In the morning, we sorrowingly bade them all farewell. A blessing rests upon their labors here; could the poor slave hear of their efforts in his behalf, a bright love-light would illumine his darkened soul. I understand that more than twenty of the mobocrats who perpetrated their murderous deeds at this place, have been indicted by the grand jury, which held its session last week. Judge Killgore, it is said, gave them a very strong and emphatic charge on the subject. What will be done with them, remains to be seen. For myself, for their sake and for humanity, I could wish that some more potent and *redeeming* instrument could be used for their correction, than the law-wielded sword. I wish abolitionists had more general faith in the strength of the Lord God omnipotent—more confidence in their own moral power—and put less dependence in the force of their own right arms. A mob! what is it composed of? Mad dogs! that they should be shot down? Hyenas, that they should be caged? No! *men*—immortal beings—objects to be pitied, loved, redeemed. *Diseased* men they are, it is true; and we should administer to them such love-prepared, truthful-medicated draughts, as suit "a mind diseased."

I am ashamed of my country—I weep for my fellow-men. But a few weeks since, the mob was instigated to murderous deeds; brothers Douglas and White, who had come to point out to them the road to Heaven, by obedience to God in loving our brother, were beaten, and mangled with clubs and stones. And now those same instigators are sitting in judgment on the tools, the victims of their own wickedness. And this, men call *law*, equity!

"Judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason."

John O. Wattles is with us at present. Last evening he gave a lecture here on the *lures of health*. Many would not turn out, for fear of being mobbed!!! Verily, "*conscience doth make cowards*" of them. They dare not call their own souls their own. Slaves of slaves are they; and slavery's-church slaves are the worst of all. Such fawning, cringing, cowardly slaves as these, Satan-sold, and spirit-darkened, are not to be found elsewhere on the globe. Affectionately, &c.

CAMBRIDGE, Ia. Oct. 17, 1843.

We are living under a "reign of terror" in Indiana. Mob-law is the law of the land. Anarchy has turned loose his war-dogs, and their hideous howlings fall terribly upon the ear. I mentioned, in my last, that some twenty of the rioters had been indicted by the grand jury. Wishing to know what sentence they would receive, they made an arrangement for one of their number to go to Andersonstown, where court was then in session, and give himself up for trial, with the understanding that if the sentence was light, they would all come forward to trial, and pay their fines; but if he should be imprisoned, then they would raise a company, and tear down the jail. Accordingly, one of the rioters, by the name of Reynolds, came forward for trial, plead guilty, and was sentenced to be imprisoned twenty days, and pay a fine of twenty dollars. Some of the lawyers, in their zeal for the mobocracy, wished him to make the plea of "not guilty," offering to plead his cause gratuitously; but he said no; he *had* mobbed the abolitionists, and he would rather pay the judge to put him to jail, than not get in; for he had come on *purpose* to be imprisoned, and was going to be, and was coming out over the prostrate walls. Threats being made on all sides, that the jail should be torn down, the officers called out the militia for its defense; and about one hundred held their posts around it on the 10th, during the day. Sometime in the day the mob entered the town, on horseback, to the number of nearly three hundred, having for their leader Thomas McAlister, the member elect to the State legislature, from that county. They approached the jail, and demanded the release of the prisoner, or the jail should be leveled with the ground. It was understood they had brought arms with them, which they had stacked out of town, for which they were to return if they could not obtain the release of the prisoner without. At this juncture of affairs, Judge Killgore, who was falling heavily under the censure of the mob, and whose life was threatened by them for having convicted their fellow, came fearfully forward, and made a cowardly speech to them, in order to turn away from himself the tide of their wrath. He fell upon the abolitionists, pell-mell; then vindicated himself, for having passed sentence as he had; for the prisoner plead guilty of riot, and the law *compelled* him to convict him; he *could not*, as a sworn officer, do otherwise. He then implored the mob not to proceed to violence; for if they did, they would compel the governor to call out a force sufficient to subdue them; but he would recommend them to get up a petition to the governor for a pardon, and he would *warrant* it would be granted. He then called upon Lawyer Quarls to make a speech, which he did, much after the fashion of that of the judge, stigmatizing abolitionists as "emissaries of hell," &c. The mob then set to work with their petition; and after getting their own names down, with the judge's, and many of the citizens, (among whom were members of the Society of Friends;

one of whom sits head of the meeting, who, on being asked if there was much of a mob in Andersonstown, said, "No; there were between two and three hundred *civil men* there.") After the names were procured, and a messenger started with the petition to "his excellency," the mob dispersed, threatening the lives of abolitionists—those who served on the grand jury, and those who testified before it—and promising, if Reynolds was not pardoned, that they would return and level the jail to the ground. The utmost terror and consternation prevailed among the people. Among the mob were old grey-headed men, "men of property and standing," and men of various religious denominations. Quite a *venerable* and *pious* collection!

During all this time, I was absent from home, in company with John O. Wattles and Valentine Nicholson, laboring for the redemption of poor, oppressed humanity. When I returned two days after, I found all in a state of excitement, looking for the return of the messenger who had been sent with the petition; officers were out, scouring the county, to collect a force to "defend the public property;" and but few could be found willing to go to such a post of danger. Yet such as were willing, were gathering to the scene of action, while the mob were coming in crowds from all parts of the county, and from a number of adjoining counties. During this state of terrible excitement, the messenger arrived with a reprieve from the governor, and the prisoner was liberated. So we are now entirely abandoned to the fury of the mob. The governor's *act*, being interpreted into language, is, "You may commit all kinds of brutal outrages upon the persons and rights of abolitionists, and the laws of Indiana shall not punish you"!!! What, now, is to be the condition of those in this State, who look to human laws for protection? They have been leaning on a rotten reed, and it has broken beneath them. "Their hope is fled, their light is gone." Happy am I that in this trial hour, my faith and trust are, as they long have been, on a higher power, which fails not at the time of need. I am hunted for my life. Those infuriated beings threatened to hang me up to the first tree, if they can get hold of me. They have no reverence for human life; they would as soon shoot down, in their rage, a man as an ox. They possess the genuine spirit of "southern chivalry," and would grace Vicksburg or Texas. I have left my wife and dear little children with our friends, in the midst of that den of thieves, where anarchy is stalking about at noonday, and receiving applause. Their *Father* has his arm of love stretched over them. He will protect them; they are safe! As for myself, I am busy in pleading the cause of the poor and needy; dangers encompass me around, but I fear not; I know there is no revenge or anger in my heart towards those poor deluded men who are now seeking my life to take it away. The prayer goes up from the bottom of my soul, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

Almost everybody, except the abolitionists, blame me with the "*trouble and expense*" of this short, but great, and black, and malignant list of crimes which have been perpetrated in Madison county for the last few weeks. I had need to have shoulders broad as Atlas, to bear all the sins which are attempted to be heaped upon them. They reason upon the subject after this fashion: "If it had not been for Dr. Fussell, there would have been no anti-slavery convention; if there had been no convention, there would not have been any mob; if there had been no mob, Reynolds would not have been put in jail; if he had not been put in jail, the people would not have raised to tear the jail down; and if they had not raised to tear it down, there would not have been any occasion for calling out the military, and all this *expense, trouble, and fearful disturbance*, would not have taken place; *therefore*, Dr. Fussell is to blame for all which has occurred."

What notice will be taken of those who have been indicted, and not yet brought to trial, I know not; but I presume that no attempt will be made to convict them; they are not, in reality, the most guilty ones; they are the mere tools which those *two great thieves*, the Church and State, employ to do the work of their lord and master, "Beelzebub, the prince of devils." Between

them Christianity is crucified, and neither show any signs of repentance. On them rests the blood of humanity and soul-murder of the present day.

I have collated the foregoing narrative of the doings in Madison county, the action of the governor, &c. from the accounts given by eye-witnesses of credibility. And if there should be anything misstated, I will speedily correct it. Being "persecuted in this city," we expect to "flee into another." We would not have our many and dear friends be apprehensive of our safety. Our trust is in Him "who is mighty and willing to save." Love will yet redeem the world; let us be steadfast and untiring in the application of God's ever-enduring principles to the hearts of men. Let us do good for evil, justice for injustice, right for wrong. Let us return kindness for oppression, bread for stones, love for hatred; then, others seeing our good works, will go and do likewise. Even now, even here, the work is prospering; new converts are being made every day. The light of truth is bursting into Satan's kingdom, and he is writhing in torture, and crying out, "Why hast thou come to disturb us before our time?"

A few years ago, the anti-slavery almanac contained a picture, representing Indiana as a bloodhound, fleshing his fangs on the prostrate body of the poor fugitive. Having in this way increased his appetite for human

blood, hissed on by his southern master, he is now prepared to glut himself on the life-blood of abolitionists, until his brutish carcass is filled with gore. What will the country say of this chase? Will it not see that slavery will as soon make a white man a victim, as a black one? and that very soon the bloodhounds may be baying on their own track, and lapping their own blood.

Yours, &c.

EDWIN FUSSELL.

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BY J. G. WHITTIER.

It seems that Pauline,—a young and beautiful girl—attracted the admiration of her master, and being, to use the words of the law, his ‘chattel personal to all intent and *purposes whatsoever*,’ became the victim of his lust. So wretched is the condition of the slave-woman, that even the brutal and licentious regard of her master is looked upon as the highest exaltation of which her lot is susceptible. The slave-girl, in this instance, evidently so regarded it; and as a natural consequence, in her new condition, triumphed over and insulted her mistress—in other words, repaid the scorn and abuse with which her mistress had made her painfully familiar.

The laws of the Christian State of Mississippi inflict the punishment of Death! upon the slave who lifts his or her hand against a white person. Pauline was accused of beating her mistress, tried and found guilty, and condemned to die. But it was discovered on the trial, that she was in a condition to become a mother; and her execution was delayed until the birth of her child. She was returned to her prison cell. There, for many weary months, uncheered by the voice of kindness, alone, hopeless, desolate, she waited for the advent of the new and quickening life within her which was to be the signal of her own miserable death. And the bells there called to mass and prayer-meeting, and Methodists sang, and Baptists immersed, and Presbyterians sprinkled—and young mothers smiled through tears upon their newborn children; and young maidens and matrons of that great city sat in their cool verandahs and talked of love and household joys, and domestic happiness,—while all that dreary time, the poor slave-girl lay on the scanty straw of her dungeon, waiting, with what agony the dear and pitying God of the white and the black only knows, for the birth of the child of her adulterous violator! Horrible!—Was ever what George Sand justly terms ‘the great martyrdom of maternity,’—that fearful trial which love alone converts into joy unspeakable—endured under such conditions!—What was her substitute for the kind voices and gentle soothings of affection!—the harsh grating of her prison-lock—the mockings and taunts of unfeeling and brutal keepers!—What with the poor Pauline took the place of the hopes and joyful anticipations which support and solace the white mother, and make her couch of torture, happy with sweet dreams?—The prospect of seeing the child of her sorrow, of feeling its lips upon her bosom, of hearing its feeble cry—alone, unvisited of its unnatural father; and then in a few days, just when the mother’s affections are strongest, and the first smile of her child compensates for the pangs of the past,—to see the fold and the hangman! Think of that last scene—the tearing of the infant from her arms—her death-march to the gallows, the rope around her delicate neck, and her long and dreadful journey (for attenuated and worn by physical and mental sorrow, her slight frame had little weight left to produce the dislocation

on the falling of the drop,) swinging
for nearly half an hour,—a spectacle
the shape of humanity. Mothers of
such are the fruits of slavery. O
of the blessed God, teach your
and to pity its victims.

Petty politicians and empty debaters are vastly concerned the country 'should be comprised of the Oregon boundary. Frightful atrocity as this murder promises,' us too deeply to display of their patriotism.

THE HUTCHINSONS.

These popular singers, so well known to our readers as the tuneful friends of temperance and freedom, gave a farewell concert at Niblo's, on Monday evening. The house was filled to overflowing, and hundreds were obliged to go away disappointed, from the impossibility of gaining entrance. A messenger was sent in from the crowd outside, to beg them to repeat the concert; they will, accordingly sing again in this city, on Thursday, the 14th of December.

They richly deserve this popularity. The moral influence of their songs is almost unexceptionable, even to the severest school of theologians or reformers; and their naturally fine powers are greatly improved by practice, and enlarged opportunities, since they first came to New-York. Their performance of *Excelsior* is grand; worthy of the religious aspiration, the longing, heavenward glance, expressed in the words. It was indeed like the voice of an angel beckoning from the stars.—Upborne on such music should the parting souls of the great and good ascend to heaven.

The Hutchinsons were in fine voice on Monday evening; but though excited to do their best, by the crowded house and the frequent bursts of applause, they seemed as sincere and unaffected, as when they first come from the hills of "the old Granite State." Abby is still a sweet little flower of the mountains, which passes quietly through city crowds, unlighted by their breath. May God preserve her simplicity and truth.

This Yankee band would doubtless draw crowded houses on the other side of the Atlantic. They would "whittle" their way deep into the pockets of John Bull's purse, and no mistake. He would applaud the singers, if not their song, "Yankee doodle dandy."

FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 9, 1944.

The Massachusetts Meeting.

A word more, in addition to a bit of a letter last week, of the Anniversary of the Pioneer Society. It was a brilliant meeting—though its subjects of discussion were not of *pioneer* character, as it seemed to me.

The Anniversary was superbly attended. I have rarely seen such an anti-slavery array. It was worth the journey, and the endurance of the weather—(all the while at zero)—to witness the assembled abolitionists—the moral strength of the country and the times. It was heart-cheering to mingle in their greetings and salutations. There were veteran speakers enough present, to supply oratory to every legislative body in the land, and of a quality for transcending anything they can now exhibit. The flower of the country's eloquence is indisputably in the anti-slavery ranks.

But the speaking lecturers were not by any means, the most interesting or valuable portion of the attendance. The unspeaking and the unwriting advocates, the faithful men and the brave-hearted and peerless women of the host, who wait unceasingly on the movement—who follow on with it, the year round—who propel it—who feed its enginery and supply their fires—who watch it—day and night—who watch it while the world sleeps—who sit up nights with it—who reap no reward or plaudit for their perpetual devotion and sacrifices, but the *indulgence* of their *humanity*. These were there in multitude, to *countenance* and sustain the movement. And in the light of such countenance anti-slavery lives and has its being, and will live forever.

From the Practical Christian.

The Anniversaries.

The editor and some fifteen others of this Community attended the Anniversaries in Boston last week, chiefly for the sake of the Temperance and Anti-Slavery causes. The New-England Anti-Slavery Convention held public meetings in the Marlboro' Chapel, with immense audiences, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday—morning, afternoon, and evening till half past 10 at night. The gathering of the anti-slavery friends, and the interest of the meetings were unprecedented. Never before were there such multitudes assembled at any anniversary of the kind in this country. The very elite of talent, eloquence and zeal, with which this cause is pre-eminently endowed, discoursed powerfully from the platform, and breathed rapture from the choir of the Hutchinsons. 'No UNION with SLAVEHOLDERS,' *political or religious*, was the all-absorbing theme. Resolutions, declaring it to be incompatible with pure anti-slavery principle to vote or hold office under the present pro-slavery Constitution and government of the United States, were passed by an overwhelming majority—over 200 to 22, as nearly as I recollect. On Friday evening, the N. E. Convention presented to the American Anti-Slavery Society a superb Banner of exquisite workmanship, covered with appropriate devices and inscriptions. A vast concourse of people filled the house. Charles C. Burleigh, as the representative of the Convention, presented the Banner with one of his most eloquent speeches. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, as President of the A. A. S. Society, received it with a response no less eloquent in diction, while in grandeur of moral sentiment and force of expression it was of transcendent excellence. This exhibition, with these speeches, followed up by the poetry and music of the Hutchinsons, electrified the multitude with ideas and emotions, which found utterance in shouts, cheers, clapping of hands, and other popular demonstrations. It were well had the meeting dissolved at this point of its proceedings—as it was presently afterwards thrown into confusion by the rowdies present; who, partly through their dislike of S. S. Foster, and their impatience for more music, pretty much silenced the speakers, suspended proceedings, and finally induced adjournment *sine die*. I am quite at a loss what to think or say of the whole clapping, stamping, hurraing system. Is it of heaven or of men? From above or beneath? Is it becoming the wise and good, or is it besitting only the sensual rabble? If I did not see so many worthy men and women in such good causes encouraging it, my instincts, prejudices and principles would prompt me to denounce it outright at once. But now I hesitate to condemn, lest better persons than myself, seeing further into the nature and tendency of things, should perchance be in the right and I in the wrong. Yet for the life of me I can see no sense in it. It appears to me to be a vulgar and pernicious practice. If it be a dictate of enlightened reason, or consistent with the christian religion, I would thank any one to convince me of it, and then I will try to make my part of the necessary noise on all after occasions.

An unpleasant incident occurred in the Convention on Wednesday, which excited a good deal of feeling and talk pro and con among both friends and foes. I allude to the removal of Abigail Folsom from the house. This singular and unfortunate woman, who is generally believed to be partially insane, has rendered herself notorious in most of the reform meetings held in Boston for several years past. She has been in the habit of speaking and reading in season and out of season, *with leave and without leave*, in order and out of order, sometimes briefly and sometimes almost interminably, sometimes with good sense and sometimes with nonsense, sometimes unobjectionably, but oftener to the unendurable annoyance of the friends at whose expense of time and money those meetings have been sustained. Having borne with her till endurance was thought to be no longer a duty, Messrs. Phillips and White assumed the responsibility of removing her by kind uninjurious force from the platform. They bore her off amid the mingled plaudits and hisses of the congregation. Some cried, 'right!' 'good!' 'well done!' Others, 'Oh!' 'shame!' 'let her alone!' Then came the speeches of Clapp, Rogers, Foster, Phillips and White, denouncing, regretting, justifying, explaining and defending the proceeding. Some were astonished to hear Foster approve of the transaction—supposing that he, of course, who had been so often ejected from public assemblies, would take the other side. But he vindicated himself against the charge of inconsistency very satisfactorily. Said he, 'I consider this woman an unfortunate lunatic, whose mental derangement produces continual disturbance and confusion in a meeting assembled from all quarters of the land at great expense to promote the deliverance of two and a half million slaves from

their cruel bondage. It is not proper that an insane person should be permitted to delay and frustrate the proceedings of such a meeting. If this woman were my mother, sister, or daughter, I should deem it my imperative duty to take her out of this assembly, and keep her from further disturbing it. It is right and proper to remove her. It is but justice and kindness to all concerned.' A voice from the gallery—'What if they should deal with you in the same manner?' 'I would never complain. If, when from a sense of duty, I speak in an assembly of people against their will, they deem me a lunatic, let them treat me as a lunatic. Let them remove me out of the house without injury, and place me where I may receive the treatment of insane people. But they do not treat me thus. They denounce me as a mad man and a lunatic, yet treat me as a sane criminal, a wilful felon. They drag me out, injuriously prosecute me, and incarcerate me in the cells of their public prisons. Of this I complain; this conduct I denounce as base and abominable. But Abigail Folsom has received in this place nothing but kindness and humane treatment. We have believed her an unfortunate lunatic, and treated her accordingly. Although I do not endorse Foster's doctrine of free speech in the extreme to which he carries it, yet I think he fairly made out his case in this argument. For my own part, I doubt if I should either have assisted in carrying the woman out of the house, or advised to the act. Yet I cannot condemn it; I must approve of it. I recognize the right and the duty of removing insane persons from public assemblies, whenever their whims render it impossible for the assembly to proceed with their proper business. I cannot doubt, after the exhibitions I have seen for several years, that Abigail Folsom is a deranged person—though like other deranged persons, she frequently emits sparks of sense and wit—which shame some who think themselves in their senses. Several of our friends in the meeting sincerely and earnestly protested against her forcible removal out of the house, contending that it were better to endure her disorderly speaking than to set up a precedent which might in the end sanction downright tyranny. But the majority of those who made so much ado about the matter were hypocritical rowdies, who wanted to see the sport go to on, and would have rejoiced in any mischief it might occasion to the meeting. Some of the penny editors too were filled with horror at such a monstrous proceeding, and exclaimed, 'The Non-Resistants have trampled on freedom of speech and dragged out a harmless woman for speaking in their anti-slavery meeting. O consistency!' A penny apiece for all such crocodile tears! 'They have their reward.'

Another incident of this meeting to be noted was the appearance on the platform of three hostile clergymen, who at different times addressed the audience with great vehemence. They were all of the straightest sect in religion, as nearly as I could judge. And they were clergymen, professionally so—not simple, unpretending ministers of Christ. My sympathies are often awakened for ministers when I hear them hotly and indiscriminately denounced

by some our Boanerges—knowing as do how many good men there are among them, who by reason of almost inextricable difficulties fail to take the stand their consciences approve in favor of reform. But if I were obliged to regard the three clergymen to whom I am referring as a specimen of the whole, I should give up in despair. They are all strangers to me and perhaps if I knew them intimately I might find them much better men than their appearance on this occasion indicated. I will not judge their hearts. I will only describe the impressions they made on my mind. The first, a Mr. Chamberlain, declaimed somewhat unreasonably, I thought, in respect to matter of argument; but this was nothing strange. It was the artificially antic action, the ludicrous gesticulation, and the comic enunciation of the man, that seemed to me most out of character in a 'legate of the skies.' There was nothing indicative of that simplicity, humility, candor and self-discipline, which is so commanding in the true minister of Christ. Still he was not malignant; he showed nothing of the religious fiend—nothing of that dark inspiration which inflicts torture and death on the supposed heretic. But I could see no great principle at which he was aiming—no profound love of right, no humanity, for which he was struggling—no divine unction in his manner. He was professional, and yet not professionally dignified. If there is half as much at stake in the destiny of man for time and eternity as his theology affirms, he ought to plead his cause in a different style from that which he exhibited on this occasion. The second was a Mr. Goodenow, or Goodenough. He appeared at once self-conceited, self-righteous, impudent, intolerant, and persecuting. He unblushingly asserted that nearly all the churches and clergy of this land are honestly and earnestly devoted to the cause of the slave. He might as well have said that nearly all

mankind are exemplary Christians. He was brought into close contact with Frederick Douglass in the debate, who gave him such blows of truth, and such blasts of eloquence, as nothing would have induced me, standing in his place, to encounter. Douglass referred him to the Union of the ministers and churches of the North with those of the South who held slaves. At first, he denied the fact of such a union, but being obliged to acknowledge that he and his brethren received the aid of slaveholders in circulating the Bible, carrying on the missionary cause, &c., he unblushingly said, 'We would receive aid from the Devil in hell, if he chose to send it to us for the promotion of a good cause!' 'Nay,' said Douglass, 'but you go to the Devil, and solicit his aid. Besides, you elect him into the Executive Committees of your great societies, and give him the place of honor in your solemn assemblies. You recognize slaveholders as good Christian brethren, and admit them into your pulpits. Is this your anti-slavery? Mr. G. denied the charge, but he had to admit that these things had been done by some of the most eminent clergymen in the great evangelical sects, and that the rest still fellowshiped those eminent clergymen. He had also to admit that ecclesiastical bodies, composed chiefly of what he called good anti-slavery people, sent delegates to ecclesiastical bodies which were in full fellowship with slaveholders, and received delegates from those bodies. His plea was, that they fellowshiped them in some things, not in all—certainly not their slaveholding. But he was pushed to admit that those slaveholding ministers when sent as delegates, were taken to the communion table, conducted into the pulpit, and otherwise treated as Christian ministers of unexceptionable character. I wanted some one should ask him if he and his evangelicals could fellowship Unitarians, Universalists, &c. as far forth as they did slaveholders. Of course he must have answered No. Then there are some errors which they cannot fellowship. Is slavery so non-essential and harmless, that it can be got over, while the heresies of Unitarians and Universalists are an insuperable barrier? Then slavery is not a capital sin with these people! It comes to this. Yet they are nearly all of sound anti-slavery character—devoted friends of the slave! Why set up such pretensions? Why deceive and be deceived thus? When Mr. Goodenow got the floor to himself, he poured forth his volleys of denunciation without mercy upon the Convention. He looked fire and faggots, while he pronounced us all infidels, and hypocrites of the most reprobate stamp, full of all hatred to the truth of God, his church and ministers—bent solely on the overthrow of all true religion—without one particle of love for the slave in our hearts, and only whining about his sufferings, and pretending to humanity as a cloak under which to propagate more successfully our damnable errors. Finally, he told us he knew we should say all manner of evil of him for his fidelity, but he could bear it as the disciple of Jesus, in whose name he warned us to repent immediately and make our peace with God. He then closed and hastened with all speed out of the house. 'Disciple of Jesus!' Alas, how unlike Jesus! What a desecration of that holy and blessed name! If he had lived in the days of Jesus, is it not probable he would have been among the first to denounce the Son of God as an impostor, a sabbath breaker, a blasphemer, one that had a devil and cast out devils by Beelzebub? Would he not have cried out 'away with him! crucify him, crucify him!'

Stephen S. Foster, his moral magazine almost bursting with red hot thunder-bolts of truth and rebuke, now took the floor. In one hand he held a hateful iron collar with three or four prongs on it, which had been worn by a female slave, and in the other a pair of manacles which had also been worn by the victims of oppression. He had on a coat with one skirt, the other having been rent off by a mob sometime since, from which he barely escaped with his life. Waving the iron collar and shaking the manacles, he cried out, 'Behold here a specimen of the religion of this land, the handy work of the American church and clergy,' &c. It would be useless for me to attempt any description of the tornado which poured forth from his mouth, or of the uproar and confusion excited among those who had applauded the preceding speaker. His molten indignation was thrown out like the lava of a volcano against iniquity and oppression, and of course his epithets and denunciations went forth hissing and sweeping in full offset to those which had been discharged from the opposing battery. But he was too full—too highly charged—had too much crowding in his mind for utterance, and his feelings were too intense to deliver himself with the freedom and success which he desired. Among the unanswerable good things which he said, were other things which I believe ought not to have been said. He pronounced the American clergy en masse 'a pack of the

greatest villains and scoundrels on earth, and the churches of Boston, naming Dr. Sharp's in particular, to be worse than any brothel in our great cities,' &c. &c. This was said at the top of his voice, in the most harsh and vehement tones of excited expression. It was saying of the pro-slavery people pretty much in substance what Mr. Goodenow had just been saying of the anti-slavery people. It was said in a good cause, on the right side of the main question. But whether true or false, it ought not to have been said. If false, it was slanderous. If partly true and partly false, it ought to have been qualified. If wholly true, it was uncalled for, injudicious and mischievous. Even knaves and villains are not mended by a vociferous outcry of knave and villain against them. Nor are their neighbors necessarily made better by such outcries. The danger is that all parties will be made worse. I cannot approve of such modes of speech. And the longer I examine the question, the more am I confirmed in my disapproval. I deplore that good men in a good cause, through a mistaken judgment of duty, should make use of any such means. It is due to Br. Foster to say, that he distinctly proclaimed himself the agent of no society, the representative of no class of men, and wished no other person to be answerable for what he might say. Notwithstanding all this, his brethren, who love and respect him, and who

approve of much he says and does, will be held responsible by the public for the whole. They will be held to approve it, if they do not expressly disapprove it. Aside however from all human opinions and judgments, exceptionable means used for a good end ought to be disapproved for conscience sake. Time will test all things, and that which a man believes will ultimately be proved *evil* he ought to testify against. Neither the common sense of mankind, nor, as I believe, the unerring Judge of all the earth will ever pronounce the American clergy 'a pack of the greatest villains and scoundrels on earth,' or the churches of Boston, worse than any brothel. All Br. Foster's acute arguments of inference and construction to the contrary notwithstanding. Some individuals of the American clergy and church are probably as abominable in the sight of God as iniquity and hypocrisy can render man. Many individuals among them are below the ordinary standard of the world's morality, blind, stupid, false and faithless to the highest obligations of duty. The mass of them are far below the standard of true christian piety and morality, worldly minded, formal, self-righteous—having a form of godliness while denying the power. But among them there is a precious remnant, an elect of God; the salt of the earth and the light of the world. Let not one of these little ones be cast out with the vile, or made to bear the blight of unjust reproach. Let the worst be made no worse than they are, the ordinary and indifferent rated no lower in the scale than truth and justice mingled with mercy require, and the elect remnant be treated with a tenderness and consideration fitted to bring them forth as wheat from the chaff and gold from the dross of the furnace.

The great argument by which Br. Foster makes out his extreme conclusions is a kind of argument which, carried to its legitimate extent, will prove that the best man in the world, who continues in the least known wrong, is the greatest villain and scoundrel—the worst man in the world. With his light, standing where he does, that man who is nearest right without being entirely sinless is the worst of the human race. He sins knowingly on one point, and thereby fellowships all sin. Therefore he is the worst of sinners. *God be our judge, and have mercy on us!* The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, seasonably spoken, rightly divided and justly applied, in tones of sober earnestness, in the spirit of meekness, and with the tears of a divine compassion for the worst of the human race. 'Reprove, rebuke, entreat, with all long-suffering and doctrine.' Denounce with dignified severity where denunciation is fully warranted, but let not denunciation degenerate into railing, or any thing which wears the appearance of brawling or blackguardism. Shun all appearance of these evils, whether offensive or defensive. 'Let your speech,' as saith the apostle, 'be always with grace, seasoned with salt.' 'Sound speech that cannot be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you.' 'Be gentle toward all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth; and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will.' Can we pursue a wiser, better course than this? 'I trow not.'

In this connection, I want to say a word of printed caricatures, holding up individuals to public scorn and contempt. They have been used somewhat in the Temperance and Anti-Slavery causes. When made

to bear on institutions, customs, and fashionable vices, they may perhaps be useful. But when designating particular persons, and aiming to render them odious or ridiculous, I feel an instinctive abhorrence of them. They are weapons which can be wielded with even greater effect against the wise and good, against virtue itself, than against the vain and vicious. What are they but blackguardism in the form of a picture? Something like a caricature of Henry Clay, represented as a slave-whipper lashing a negro, has been got up, probably by the pro-slavery opponents of Clay. It was for sale at the Convention, and my worthy Br. Garrison, if I rightly recollect, held up a copy of it to the audience, and recommended the purchase of it. Will any good come of this? Or am I deceived by a false squeamishness? If I am, I wish Br. G. would give me incidentally a few reasons on the other side. Is Henry Clay particularly cruel to his slaves, in the way of whipping them? or is he put forward to personify the system? If the latter, (as seems most probable,) wherein is he more guilty than any other citizen of the United States who deliberately swears to support the pro-slavery Federal Constitution? Does not that Constitution sanction and protect slavery? And is it worse to hold slaves than it is to sanction and guarantee its existence? But it will be said, Henry Clay is the nominee of a great political party for the presidency. True, but who else could have been nominated by that party less pledged to the system of slavery than he? I cannot think that any such caricatures, of the leaders in politics or religion, however true in some parts of their design, will ever make this world better. They generate scorn and hatred for persons, rather than conscientious abhorrence of *evil* itself. Let us not do evil that good may come.

I have turned aside from Mr. Pearl, the last of the three hostile clergymen alluded to as having appeared on our platform. He appeared to better advantage than Mr. Goodenow. There was more candor about him, and less religious bitterness. But his combativeness and destructiveness, as well as self-esteem, must be large, to have exhibited himself as he did. His zeal for his theology, for his order, and for the church in general, together with his holy indignation against infidels and disorganizers, mantled in the disguise of anti-slavery, made the *rostrum* creak under his emphatic jounces, and the drums of all our ears ache with his stentorian declamation. Strange that men should put on such airs, flame up with such fervent wrath, and split the ears of the groundlings with such tragi-comical vociferation. If they have a good cause, they injure it, if a bad one, they hasten its explosion. Albeit I am glad these clerical gentlemen appeared on the stage. It proves that they feel the pressure of public opinion, that they are alarmed at the growing power of radical anti-slavery, and that they dare not longer trust their hitherto famous argument of *silent contempt*. They are no longer afraid of the women speakers, as Foster told them, but can screw up their consciences to stand on the same platform with them and address public assemblies. I wish them nothing but a new heart and a right spirit, that they may bear a true testimony. Let them do their duty as becometh true ministers of Christ, and I will warrant them a safe deliverance from all the infidels and disorganizers in the land. If not, they will ruin themselves, in spite of their best friends. And for their special improvement, let them take a lesson from William Cowper:

'Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master strokes and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner, decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture!—Is it like? Like whom?
'He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul.
' * * * So did not Paul.'

'I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof

From Graham's Magazine.
The Arsenal at Springfield.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Certainly if all who know, that to be men
stands not in the shape of bodies, but in the
power of reason, would listen awhile unto
Christ's wholesome and peaceable decrees, and
not, puffed up with arrogance and conceit,
rather believe their own opinions than his ad-
monitions: the whole world long ago (turning
the use of iron into milder works) should have
lived in most quiet tranquility, and have met
together in a firm and indissoluble league of
most safe concord.—ANONYMUS.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing,
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and
dreary,
When the Death-Angel touches those swift
keys

What loud lament and dismal Miserecre
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan—
Which, through the ages that have gone before
us,

In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's
song,

And loud amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis,
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpents
skin.

The tumult of each sacked and burning village
The shout, that every prayer for mercy
drowns;

The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage,
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns!

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched
asunder,

The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, oh man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly
voices,

And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with
terror,

Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps
and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and foris.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!

And every nation that should lift again
its hand against its brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long genera-
tions,

The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then
cease;

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say
'Peace!'

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals,
The blast of War's great organ shakes the
skies!

But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of Love arise.

Herald of Freedom.*

We have occasionally, for several years, met
with a number of this spirited journal, edited,
as abolitionists need not be informed, by Na-
thaniel P. Rogers, once a counsellor at law in
Plymouth, still further up the Merrimack, but
now, in his riper years, come down the hills thus
far, to be the Herald of Freedom to those parts.

We have been refreshed not a little, by the cheap cordial of his editorials, flowing like his own mountain-torrents, now clear and sparkling, now foaming and gritty, and always spiced with the essence of the fir and the Norway pine; but never dark nor muddy, nor threatening with smothered murmurs, like the rivers of the plain. The effect of one of his effusions reminds us of what the hydropathists say about the electricity in fresh spring water, compared with that which has stood over night to suit weak nerves. We do not know of another notable and public instance of such pure, youthful, and hearty indignation at all wrong. The church itself must love it, if it have any heart, though he is said to have dealt rudely with its sanctity. His clean attachment to the right, however, sanctions the severest rebuke we have read.

We have neither room, nor inclination, to criticise this paper, or its cause, at length, but would speak of it in the free and uncalculating spirit of its author. Mr. Rogers seems to us to occupy an honorable and manly position in these days, and in this country, making the press a living and breathing organ to reach the hearts of men, and not merely "fine paper, and good type," with its civil pilot sitting aft, and mag-

nanimously waiting for the news to arrive,—the vehicle of the earliest news, but the latest intelligence,—recording the indubitable and last results, the marriages and deaths, alone. The present editor is wide awake, and standing on the beak of his ship; not as a scientific explorer under government, but a yankee sealer, rather, who makes those unexplored continents his harbors in which to refit for more adventurous cruises. He is a fund of news and freshness in himself,—has the gift of speech, and the knack of writing, and if anything important takes place in the Granite State, we may be sure that we shall hear of it in good season. No other paper that we know keeps pace so well with one forward wave of the restless public thought and sentiment of New England, and asserts so faithfully and ingenuously the largest liberty in all things. There is, beside, more unpledged poetry in his prose, than in the verses of many an accepted rhymers; and we are occasionally advertised by a mellow hunter's note from his trumpet, that, unlike most reformers, his feet are still where they should be, on the turf, and that he looks out from a serene natural life into the turbid arena of politics. Nor is slavery always a sombre theme with him, but invested with the colors of his wit and fancy, and an evil to be abolished by other means than sorrow and bitterness of complaint. He will fight this fight with what cheer may be. But to speak of his composition. It is a genuine yankee style, without fiction,—real guessing and calculating to some purpose, and reminds us occasionally, as does all free, brave, and original writing, of its great master in these days, Thomas Carlyle. It has a life above grammar, and a meaning which need not be parsed to be understood. But like those same mountain-torrents, there is rather too much slope to his channel, and the rainbow sprays and evaporations go double-quick-time to heaven, while the body of his water falls headlong to the plain. We would have more pause and deliberation, occasionally, if only to bring his tide to a head,—more frequent expansions of the stream, still, bottomless mountain tarns, perchance inland seas, and at length the deep ocean itself.

We cannot do better than enrich our pages with a few extracts from such articles as we have at hand. Who can help sympathizing with his righteous impatience, when invited to hold his peace or endeavor to convince the understanding of the people by well ordered arguments?

—"Bandy compliments and arguments with the somnambulist, on 'table rock,' when all the waters of Lake Superior are thundering in the

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great horse-shoe, and deafening the very war of the elements! Would you not shout to him with a clap of thunder through a speaking-trumpet, if you could command it,—if possible to reach his senses in his appalling extremity! Did Jonah *argue* with the city of Nineveh,—'yet forty days,' cried the vagabond prophet, 'and Nineveh shall be overthrown!' That was his salutation. And did the 'Property and Standing,' turn up their noses at him, and set the mob on to him? Did the clergy *discountenance* him, and call him extravagant, misguided, a divider of churches, a disturber of parishes? What would have become of that city, if they had done this? Did they 'approve his principles' but dislike his 'measures' and his 'spirit'!!

"Slavery must be cried down, denounced down, ridiculed down, and pro-slavery with it, or rather before it. Slavery will go when pro-slavery starts. The sheep will follow when the bell-weather leads. Down, then, with the bloody system, out of the land with it, and out of the world with it,—into the Red Sea with it. Men *shant* be enslaved in this country any longer. Women and children *shant* be flogged here any longer. If you undertake to hinder us, the worst is your own."—"But this is all fanaticism. Wait and see."

He thus raises the anti-slavery 'war-whoop' in New Hampshire, when an important convention is to be held, sending the summons

—"To none but the whole-hearted, fully-committed, cross-the-Rubicon spirits."—"From rich 'old Cheshire,' from Rockingham, with her horizon setting down away to the salt sea."—"From where the sun sets behind Kearsage, even to where he rises gloriously over *Moses Norris's* own town of *Pittsfield*; and from Amoskeag to Ragged Mountains,—Coos—Upper Coos, home of the everlasting hills, send out your bold advocates of human rights,—wherever they lay, scattered by lonely lake, or Indian Stream, or 'Grant,' or 'Location,'—from the trout-haunted brooks of the Amoskeag, and where the adventurous streamlet takes up its mountain march for the St. Lawrence.

"Scattered and insulated men, wherever the light of philanthropy and liberty has beamed in upon your solitary spirits, come down to us like your streams and clouds;—and our own Grafton, all about among your dear hills, and your mountain-flanked valleys,—whether you *home* along the swift Ammonoosuck, the cold Pemigewasset, or the ox-bowed Connecticut."

—"We are slow, brethren, dishonorably slow, in a cause like ours. Our feet should be as 'hinds' feet.' 'Liberty lies bleeding.' The leaden-colored wing of slavery obscures the land with its baleful shadow. Let us come together, and inquire at the hand of the Lord, what is to be done."

And again; on occasion of the New England Convention, in the Second-Advent Tabernacle, in Boston, he desires to try one more blast, as it were, 'on Fabyan's White Mountain horn.'

"Ho, then, people of the Bay State,—men, women, and children; children, women, and men, scattered friends of the *friendless*, where-soever ye inhabit,—if habitations ye have, as such friends have not *always*,—along the seaboard border of Old Essex and the Puritan Landing, and up beyond sight of the sea-cloud, among the inland hills, where the sun rises and sets upon the dry land, in that vale of the Connecticut, too fair for human content, and too fertile for virtuous industry,—where deepens that haughtiest of earth's streams, on its seaward way, proud with the pride of old Massachusetts. Are there any friends of the friendless negro haunting such a valley as this? In God's name, I fear there are none, or few, for the very scene looks apathy and oblivion to the

genius of humanity. I blow you the summons though. Come, if any of you are there.

"And gallant little Rhode Island; *transcendent* abolitionists of the tiny commonwealth. I need not call you. You are *called* the year round, and, instead of sleeping in your tents, stand harnessed, and with trumpets in your hands,—every one!

"Connecticut! yonder, the home of the Burleighs, the Monroes, and the Hudsons, and the native land of old George Benson! are you ready? 'All ready!'

"Maine here, off east, looking from my mountain post, like an everglade. Where is your Sam. Fessenden, who stood storm-proof against New Organization in '38? Has he too much name as a jurist and an orator, to be found at a New England Convention in '43? God forbid. Come one and all of you from 'Down East,' to Boston, on the 30th, and let the sails of your coasters whiten all the sea-road."

Atlas! there are scarce enough of you to man a fishing boat. Come up, mighty in your feuness. "And green Vermont, what has become of your anti-slavery host,—thick as your mountain maples,—mastering your very politics,—not by balance of power, but by sturdy majority. Where are you now? Will you be at the Advent Meeting on the 30th of May? Has anti-slavery waxed too trying for your off-hand, how-are-ye, humanity? Have you heard the voice of Freedom of late? Next week will answer.

"Poor, cold, winter-ridden New-Hampshire,—winter-killed, I like to have said,—she will be there, bare-foot, and bare-legged, making tracks like her old bloody-footed volunteers at Trenton. She will be there, if she can work her passage. I guess her minstrelsy* will,—for birds can go independently of car, or tardy stage-coach.—"

"Let them come as Macaulay says they did to the siege of Rome, when they did not leave old men and women enough to begin the harvests. Oh how few we should be, if every soul of us were there. How few, and yet it is the entire muster-roll of Freedom for all the land. We should have to beat up for recruits to complete the army of Gideon, or the platoon at the Spartan straits. The foe are like the grasshoppers, for multitude, as for moral power. Thick grass mows the easier, as the Goth said of the enervated millions of falling Rome. They can't stand too thick, nor too tall for the anti-slavery scythe. Only be there at the mowing."

In noticing the doings of another Convention, he thus congratulates himself on the liberty of speech which anti-slavery concedes to all,—even to the Folsoms and Lamsons:—

"Denied a chance to speak elsewhere, because they are not mad after the fashion, they all flock to the anti-slavery boards as a kind of Asylum. And so the poor old enterprise has to father all the oddity of the times. It is a glory to anti-slavery, that she can allow the poor friends the right of speech. I hope she will always keep herself able to afford it. Let the constables wait on the State House, and Jail, and the Meeting Houses. Let the door-keeper at the Anti-slavery Hall be that tall, celestial-faced Woman, that carries the flag on the National Standard, and says, 'without concealment,' as well as 'without compromise.' Let every body in, who has sanity enough to see the beauty of brotherly kindness, and let them say their fantasies, and magnanimously bear with them, seeing unkind pro-slavery drives them in upon us. We shall have *saner* and *sensibler* meetings then, than all others in the land put together."

More recently, speaking of the use which some of the clergy have made of Webster's plea in the Girard case, as a seasonable aid to the church, he proceeds:

"Webster is a great man, and the clergy run under his wing. They had better employ him as Counsel against the Come-outers. He would n't trust the defence on the Girard will plea though, if they did. He would not risk his fame on it, as a religious argument. He would go and consult William Bassett, of Lynn, on the principles of the 'Come-outers,' to learn their strength; and he would get him a testament, and go into it as he does into the Constitution, and after a year's study of it he would hardly come off in the argument as he did from the conflict with Carolina Hayne. On looking into the case, he would advise the clergy not to go to trial,—to settle,—or, if they could n't, to 'leave it out' to a reference of 'orthodox deacons.'"

We will quote from the same sheet his indignant and touching satire on the funeral of those public officers who were killed by the explosion on board the Princeton, together with the President's slave; an accident which reminds us how closely slavery is linked with the government of this nation. The President coming to preside over a nation of free men, and the man who stands next to him a slave!

"I saw account," says he, "of the burial of those slaughtered politicians. The hearses passed along, of Upshur, Gilmer, Kennon, Maxcy, and Gardner,—but the dead slave, who fell in company with them on the deck of the Princeton, was not there. He was held their equal by the impartial gun-burst, but not allowed by the bereaved nation a share in the funeral."—"Out upon their funeral, and upon the paltry procession that went in its train. Why didn't they enquire for the body of the other man who fell on that deck? And why hasn't the nation inquired, and its press? I saw account of the scene in a barbarian print, called the Boston Atlas, and it was dumb on the absence of that

body, as if no such man had fallen. Why, a demand in the name of human nature, was that sixth man of the game brought down by that great shot, left unburied and above ground,—for there is no account yet that his body has been allowed the right of sepulture."—"They didn't bury him even as a slave. They didn't assign him a jim-crow place in that solemn procession, that he might follow to wait upon his enslavers in the land of spirits. They have gone there without slaves or waiters."—"The poor black man,—they enslaved and imbruted him all his life, and now he is dead, they have, for aught appears, left him to decay and waste above ground. Let the civilized world take note of the circumstance."

We deem such timely, pure, and unpremeditated expressions of a public sentiment, such publicity of genuine indignation and humanity, as abound in this journal, the most generous gifts a man can make, and should be glad to see the scraps from which we have quoted, and the others which we have not seen, collected into a volume. It might, perchance, penetrate

into some quarters which the unpopular cause of freedom has not reached.

Long may we hear the voice of this Herald.

H. D. T.

The following piece of pious badinage comprises all that is decent, manly and humane in sectarianism.

From the Boston Christian Watchman.

DEDHAM, Oct. 31, 1843.

I intimated, Mr. Editor, in my last, that I had a few more things I might touch upon, in another letter from this village. I stated, too, that there was a large cavalcade went on the 24th, from this place, to meet the venerable Ex-President, on his way here. There was nothing, however, remarkable about this large gathering of men and horses, except the great variety of colors, &c. of the animals. The riders all appeared as though each had mounted the very animal best adapted to the purpose, and each animal appeared, as though by instinct, he was caparisoned by his rider for some special and important purpose, and both entertaining similar views as to motive and action in the services of the day. Indications were so plain that each was on his favorite hobby, that I was strongly reminded of the numerous 'hobby riders' in the moral and religious world at the present day. I imagined,

1. That there was the politician, who had his favorite hobby, who was aiming by seizing upon some one prominent and popular measure connected with the government, perhaps tariff or anti-tariff—the annexation of Texas to our country or its opposite—a bank or no bank—he should eventually ride into the Presidential chair.

2. Among them was the dapple-gray. He appeared slender and feeble, though he answered for this occasion, yet entirely unfit to perform a long journey. This animal seemed to have excellent intentions, and a desire to do that which was quite beyond his strength. I should hardly think, from his extreme debility, that he would stand it through the winter. This animal I found bore the name of the *Non-Resistant hobby*.

3. There was another, which I imagined was the *Second Advent hobby*. He was large, of chesnut color, and seemed to step off with more firmness and dignity at first than the others, but before the services of the day closed, he was, to use a homely phrase, 'used up.' I could not get rid of the idea, that his race was about run, and that if he had not already seen his best days, he soon would.

4. There was also one which was evidently a *Transcendental hobby*. This was a tall, ill-shapen animal—both lank and lean, and of no particular color. One reason given for his pitiful appearance was, that his master had left the country, and gone to Europe on a tour of observation, with the hope of improving the blood, and that he had fallen into hands, since he left, that did not administer the wisest and most judicious treatment. Probably they did not understand his constitution.

5. Then came the *Washingtonian hobby*. This was, when he first came on the ground, a noble animal. Both powerful in strength and efficient in purpose. Every one seemed disposed to award him the praise of being a beautiful animal, and destined to perform great feats, and no doubt he has done effectual service. But it was evident that his strength and efficiency are on the wane. He has had such a variety of riders, which from indifference, or recklessness to his wants, have well nigh deprived him of his original power. He is still an athletic animal, and I hope destined to do some good yet, provided particular attention is paid him.

6. Then came the *Community hobby*. He was quite a large animal, but wanting in symmetry. He was in good condition, externally, but his flesh was coarse and flabby, and he appeared to me as though, if he should happen to jostle much with those in company, he would go all to pieces. The main part of his body was white, with here and there some dark spots. He can never be made a very comely animal.

7. There was, too, the *Abolition hobby* which came into my mind. He had been, from his appearance, a fine animal, but from his restlessness and unmanageable propensities, it was evident he had been badly broke. His riders were unskilful, and he conducted like an animal having too many masters, and I think there is little doubt, that had he been rightly managed, he would have continued a noble animal; but it appeared to me as though his riders had mounted him in every possible posture, for sometimes when in a line he would even wheel square about, and it occurred to me that he had acquired this trick by his riders looking one way while he was looking directly opposite, as though they were not agreed on all points. He still, however, has in and about him the characteristics of a noble animal, and I think if hereafter properly managed and broke of some of his prominent faults, he will yet accomplish a vast amount of labor, as well as good in the world.

8. The *Perfectionist hobby* was there too. He appeared to have less instinct than some of the other animals, and possessed a good deal of bad blood; yet he conducted as though he really thought himself not only equal to the best, but a little better than any one about him; but what seemed exceedingly trying to his feelings was, that though he made such great pretensions to superior excellence, he could make none of his bitted companions see his superiority. He is an animal that never tires the rider, though it is painful to others to witness his awkward movements.

I might go on, Mr. Editor, in my classification of hobbies, but I forbear. How long will it be before we see all pursuing the right course, and all travelling in the only true road—a road that will lead them to happiness in this, and a resting place in another and better world?

Yours, &c.

W.

From the White Mountain Torrent.
*To the Torrent Itself, of the Gap of
the White Mountains.*

Friend Cataract:—I have heard Echo of your two kindly and brave epistles, to me. I speak of them in the mountain pride of my heart—I also being a Highlander. We are not of the same clan, or the same element—but we are kindred, and congenial. We are both mountaineers, and people of the cloud. I cannot vie with you in *descent*, though neither of us ever had ancestors. We were both born long before the day of ancestry. Here stood I, mist-capped,—my footstool far above climb of the most daring hacma-tac;—and there leaped out you, my brave kinsman, from the cloud-ridden Ridges of the White Mountains. I retain forever my primeval bight,—the high post whence I heard, and helped sing, the anthem of Creation. I shall stand here and you fall there, while wood grows and water runs. As old as time are we, and to outlive every thing, but that tough old lover of life—Time. I have known him from a boy. I believe I remember the time when you were born. It was in the early part of the year one. Your mother's name was Spring, before she was married. Your father's I forget.—But no matter.

You have had tall men along by your margin, by your talk. They mirrored themselves in your current, you say.—It must have been below the Gap, then, for there is not much of the looking-glass about you, till you get some way into the low country. You tell of Robert Burns and Gordon Byron. I've heard the Old Teamster speak of them both. They were whales with their pens—according to him—both of them. He used to say over their pieces going through the Notch, till it made the cold chills run over me.

There was one ditty about the joyous Alps, and "the live thunder," that was up to anything. But then, I've heard thunder, myself,—mountain thunder—equal to any thing that ever rattled among the crags of the Alps. I've seen, before now, when a couple of clouds, thick and black as a cloudy night in the Notch—coming up from opposite quarters in the heavens—one out of the sea yonder, and the

other from off west—coming on, each of them driven by a hurricane—till they'd meet right in among the peaks of the Haystacks, and let off their lightning—chain after chain they would dart it—and every time it would seem to strike. It wouldn't be a second after you see the red fork, before you heard the thunder—and such thunder—my heavens—I thought it would shatter down the old peaks to their foundations, as if they had been so many chimbleys. It made me tremble down a thousand fathoms. They would let into "Great Haystack"—bolt after bolt, from either cloud—right hand and left, right on to his bare scalp, and make the rock fly like splinters from a struck pine. I've seen them tumble down the mountain thick as hail stones, and as big as haycocks—and you could hear their noise far down at intervals of the thunder.—The old Peak would groan every time it was struck—and down in the woods, about his waist, there was such a twisting and rending, as the hurricanes took hold of them—passing up. The rain poured, and it seemed as if fire and water were trying to see which could go farthest in the terrible high-go. While every now and then there would come up a dull, heavy kind of a roar, as if it came from the centre of the earth. It was a Slide—I've heard six or eight of them, before now, in one rain. I hear 'em as far off as among your mountains.—I heard 'em all night, that terrible night the Willeys perished. There is nothing I hear, so solemn sounding to me, as a Slide.—I am afraid, when I hear them, though I am in no danger. They make terrible work with the old mountains, leaving gashes on their breasts, that don't heal even in a hundred years—or hardly begin to. Old Mount Washington, you know, is scarred all over with them.

Your Byrons can't talk about these things, as I see them—though they come pretty well up to it—compared to others. This Gordon Byron had a bold, strong pen—and he moused about a good deal, alone—in grand places. Burns loved to be more among folks—though he had some fancy, occasionally, for solitudes.—He loved to visit them.—Byron to dwell in them—though I guess he'd have got sick of it if he had been obliged to live alone long. A good deal of his love of solitude, was to be alone long enough to get something to tell of.

But I believe they both drank, he and Burns. I pitied Burns. He dranked, because he was put to it for a living. He was poor. Byron was forehanded.—But he did not live happy with his wife. Burns followed drinking, till he died.—They both died, I believe, at the same age, 37. Young men. No doubt Rum, shortened their days—as it does any body's. Pity they had not been teetotalers. They might both been alive now. I wonder if they ever knew each other.—Byron was a Lord. Burns was a Peasant. They say he was a collector of taxes, one year, there in Scotland. That was meaner in him than drinking. I suppose he was drove to it, for a living, poor fellow. They put him up a handsome monument, though, after he was dead.—Of great use to him, a monument, then? They let him starve while he was alive,

and go houseless,—and after he was dead
built him a temple. He "asked for bread
and they gave him a stone."

Well, this is the way some folks show
their love. They built this monument,
I guess, to themselves, to prove their fine
taste, and love for Burns verses. I rather
they would build houses for my friends,
while they are alive, and want them. Af-
ter they are dead they don't need houses
—any more than we, friend Torrent, need
them now. If we did need them; these
monument builders would hardly give
much to furnish us—nor would they be
likely, soon, to build us very costly mau-
soleums, after we were dead, should they
outlive us—which none of them can.

We are our own monuments, and we ask
no structures at the hands of any of the
perishing race for whom we labor.

But, friend Cataract, I seem to be writ-
ing to you to little purpose. My main one
was to acknowledge your epistles to me.
Do write again. I was jealous of your
mention of me some time since. You
spoke of me as an aristocrat—you had
no grounds for it. And of my inclining
to be supercilious towards you, my gallant
stream. Nothing could be a greater mis-
take. My apparent austerity is owing en-
tirely to the hard material of which I am
constructed,—and my loftiness, a mere
matter of position, which is wholly invol-
untary—I being of necessity, and not of
choice.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.
Franconia Notch, July 30, 1843.

From an English paper.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

We earnestly recommend the well-to-do-in-the-
world people to commit the following song to heart.
It is not founded on fiction, but on heart-rending fact.
THREE-HALFPENCE is the current price for making a
shirt in the richest metropolis of the world; and it
will be seen by reference to our general news, that
shirts are made in some of our workhouses for ONE
PARTING!—Bradford Observer.

With fingers weary and worn,

With eyelids heavy and red,

A woman sat in unwomanly rags,

Plying her needle and thread—

Stitch! stitch! stitch!

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,

And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,

She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!

While the cock is crowing aloof!

And work—work—work,

Till the stars shine through the roof!

It's O! to be a slave

Along with the barbarous Turk,

Where woman has never a soul to save,

If this is a Christian work!

Work—work—work,

Till the brain begins to swim;

Work—work—work,

Till the eyes are heavy and dim!

Seam, and gusset, and band,

Band, and gusset, and seam,

Till over the buttons I fall asleep,

And sew them on in a dream!

O! men, with sisters dear!

O! men! with mothers and wives!

It is not linen you're wearing out,

But human creatures' lives!

Stitch—stitch—stitch,

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,

Sewing at one, with a double thread,

A shroud as well as a shirt.

But why do I talk of Death?

That phantom of grisly bone,

I hardly fear his terrible shape,

It seems so like my own—

It seems so like my own,

Because of the fasts I keep,

Oh God! that bread should be so dear,

And flesh and blood so cheap!

Work—work—work,
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd
As well as the weary hand.

Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

Oh, but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the rich!
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

Property---

I hazard the opinion here, that mankind have
got to abandon it, in practice and in idea, or they
never can live peaceably or honestly. And
what is more, they cannot have a living. There
cannot be enough raised on the earth, under
any conceivable degree of cultivation, to feed
the race, and keep off starvation, on the prop-
erty system. If the whole earth's surface were a
garden, there couldn't be. Vast multitudes
would have to starve to death, and nearly all
the rest would live in fear of it—and the few
who didn't feel apprehensive enough, of coming
to want, to lead them to occupy their minds and
cares almost constantly, through life, in getting a
living, would run for relief from their lonely,
rare, and strange condition, to suicide, in some
of its forms. PROPERTY can't give mankind a
living, "any way you can fix it." I throw out
the idea.

ANOTHER IDEA.

Every human creature is entitled to the means
of living—*ex officio*—from the fact that he is
here on the earth. It won't do to starve an in-
fant—or an idiot—or an old man past his labor
—or any body else, who from deficiency or in-
capacity of any kind, can't get a living. If he
is put here—or found here—if he is here, he is,
ipso facto, (therefore) entitled to comfortable
means.

He is entitled to it—consequently—whether
he earns it or not—for he is so when he can't
possibly earn it. It is not charity (unless of that
kind they call good will—the kind friend Paul
speaks of, where he puts it ahead of "hope and

faith.") It isn't supplies furnished to a pauper. He is *entitled* to it—no thanks to any body. He is as much entitled to it—free and aboveboard—as a trout is to a brook, or a lark to the blue sky. He can eat and drink, as independently, as he can inhale the air, or see the light. Why not? If he *can't*, he better not be introduced here. Is it well to put a human "young one" here, to die of hunger, or thirst, or even of nakedness, or else be preserved as a *pauper*? Is this fair earth but a poor house, by creation and intent? Was it made for that—and were those other round things, we see dancing in the firmament to the "music of the spheres?" Are they all great *shiny* Poor Houses, with chance of escape to the few upon their respective surfaces, who can manage to monopolize the wherewithal, and become the overseers of the poor, for their spheres? I don't believe pauperism is the natural condition of humanity. It is its inevitable, as well as actual condition, wherever the means of living are transmuted into "property," and held as such. The very fact of *propertyizing* the means of living—will turn mankind—or whatever kind—into paupers, and overseers of the poor. It cannot be avoided. One fair glance at human affairs, shows it has done it for the race, now. One retrospect, through the tube of history, discovers it so in all the past. And no expedient—no varied effort—no shifting of machinery can make it *result* otherwise. Make air the subject of ownership—of exclusive property—and there isn't enough of it, in our 45 mile stratum round the earth, for the lungs of ever so scanty a population—much less for the hundreds of millions now panting upon it. Make "property" of the sunshine, and nine tenths of the human race would have to grope in unintermitted darkness—and the other tenth have their eyesight dazzled out by excess of light. Nobody could see by it. And there isn't water enough on the earth, fresh or salt, to give the population drink, if it were made "property." And they would have made it so, if they could have guarded it from common use. And so of the air and sunshine. This hateful, wolfish principle of appropriation wouldn't have left a breath of air, or a ray of light—free to the use of any soul on God's earth, if it could have possibly prevented it.—But air and sunshine "wont stay" owned. They can't be appropriated. Ownership has laid hold of humanity itself—and appropriated it, directly and confessedly—body and soul—but it can't grasp the subtle sunshine and the "nimble air," and hold them to self, "heirs, executors,

and administrators." If it could, it would, and we should see air sold out by the breath, and sunshine by the ray—for what they could be made to bring. And the mass of mankind would n't have a comfortable supply of either, and myriads would die for want of both. There would be as abundant a supply of all the other means of living—necessaries, comforts, elegancies—luxuries if you will—as there is now of air and sunshine and water, were they not made "property." That is, if there were good nature enough and good sense enough in exercise to leave them free. To appropriate them, is to appropriate *human life*. To make them "property" is to make life property. To make them subject of ownership, of accumulation, of loss, of theft, &c., is to make human life subject of all these. He takes my life, said Shakespeare, who takes the means whereby I live. I mention the authority, for people think something of him. To appropriate the land and its products—spontaneous or produced, is to inevitably *debar* mankind a living. I say, *inevitably*. Make these things "property," and there isn't, and can't be, enough of them on earth, to keep the people alive—be they many or few. Henry Clay says "that is property, which the Law makes property." The brilliant creature was driven to say it, to maintain slavery Law is the author of "property," and it can as legitimate-

ly make one common thing, or creature, so—as another. A creature, as legitimately as a thing, and one creature, as legitimately as another. A biped, as a quadruped—a man, as an ox. Accordingly Custom Law has made man 'property.' It has chosen the Negro. He is docile, and pliant, and will bear being *appropriated*—*alias* enslaved. It would enslave, *alias* appropriate any other class of mankind, that could be kept and used in that state. The Law is no respecter of person or thing, in this behalf. May-be I am impracticably *fine* here. May-be not. I am sick as death at heart, at this mortal—miserable struggle among mankind for a living. "Poor Devils"—they better never have been born, a million fold—than to run this gauntlet of life—*after a living*—or the *bare means* of running it! Look about you—and see your squirming neighbors—writhing and twisting like so many angle worms in a fisher's bait-box—or the wriggling animalcule, seen through a magnifying glass, in a vinegar drop held up to the burning sun. How they look—and how they feel. How base it makes them all—all but a few, rare, eccentric spirits, who, while others have monopolized all the goods, have monopolized all the soul, that ought to belong to the human race. I know some it *couldn't* spoil. But coming from house to printing office this morning—even in our small city—I felt dismayed at the aspect of the struggling and panting people—pushed to *death* for a living! Nobody is safe on the earth amid such a system. Laws as severe as fate can't protect any body. Let it be abandoned—or let it be the winding up of the generations—I say.

Abby Kelley.

Let the reader begin her speech on our first page, and he will finish it,—and then let him believe, if he can, that Paul's epistle to the Corinthians, or any other scripture, discounts speeches from women in behalf of humanity. Paul would not have liked to hear this speech from her when he was in Gamaliel's law school, any more than theological students do in these days—or military students, or students in politics. But Paul, after his journey to Damascus, was of a different temper and way of thinking. He learned in the new school to which he went, the school of Christ, that Christianity knew no sex.

This extraordinary young woman is doing immense service in the anti-slavery field. To the modesty that becomes humanity—the humility that adorns the Christian—the faithfulness, and the independence and the freedom of spirit, that distinguish the true Christian, who fears God only of all the Universe—she unites a power of intellect, that is exceedingly rare, and an eloquence that nothing but flint can withstand, and flint can't endure it. The pro-slavery pulpit of Connecticut has tried to silence her voice. It cannot succeed. She has no deference for that wooden eminence. The voice of God—the commands of Christ—the gospel of her Divine Master she hearkens to more than the papistry of Connecticut, and goes forth triumphantly pleading the cause of her enslaved and perishing kindred. We heard her at Worcester and Springfield. At the latter place she was very impressive. She is distinguished as a speaker for clearness and force. She does not display much power of imagination—or indulge in flights of fancy. She argues keenly and closely, and impresses you with the weight and pertinency of her reasonings.

From the Liberator.

Remarks of Abby Kelley.

At the last annual meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society.

"Never," said the speaker, "did I more feel the absence of suitable thoughts and words for any occasion in the cause, than I do now. I have no new thoughts, no new principles; and what can I say to the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, to whom all the principles and the details of the cause are so familiar! While I was yet dead to this inspiring subject, and while I was yet in the A B C of the cause, they were in the field, arousing, animating, and cheering on the assault. They were looked upon with the utmost contempt; they were called ultraists, and fanatics, and every opprobrious name; they were declared to have transcended their proper limits, and to have retarded the progress of the cause. But even when pro-slavery was aroused to its greatest wrath, they were unmoved. Yes, my friends, your faithful entreaties and admonitions, your persevering labors, and your searching rebukes, went out against all opposing influences; and they were blessed in their

course. They have done my soul good, and I bless the day I saw and heard them.

But a more perilous time came. A secret foe entered. A disguised wolf was in the fold. The Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society was not deceived by the fleece he assumed. In vain was the disguise. They distinctly recognized his howl; his attempted bleedings were in vain. They were enabled to strip off the wrapper in which he had hidden his claws and fangs. They then proved that the reputation of 'discerners of spirits,' which they had acquired, was well founded. I heard your voices at a distance, my dear friends, and

My heart hath leaped to answer thine
And echo back thy words,
As leaps the warrior's at the shrine
And flash of kindred swords!

It is for this I came to-night—to tell you of my union with your labors—to uphold our common principles—to revere the watchwords which have cheered us onward.

I have not been accustomed to address meetings of this kind. It is not my vocation to make speeches, or to string together brilliant sentences, or beautiful words. But my mission has been back among the people, amid the little sources of public sentiment; among the hills and the hamlets—amid the opposed, but the comparatively unsophisticated; and I have had no weapon but the gospel of truth in its simplicity. The friends will not expect any but simple language of me, in the exercise of my office of promulgating first principles—the old familiar principles, which are well-nigh worn out. Worn out! It is always profitable for us to refer to first principles. It is profitable to go back, for, by going back, we detect every deviation.

Where was our country sixty years ago! She sprung upon the arena of nations, armed in the glorious panoply of liberty. The principles we now advocate had omnipotent sway with her. They were quick and living; and when she hurled them across the Atlantic, the thrones of centuries trembled, monarchs blanched with fear.

But look back ten years only, and where was our country! A hissing—a mockery—a reproach before those very nations whom her first advance had so terrified. I have heard of a traveller in Austria, who saw in the windows of Vienna, a print with the word America inscribed beneath it. It was a white man, scourging a colored woman. He said, too, that certain State criminals there, on being offered their choice of perpetual imprisonment, or transportation to America, preferred to be imprisoned, to the chance of what might befall them here, where men of a dark complexion are in danger of being reduced to domestic slavery—to a living and perpetual death.

That print did not belie our country, nor was the dread of the foreigners unfounded. She had, ten years ago, two and a half millions in the condition shadowed out by that print. She! who had declared as one of her first principles, that NO MAN should be deprived of his liberty without due process of law! She forgot her first principles,—and the world went on its round, and no one seemed aware of the fact that one-sixth part of her whole population were sitting in the shadow of slavery—groaning in the fetters of the 'freest nation on earth.' She was careful of her national honor, she thought—she was scrupulously careful as to money. It was her boast from old times, that fourpence worth of property could not and should not be unjustly taken away from one of her citizens. But who remembered her two and a half millions—deprived of every thing that makes existence valuable or honorable! She had poured out blood like water for liberty sixty years ago; but ten years ago, if there arose a murmur of resistance from her own enslaved children, it was adjudged worthy of death! What were her liberties! She had liberty to plunder! liberty to trample down the weak at will! Her sons were free. Yes! none so free: freebooters they were! Free to snatch the babe from the arms of its father, or mother—free to drag the husband and wife asunder! Free to scatter families to the four winds! Ah, the very mention of her liberties mocked the slave's anguish, and was the death-knell of his hopes. And with all this, we boasted of our Christianity! We could sit down—could we not!—and weep over the infants whom famine or superstition consigned to the waters of the Ganges; But the 75,000 infants in the United States, annually swept down into the waters of darkness and despair—who wept for them! We could shed tears over the East India widows, whose religion it was to ascend the funeral pile; but the widows of the United States—made widows by law—reduced to widowhood by system—and that system sanctioned by our religion—we had no tears for these. And we dared to call our religion Christianity!—We dared to justify, in religious convocations, the putting asunder of what God had joined! All this was going on, and the land was wrapped in silence. Perhaps, at distant intervals, one might hear a sigh half drawn, over the necessity of the existence of such evils, but no one questioned that necessity; and the poor afflicted people of color suffered on. We looked on them with contempt on account of the ignorance and degradation to which we ourselves had condemned them. We had blinded their mental eye; we had stopped up their mental ear; and we despised them for being deaf and blind. Oh! heathenism is preferable to such religion, for it is not so black with hypocrisy. Our poor neighbor was robbed in the highway: and did the robber leave him half dead? No! he placed one iron heel upon his head, and the other on his heart, and no one protested in the name of humanity against the deed. Did the priest and the Levite pass by on the other side! No; they came nigh unto the robber, and gave him the right hand of fellowship! and who was he—the robber of the unoffending traveller! He was the minister of Him who came to bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance

to the captives, and to open the prison-doors! One would have thought the whole country would have been filled with horror. But, no.

Why were we so indifferent! Why, as a lady once said to me, five-eighths of us were so busy in glorying in our own freedom—(reporter lost the remainder of the sentence)—and we thought we were indeed free. But when, under the authority of Jehovah, the Moses of America said, "Let the people go!"—when the sound reverberated from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, and from Maine to Mexico, "let the people go, that they may serve him!" Then, those whose hearts beat with answering sympathy, those whose hearts were poured forth in unison with his who raised that cry—they found to what their freedom amounted. I need not tell this society what was its amount. You were free to be mobbed—free to be slandered and misrepresented to any amount—free to be driven from your own place of meeting by five thousand of the most respectable and gentlemanly of your friends, called together by public advertisement for the express purpose. Our country *sane then*, what their liberty amounted to: liberty to speak what slavery should dictate. Men were awakened, then, to a realizing sense of their freedom. Free were they! Yes, free to the tar-cauldron and the feather-bag! Free to have a bonfire made of their furniture before their own doors in the open street! Free to be whipped and imprisoned! Free to be shot down! A great freedom, indeed, was this! Who could have believed it! Ten years ago, I would have spurned the man who should have predicted it.

But it is well we found it out. Well will it be if we have not found it out too late! The serpent slept in the same cradle with our infant liberty; but we thought our liberty was a Hercules, that would strangle the serpent; and suffered them to grow together, till our freedom had well-nigh expired in the tightening coils. Well is it for us to understand that, for our sins, we have suffered. We were not aware that the mere existence of slavery in any section of our land would endanger the liberties of the whole; well is it, then, that we have learned that we have demolished the corner-stone of our freedom, when we consented that man should be enslaved at all. All the great family of mankind are bound up in one bundle. Rights are the same for one and for all; and when we aim a blow at our neighbor's rights, our own rights are by the same blow destroyed. We are not distinct and independent;—one nerve runs through the whole great family of humanity. We cannot injure another, without bringing a curse upon our own souls. This philosophy shows us the surpassing benevolence to man of the divine injunction, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Why! He is a part of ourselves. In loving him we see the only means of truly regarding ourselves; and if all loved thus, then this world would be all paradise: heaven would be begun on earth. Then the interests of one would be respected of all, and all interests would be united for the benefit of one. If the many refuse thus to feel and act for all, let the few go on; the more the better. At least let us who see the beauty of the injunction, "love our neighbor as ourselves," press forward in obedience.

How great are the motives to such a course! Mere sympathy with the bondman will move to it. Can we look upon the wrongs of millions—can we see their perpetual flow of tears, and grief, and blood, and not feel our hearts drawn out in sympathy!—unless, indeed, they have become hardened to stone. While an emotion of sympathy is alive within us; ere yet the very spring of feeling becomes parched and dusty—before the sources of our moral being are defiled and dried up—let us act. Our own moral destruction is consequent upon our leaving slavery to go on. Its perfect work will be completed in ourselves. And not our own destruction alone. Our country, too, is ruined—our God is dethroned; and we become an idolatrous nation, bowing down to man and to Moloch.

I would have every soul filled with sympathy, for its own sake; but I have no confidence in mere sympathy, or in numbers, for the final success of the anti-slavery cause. One might have expected that the atrocities of slavery, as already shown, would have aroused the whole land. They have done so. But many who acted from impulse, though they at first did somewhat, at length grew weary and ceased to labor. Others, not knowing what the warfare would lead to, or what obstacles they were to encounter, have found in themselves more sympathy for the enemies than for the friends of the anti-slavery principles; and they, too, are gone. Why did ye pause in your march,—it is said to the abolitionists; and why are your faces turned back! It is because Achan is in the camp. The Babylonish garment of hypocrisy covers him; he has hidden in our tents the shackles of sectarianism, and with the wedge of oppression he is driving us asunder; and if we rebuke him not, the Lord will strengthen our hands in the day of battle. The fire of truth must be kindled against him, and he must be consumed. Do not mistake me. Do not understand me as saying that all who are new organizationists must be consumed. It is the system that must be entirely annihilated. Some who are in its toils are dear to me. They will be saved as if by fire—but let the fire be kindled, and the chaff consumed. Truth shall do the work.

Let none complain because the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society is true to the commands of Jehovah. Your standard is just and high; I entreat you never to suffer it to be borne backward. Do not rely on temporal means, or an array of numbers. It is Achan, who has the gold, and the silver, and the goodly vest. Not many rich, not many mighty, are called to such a conflict as ours. If they were with us, we should know that God was against us. God makes the things that in the eyes of men are but of small account, his most effectual instrumentalities; he works through means of such, that no flesh may glory in his presence. Many have said, "See how great we are, and how numerous—how abundant in resources, and how well spo-

ken of!" But let us not despise the ram's horn. Let us keep ourselves unspotted from the world. There is less need of discussion than we sometimes imagine, and more of action. We must aim to dislodge slavery from every place we visit, till we see it driven from all its accustomed haunts in despair. Then, even in its last struggle, its convulsive throes will intimidate all but those who walk by faith, and not by sight; all but those who are willing to withstand the wild waters of opposition, at their highest flood; all but those who are willing to be ranked with the poor and the oppressed—who choose to be reckoned with the Hebrews of America, and will have no lot or part with the Egyptians. For one, I feel it an honor to be so identified. I abhor the policy which shrinks from that course. I rejoice to be fully identified with the despised people of color. If they are despised, so ought we their advocates to be. It is a poor policy, for it is a wicked policy which would make two bands of us. We hear about retaining our influence by not being identified with them. But what was the example of our Saviour! The publicans and sinners were his associates—the poor and the despised.

They are God's nobility, for they are His representatives. The lowest esteemed of our brethren, according to the Christian example, are those whom we are most bound to have in association and remembrance. Therefore, if they are to be scourged by public opinion, let me be scourged by it too.

I have alluded to the labors of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society. It has done much; it has counted exertion and sacrifice as nothing, when the times called for them. But we have not done all we should do to carry out our holy and disinterested principles. By prayer and by labor, we shall finally prevail; the oracles of God are our assurance. If we are unfaithful to our own professions and principles, our guilt is of an aggravated character, and it exposes us to the deserved contempt of our opponents. They will ask, as a Virginia lady, a widow with a young family, whom she supported by letting out her slaves, once asked me, on my earnestly enjoining upon her to give freedom to her slaves, whether we are as ready to give up our living to the claims of the cause, as we are to demand sacrifices of the slaveholder. Should we ever hesitate in such a cause as this? All our sacrifices—have they not been sanctified to us?—And we should ever be ready to make greater and greater sacrifices, in view of the divine injunction to love our neighbor as ourselves."

The speaker concluded by the recitation of W. H. Burleigh's beautiful little poem:

Toil and pray!
Groweth flesh and spirit faint?
Think of her who pours her plaint
All the day—
Her—the wretched negro wife,
Robbed of all that sweetens life—
Her—who weeps in anguish wild
For the husband and the child
Torn away!

From the Boston Courier.

LETTER FROM NEW-YORK.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

Unusual excitement has prevailed in this city for a fortnight past, concerning the trial of Amelia Norman for an assault on Henry S. Ballard, with intent to kill. That the prosecutor is a Bostonian by birth, is a fact I would gladly suppress, for the credit of my native city, and for the sake of his worthy and highly respectable parents.

There was a host of witnesses, many of them of the highest respectability, ready to prove that this was a case of deliberate seduction and base desertion. That the poor girl had been subjected to wrongs and insults, enough to drive her mad. At the period of her arrest, she was living at the house of a respectable and kind-hearted German, by the name of Behren. He supposed her to be a widow, and hired her to iron shirts for his clothing-store; an employment she would not have been likely to seek, if she had been the abandoned creature Ballard chooses to represent her. The German testified that for several days previous to her arrest, he and his family considered her insane; that she acted in the wildest way, and was evidently quite unconscious what she was doing; that at times, her anguish seemed intolerable, and vented itself in sobs and tears; then she would laugh, by the half hour together, with a mad laughter. Whether she was an accountable being at the moment she committed the desperate deed, and how far she was in a state to be capable of deliberate intent, passes the wisdom of mortals to decide. She herself says: "God alone can judge me, for he alone knows to what a dreadful state of agony and desperation I was driven."

In prison, her despair was most painful to witness. The physician, as he passed and repassed her cell, in the course of his professional duties, often saw her for hours together, lying on the stone floor, sobbing and groaning in mortal agony. I shall never forget her pale and haggard looks, and the utter hopelessness of her tones, when I first saw her in that tomb-like apartment. May I be forgiven, if, at times, I hated law, so unequal in its operation, so crushing in its power. The kind-hearted physician made the

most touching representations concerning the state of her health, and his continual fear of suicide. The bail demanded for her temporary release, was \$5,000. Efforts were made to reduce this sum; but Ballard's counsel, aware that her situation excited commiseration, spared no pains to prevent it. Exertions were made to obtain affidavits that she still continued to say she would kill her seducer, if ever she could get at him. But the sympathies of all who approached her were excited in her favor, and the worst thing they could report of her was, that in one of her bitter moods, she said, "she sometimes thought turn about was fair play." Two-thirds of the community, nurtured and trained as they are in the law of violence, needed to summon all their respect for law and order, to keep from openly expressing sympathy with this opinion. Let them ask themselves what they would have said and done, if they had been situated like her; with all those terrible wrongs eating into her heart and brain, like fire. May this consideration lead no one to excuse or palliate the dreadful crime of murder, but may it teach them to reflect well on the false structure of society.

William Thom, the Beggar Poet of England, says, with impetuous eloquence:

Here let me speak out—and be heard, too, while I tell it—that the world does not at all times know how unsafely it sits; when Despair has loosed honor's last hold upon the heart—when transcendent wretchedness lays weeping Reason in the dust—when every unsympathizing onlooker is deemed an enemy—who THEN can limit the consequences? For my own part, I confess that, ever since that dreadful night, I can never hear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial views of his career, under which, I am persuaded, there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse—a chain with one end fixed in nature's holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny.

The trial was to have commenced on Monday, the 15th. On the preceding Saturday afternoon, the prisoner's counsel announced the necessity of withdrawing his services, in order to attend to another important case, which came on the same day. The idea of transferring her case to a stranger, without time to examine into its merits, proved the drop too much for a spirit that had so long been under the pressure of extreme despondency. The unfortunate girl made preparations for suicide, by braiding a rope from her bedclothes. In twenty minutes more, she would have passed beyond the power of human tribunals; but the keeper chanced at that moment to enter her gallery, to summon another prisoner, and discovered her preparations.

Ballard's counsel was extremely derisive to push the case through on Monday. He seemed to calculate that it would be an easy matter to thrust aside this "vile prostitute," as he termed her, and by adroit management of legal technicalities, screen his client from public exposure. But, thank God, human sympathies are warm and active, even amid the malaria of cities. The young friend to whom I dedicated my volume of New-York Letters, whose kindness of heart is only equalled by his energy of purpose, gained the ear of the judges, and earnestly entreated for postponement. He took upon himself the expenses of the trial, trusting Providence for aid. A noble-souled, warm-hearted stranger, a Mr. Carney, of Boston, though a man of limited means, offered fifty dollars, and went with him to procure the services of David Graham, esq. one of the ablest lawyers in our criminal courts. The sum was of course much smaller than his usual fee, but he was influenced by higher motives than pecuniary recompense. When he entered upon the case, he was surprised at the amount of respectable testimony in favor of the girl's character, previous to her acquaintance with Ballard. His heart was touched by the story of her wrongs, confirmed as it was by a multitude of witnesses. On the second day of the trial, he wrote me a noble letter, returning the money, for the prisoner's benefit, declaring that this trial involved considerations higher and holier than the relations of lawyer and client. The blessing of God be with him! During four weary days, he exerted himself with watchful vigilance and untiring zeal. His appeal in behalf of outraged womanhood, was a noble burst of heartfelt eloquence, which I shall forever remember with gratitude and admiration.

The case was likewise conducted with great ability on the part of Mr. Sandford, counsel for the prosecution, and a personal friend of Ballard's; but it was a kind of ability from which my open-hearted

nature shrinks, as it would from the cunning of the fox, and the subtlety of the serpent. He could not have managed the case as he did, if he had ever had a sister or daughter thus betrayed. This consideration abated the indignation which sometimes kindled in my soul, at witnessing so much power exerted against a poor human being, already so crushed and desolate. Moreover, I pitied him for obvious

ill-health, for having the management of so bad a cause, and for the almost total want of sympathy to sustain him in his trying position.

In opening the case, he assured the jury that Amelia Norman was a woman of the town, before Ballard became acquainted with her; that she had decoyed him to her lodgings, and had followed him up with a series of annoying persecutions, to obtain money, according to the custom of prostitutes with their poor victims. That on one occasion, she had even gone to his store with an infamous companion, and beat him with their parasols. He did not, however, mention that this companion was another victim of his treacherous client. Having thus blackened the character of the unfortunate prisoner, he contended that no evidence concerning her character or Ballard's should be admitted; that the testimony must be strictly confined to the evening when the stabbing took place. The judge sustained him; and for two days, there was a perpetual fighting with witnesses, to keep the truth out of court. Sandford contended that the jury were to decide solely upon the fact whether the woman assaulted Ballard with intent to kill; and that they had nothing to do with the prior or subsequent history of either of the parties. Graham, on the other hand, urged that it was necessary to prove the wrongs she had suffered, and her consequent state of mind and health, in order to decide upon her intent. There was keen sparring between the lawyers, and the witnesses were sometimes bewildered which to answer. This suppression of evidence, after defaming the character of the girl in such wholesale terms, doubtless produced its effect on the mind of the jury, and somewhat influenced their verdict.

But though Mr. Sandford sprung every way, to stop up any crevice through which the impertinent light might enter, enough did get before the jury, to satisfy them that Amelia Norman had been a virtuous, discreet, amiable, and quiet girl, before her acquaintance with Ballard; and that the history of her wrongs was no fiction of romance.

The counsel for the prisoner, on his part, described her seducer's character and conduct in terms that must have been anything but soothing or agreeable to his ear.* Mr. Sandford reminded the jury that one lawyer's word was just as much to be believed as another; that it was their duty to be guided only by the evidence. Mr. Graham retorted "But where is your evidence? There stand our thirty witnesses, ready to prove every word we have stated, and a good deal more, if the court will only allow them to be heard." And then he distinctly named the witnesses, their occupations, places of residence, &c. with what they would testify if opportunity were given.

It was an adroit game; as exciting to watch, as a skillful game of chess. I never before felt so much intellectual respect, and so much moral aversion, for the legal profession.

Mr. Sandford's Biblical arguments evinced much less acuteness than his legal distinctions. While postraying the horrors of murder, he urged the usual plea, that the Divine abhorrence of it was evinced by the requisition of "blood for blood," and he sustained this position, by the mark which God set upon Cain. He apparently forgot that the mark was set upon Cain in order that men should *not* slay him. Unfortunately for the advocates of capital punishment, this is the only case on record, where the direct agency of God was interposed in a case of murder.

Mr. Sandford likewise found the first seducer in the Bible, in the person of our mother Eve, and said the serpent had been busy with the sex ever since. He drew a lively picture of poor innocent men tempted, betrayed, and persecuted by women. This was putting the saddle on the wrong horse, with a vengeance! And he himself afterward implied as much; for he reminded the jury that there were twelve thousand prostitutes in New-York, supported by money that came from our citizens; and added, that *all these prostitutes had the same wrongs to revenge upon somebody.* He asked the jury whether it would be worse to have the virtue of their daughters ruined, or their young and generous sons brought home stabbed by the hands of prostitutes. If this precedent were established, he feared that strangers visiting New-York would stumble over the dead bodies of citizens, at the very thresholds of their own doors.

I had no doubt that if all deeply injured women were to undertake to redress their wrongs in this bad way, there would be a huge pile of dead citizens. (I even thought it not impossible that some of the honorable court themselves might be among the missing.) I was aware that ribs all around the room felt unsafe in view of the picture the pleader had drawn. It unquestionably was an argument that came home to men's business and bosoms. Yet I felt no very active pity for their terror. I indig-

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nantly asked what had been done to the twelve thousand men, who made these poor creatures prostitutes? I remembered that strangers visiting our city continually stumbled upon something worse than dead bodies, viz: degraded, ruined souls, in the forms of those twelve thousand prostitutes; and I asked, what do "law and order" do for them? Mr. Sandford declared that women could take care of themselves as well as men. Perhaps so; but his twelve thousand facts show that women do *not* take care of themselves; and he urged that "generous youths" were continually led astray by this band of prostitutes, though of course, the temptation must be merely animal, unmingled with the seductive influence of the affections, which so often leads women to ruin, through the agency of her best impulses.

But to return to the trial; Mr. Graham dwelt strongly on the point that unless the jury deemed there was sufficient evidence of deliberate intent, to constitute murder in case the man had died, they were bound to acquit. The jury were doubtless in a state to go through any legal loophole, that might be opened. The frantic state of the prisoner's mind, so clearly shown in the evidence, seemed to them too nearly akin to insanity to be easily distinguished. The inequality of the laws roused their sense of justice, and probably made them feel that a verdict of guilty would be like tying down the stones and letting the mad dogs loose. They felt little anxiety to protect Ballard, by sending his victim to Sing Sing, that he might feel safe to prowl about after other daughters and sisters of honest families. The popular indignation, which was with difficulty suppressed by a strong constabulary force, showed plainly enough that the public would like to say to them—

"I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority;
To do a great right do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will."

I believe they strove to resist this magnetic influence, and to return such a verdict as they honestly believed the testimony in the case rendered lawful. When the foreman pronounced the words "Not Guilty!" the building shook with such a thunder of applause as I never before heard. Some of the very officers appointed to keep order, involuntarily let their tip-staffs fall on the floor, and clapped with the multitude. It was the surging of long repressed sympathies coming in like a roaring sea.

I am by no means deaf to the plea for the preservation of law and order. My compassion for the prisoner's wrongs has never for a moment blinded me to the guilt of revenge. But legislators may rest assured that law will yield, like a rope of sand before the influence of humane sentiments, in cases of this kind, until the laws are better regulated. Seduction is going on by wholesale, with a systematic arrangement, and a number and variety of agents, which would astonish those who have never looked beneath the hypocritical surface of things. In our cities, almost every girl, in the humbler classes of life, walks among snares and pitfalls at every step, unconscious of their presence, until she finds herself fallen, and entangled in a frightful net-work, from which she sees no escape. Life and property are protected, but what protection is there for pure hearts, confiding souls, and youthful innocence?

During the first two days of the trial, Ballard was brought into court, by subpoena from the prisoner's counsel, and they took mischievous satisfaction in calling him forward when the court opened. But forward he would *not* come. He hid behind stove pipes, and skulked in corners. This was, perhaps, a prudent measure, for the populace were in that excited state, that it might have been unsafe for him to have been generally recognized. As he passed out of court, the citizens around the door would call out, "Don't come too near us! It is as much as we can do to keep our canes and umbrellas off your shoulders." The expressions were rude, but the sentiment which dictated them was noble. I hope I have not spoken too harshly of this individual. I certainly wish him nothing worse than he has brought upon himself. What can be more pitiful than the old age of a seducer, going unmourned to his grave, with the remembered curses of his victims? What more painful than the consciousness of such a return to all a mother's love, and a mother's prayers? What penalty more severe than the loss of those pure domestic affections, which he has so wantonly desecrated? What punishment equal to the recollections of his dying bed? God pity him! For him, too, there is a return path to our Father's mansion; would that he might be persuaded to enter it.

The conduct of the prisoner, during the trial, was marked by a beautiful propriety. Sad and subdued, she made no artificial appeals to sympathy, and showed no disposition to consider herself a heroine of romance. When the verdict was given, she be-

came very faint and dizzy, and for some time after, seemed stunned and bewildered. Her health is much shattered by physical suffering and mental excitement; but her constitution is naturally good, and under the influence of care and kindness, the process of renovation goes rapidly on. She is evidently a girl of strong feelings, but quiet, reserved, and docile to the influence of those she loves. A proper education would have made of her a noble woman. I sometimes fear that, like poor Fleur de Marie, she will never be able to wash from her mind the "stern inexorable past." I shall never forget the mournful smile with which she said, "I don't know as it is worth while to try to make anything of me. I am nothing but a wreck." "Nay, Amelia," replied I, "noble vessels may be built from the timbers of a wreck."

The public sympathy manifested in this case, has cheered my hopes, and increased my respect for human nature. When the poor girl returned to her cell, after her acquittal, some of the judges, several of the jury, her lawyers, and the officers of the prison, all gathered round her to express congratulation and sympathy. There was something beautiful in the compassionate respect with which they treated this erring sister, because she was unfortunate and wretched. I trust that no changes of politics will ever dismiss Dr. Macready, the physician of the Tombs, or Mr. Fallon, the keeper. I shall always bless them; not merely for their kindness to this poor girl, but for the tenderness of heart, which leads them to treat all the prisoners under their care with as much gentleness as possible. May the foul, moral atmosphere of the place never stifle their kind impulses.

The hours I spent in that hateful building, awaiting the opening of this case, were very sad to me. It was exceedingly painful to see poor ragged beggars summarily dismissed to the penitentiary, for petty larcenies; having the strong conviction, ever present in my mind, that all society is carrying on a great system of fraud and theft, and that these poor wretches merely lacked the knowledge and cunning necessary to keep theirs under legal protection.

The Egyptian architecture, with its monotonous recurrence of the straight line and the square, its heavy pillars, its cavernous dome of massive rings, its general expression of overpowering strength, is well suited to a building for such a purpose. But the graceful palm leaves, intertwined with lotus blossoms, spoke soothingly to me of the occasional triumph of the moral sentiments over legal technicalities, and of beautiful bursts of eloquence from the heart. Moreover, I remembered that time had wrought such changes in opinion, that thousands of convents had been converted into manufactories and primary schools; and I joyfully prophesied the day when regenerated society would have no more need of prisons. The Tombs, with its style of architecture too subterranean for picture galleries or concert rooms, may then be reserved for fossil remains and mineralogical cabinets.

THE WATER! THE WATER!

BY MOTHERWELL.

The Water! the Water!
The joyous brook for me,
That tuneth, through the quiet night,
Its ever-living glee.

The Water! the Water!
That sleepless merry heart,
Which gurgles on unstintedly,
And loveth to impart
To all around it some small measure
Of its own most perfect pleasure.

The Water! the Water!
The gentle stream for me,
That gushes from the old gray stone,
Beside the alder tree.

The Water! the Water!
That ever-bubbling spring
I loved and looked on while a child,
In deepest wondering,—
And asked it whence it came and went,
And when its treasures would be spent.

The Water! the Water!
The merry, wanton brook,
That bent itself to pleasure me,
Like mine own shepherd crook.
The Water! the Water!

That sang so sweet at noon,
And sweeter still all night, to win
Smiles from the pale proud moon,
And from the little fairy faces
That gleam in heaven's remotest places.

The Water! the Water!
The dear and blessed thing,
That all day fed the little flowers
On its banks blossoming.
The Water! the Water!
That murmured in my ear,
Hymns of a saint-like purity,
That angels well might hear;
And whisper, in the gates of Heaven,
How meek a pilgrim had been shriven.

The Water! the Water!
Where I have shed salt tears,
In loneliness and friendliness,
A thing of tender years.
The Water! the Water!
Where I have happy been,
And showered upon its bosom flowers
Culled from each meadow green,
And idly hoped my life would be
So crowned by love's idolatry.

The Water! the Water!
My heart yet burns to think
How cool thy fountain sparkled forth,
For parched lip to drink.
The Water! the Water!
Of mine own native glen;
The gladsome tongue I oft have heard,
But ne'er shall hear again;
Though fancy fills my ear for aye
With sounds that live so far away!

The Water! the Water!
The mild and glassy wave,
Upon whose broomy banks I've logged
To find my silent grave.

The Water! the Water!
O blessed to me thou art;
Thus sounding in life's solitude,
The music of my heart,
And filling it despite of sadness,
With dreamings of departed gladness.

The Water! the Water!
The mournful pensive tone,
That whispered to my heart how soon
This weary life was done.
The Water! the Water!
That rolled so bright and free,
And bade me mark how beautiful
Was its soul's purity;
And how it glanced to heaven its wave,
As wandering on it sought its grave.

The American Bible Society lately met at Cincinnati. The following resolution was offered:

Resolved, That the auxiliary societies in the slaveholding States, be urgently entreated to supply every destitute person in their vicinity, bond and free, with the Bible.

After one day's debate, this was rejected at a late hour. Ayes 17, noes 29.

Mr. Thomas asked leave to have his protest recorded. This was refused, but he was finally permitted to have his vote recorded.

The Herald remarks:
The American Bible Society, then, sitting in Cincinnati, in the year of our Lord 1843, refused, after a day's discussion, to urge or request its auxiliary societies in the slave States, to supply the two million and a half destitute slaves in their vicinity, with the Bible.

In a book entitled "Georgia scenes, characters and incidents," Miss Crumb, a young lady educated in Philadelphia and highly accomplished, &c., &c., is represented as at a party where, after many solicitations and apologies—

She seated herself at the piano, rocked to the right then to the left, leaned forward then backward, and begun. She placed her right hand about midway the keys, and her left about two octaves below it. She now put off the right in a brisk canter up the treble notes, and her left after it. The left then led the way back, and the right pursued it in a like manner. The right turned and repeated its first movement, but the left outran it this time, hopped over it and flung it entirely off the track. It came in again, however, behind the left on its return and passed it in the same style. They now became highly incensed at each other and met furiously on the middle ground. Here a most awful conflict ensued for about the space of ten seconds, when the right whipped off all of a sudden as I thought, fairly vanquished; but I was in error, against what Jack Randolph cautions us: "It had only fallen back to a stronger position." It had mounted upon two black keys, and commenced the note of a rattlesnake. This had a wonderful effect upon the left, and placed the doctrine of snake charming beyond dispute. The left rushed towards it repeatedly, but seemed invariably panic-struck when it came within six keys of it, and as it invariably retired with a tremendous roaring down the bass keys. It continued its assaults, sometimes by the way of the sharps, and sometimes by a zig-zag through both, but all its attempts to dislodge the right from its stronghold proving ineffectual, it came close up to its adversary and expired.

Any one, or rather no one, can imagine what kind of noises the piano gave forth during the conflict. Certain it is, no one can describe them and therefore, I shall not attempt it.

The battle ended, Miss Augusta moved as though she would have risen, but this was protested against by a number of voices at once; "one song, my dear Augusta," said Mrs. Small "you must sing that sweet little French air you used to sing in Philadelphia, and which Madame Piggisqueaki was so fond of."

Miss Augusta looked pitifully at her mamma, and her mamma looked "sing" at Miss Augusta: accordingly she squared herself for a song.

She brought her hands into the capus this time in fine style, and they seemed to be perfectly reconciled to each other. They commenced a kind of colloquy; the right whispering treble very softly, and the left responding bass very loudly. The conference had been kept up until I began to desire a change on the subject, when my ear caught, indistinctly some very curious sounds, which appeared to proceed from the lips of Miss Augusta; they seemed to be a compound of a dry cough, a grunt, a hiccough, and a whisper; and they were introduced, it appeared to me, as interpreters between the right and the left. Things had progressed in this way for about the space of fifteen seconds, when I happened to direct my attention to Mr. Jenkins, from Philadelphia. His eyes were closed, his head swung gracefully from side to side; a beam of heavenly complacency rested on his countenance; and his whole man gave irresistible demonstration that Miss Crumb's music made him feel good all over. I had just turned from this contemplation of Mr. Jenkins' transports, to see whether I could extract from the performance any thing intelligible, when Miss Crumb made a fly-catching grab at half a dozen keys in a row, and at the same instant she fetched a long dunghill cock crow, at the conclusion of which she grappled as many keys with the left. This came over Jenkins like a warm bath, and over me like a rake of bamboo briars.

My nerves had not recovered from the shock before Miss Augusta repeated the movement, accompanying it with the squeal of a pinched cat. This threw me into an ague fit, but, from respect to the performer, I maintained my position. She

now made a third grasp with her right, and boxed the faces of six keys in a row with the left, and at the same time raised one of the most unearthly howls that ever issued from the throat of any human being. This seemed the signal for universal uproar and destruction. She now threw away all reserve, and charged the piano with her whole force. She boxed it, clawed it, she raked it, she scraped it. Her neck vein swelled, her chin flew up, her face flushed, her eyes glared, her bosom heaved; she screamed, she howled, she yelled, cackled, and was in the act of dwelling upon the note of a screech-owl when I took the St. Vitus's dance and rushed out of the room. "Good Lord," said a bystander, "if this be her singing, what must her crying be!"

THE SLEEP.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

He giveth His beloved Sleep.—PSALM cxxvii. v. 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep—
Now tell me if there any is,
For gift, or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved Sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep—
The Senate's shout to patriot vows—
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved—
A little dust, to overweep—
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake!
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

"Sleep, soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through your all,
And giveth His beloved, sleep!

His dew drops nightly on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap!
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated over head,
"He giveth His beloved, sleep!"

Few men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
In such a rest his heart to keep;
But angels say—and through the word
I ween their blessed smile is heard—
"He giveth His beloved, sleep!"

For me my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the jugglers leap—
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose,
Who giveth His beloved, sleep!

And, friends!—dear friends!—when it shall be
That this dear breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep—
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth His beloved, sleep!"

Concord stirred by the Spirit of Liberty.

CONCORD, (Mass.) Feb. 11th, 1844.

MR. GARRISON:

You have often said that Concord, Lexington and Charlestown were the three hardest towns in the Commonwealth, to revolutionize on the subject of slavery. I have the pleasure of informing you that the friends of anti-slavery in this place have recently felt, that their prayers are about being answered, by an excitement on this subject unprecedented hitherto, and which is the more extraordinary, as no other subject has seemed to rouse them ever before in like manner. This effect has been brought about by the labors of our friends Phillips and Burleigh. Phillips, by that beautifully persuasive manner, that rare combination of oratory and eloquence, which, for the time being, makes you to feel that you are with him, right or wrong, and which, if, on after consideration, it is found to be right, never leaves you, and which decks even this dark, odious and degraded subject with some rainbow tints, and thus gives it a glory in the minds of many, and particularly the young, which otherwise, in its first presentation, it would not possess:—Burleigh, by his unsurpassed logical powers, scatters every fragment of a doubt which might remain in the minds of his hearers, and tears all the arguments of his opponents to impalpable atoms. In addition to all this, our opponents have come out manfully into the field, which is all we have desired to hasten on our cause to victory. One of the curators of our Lyceum called upon a lady in this town, and asked if she was willing to give a lecture on slavery to the Lyceum; and stated, at the same time, that he wished Mr. Phillips would come. She assented, and an invitation was given to Mr. P. which he accepted, and agreed to come on the 17th of January. The week before he was to come, a gentleman introduced a resolution to the Lyceum, that Mr. P. be invited to lecture on some other subject than slavery; that the sentiments Mr. P. uttered, when he lectured here the last winter, on the same subject, were vile, pernicious and abominable. After some discussion upon the subject, it was put to the Lyceum, whether Mr. P. should lecture on that, or some other subject. A large majority were in favor of hearing the lecture on slavery, having their desire to hear much stimulated probably by the previous discussion. So Mr. Phillips came, and spoke an hour and a half, receiving the most fixed attention, although he gave us all his treason against Church and State. It was a most magnificent burst of eloquence from beginning to end. He charged the sin of slavery upon the religion of the country, with its twenty thousand pulpits; said the Church had charged his leader, Mr. Garrison, with being an infidel—and there was some truth in it. He (Mr. P.) loved his master too well, to wish to be considered any thing but infidel to the religion of this country. Of the State, he said, the curse of every honest man should be upon its Constitution. He claimed to be old-fashioned in his sentiment. Could he say to Jefferson, Hancock and Adams, (after the experience of fifty years,) 'Look upon the fruits of your work!' they would bid him crush the parchment beneath his feet. These sentiments, coming from such a man, it was thought best not longer to overlook; for it was apparent it was the same treason of last winter, reiterated and unrepented of. So the next Lyceum evening was appointed to discuss the lecture. The evening arrived. Notice had been forwarded previously to Mr. Phillips, that a resolution against him was to be introduced. He came up. The introducer of the resolution talked an hour, quoting St. Paul, about leading captive silly women, &c. &c. Another gentleman occupied an hour more, with equal severity. He said it required not a little arrogance in a stripling to assert such monstrous doctrines; complimented the eloquence of the speaker, but warned the young against exciting topics. At 9 o'clock, Mr. P. came forward, and asked liberty to speak. Upon the President's assenting, he began: 'I do not feel responsible for my manner. In a struggle for life, it is hardly fair for those who are looking at ease to remark that the limbs of the combatant are

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not arranged in classic order. I agree with the best speaker, that this is a serious subject; otherwise, I should not have devoted my life to it. Stripling as I am, I but echo the voice of ages, of our venerable fathers, of statesman, poet, philosopher. The gentleman has painted the danger to life, liberty, and happiness, that would be the consequence of doing right. That state of things is now legalized at the South. My liberty may be bought at too dear a price. If I cannot have it, except by sin, I reject it; but I would not so blaspheme God as to doubt the safety of obeying Him. I tread the dust of English Law beneath my feet, and enter into the Holy of Holies, and there I find written, 'Thou shalt not deliver unto his master, the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee. He shall dwell with you, even among you.' I throw myself upon the bosom of infinite wisdom. The heathen would tell you, 'Let justice be done, though the heaven fall;' and the old reformer answered, when warned against the danger of going to Rome, 'It is not necessary that I should live, but it is necessary that I go to Rome.' But our pulpits are silent. Who ever heard this subject presented, before the movement of the silly women and striplings? The first speaker accused me of ambitious motives. I should have chosen another path to fame. I would say to you, my young friends, who have been cautioned against excitement, and advised to fold your hands in selfish ease, throw yourselves upon the altar of some noble cause. To rise in the morning, to eat, and drink, and gather gold, is a life not worth having. Enthusiasm is the life of the soul.*

The effect of this speech upon the audience was perfectly electrical, and they could not forbear in their enthusiasm, one burst of approbation. They were, however, quickly called to order and propriety by their President, which being obtained, a gentleman rose and moved the thanks of the assembly to Mr. P. for his lecture. This was opposed, and in the midst of this an adjournment was moved, and that the discussion be resumed on the ensuing Monday night, when the meeting again took up the topic of the week before. People from many of the neighboring towns were present, hoping to see Mr. Phillips there again. Some of the speakers were for and some against the vote of thanks, but the hearts of the people were with him; and there were some hearts there, (which did not belong either to silly women or striplings,) which beat strongly in his favor. Money has been subscribed, not by abolitionists, but by friends of Mr. Phillips, to the amount of twenty dollars, for the purpose of hiring Mr. P. to come again.

On the last Sabbath, Mr. Burleigh preached for us during the day, and lectured on slavery in the evening. The house was literally crammed. I should be glad to give an abstract of his discourse, but many of your readers will remember his lecture at Amory Hall, the evening previous to the sittings of the Convention, and from that may infer the main points of the address. It seemed that not a shadow of a doubt could be left on any mind, and it was the general opinion that it was most conclusive. We are hoping to clinch the nail by one more lecture from Mr. Phillips, which the people are much anxious to hear. After all this, we are greatly encouraged that the old spirit of liberty is not yet quite extinct in our ancient town. Have we not reason?

H. M.

*The above gives but an imperfect outline of the beauty of this speech, which, to be appreciated, must have been heard.

The following lines express very exactly the different state of feeling towards Mr. Clay, through which we have passed. There are many who can say the same.

MR. CLAY AND SLAVERY.

"Go home and mind your business,—my slaves are fat and sleek."—Mr. Clay's reply to Mr. Mendenhall, of Indiana, when Mr. M. presented a petition, signed by many thousand citizens of that State, that Mr. Clay would emancipate his slaves.

BY MISS SARAH J. CLARKE.

"Go home and mind your business,"—
Are thus petitions heard
By thee, for whom thy country's air
With loud huzzas is stirred?

"Go home and mind your business,"—
A humble servant thou
Of "the sovereign people," on whose nod
Thou art depending now.

They're "fat and sleek"—how gloriously
Are thy high thoughts expressed!
Thou load-star of the nation's hopes!
Thou pride of all the West!

They're "fat and sleek"—such words as these,
"Chivalric Clay," from thee,
Thou "champion of law and right,"
Thou saviour of the free!

Thou image thou hast doomed
Slavery's living death,
Aye, more, hast chained with it the soul,
Jehovah's burning breath!

Hast made the wide world of the mind
A dim and "voiceless shore"—
They're "fat and sleek"—enough, enough!
What can the fools ask more!

Ah once I bowed in worship down
Before thy giant mind,
Ay, looked with awe upon the form
In which it was enshrined.

The girlish reverence of my soul
Was all poured out to thee,
The story of thy deeds, thy name,
Were music's soul to me.

What broke the spell? They're "fat and sleek,"
I heard those words, and then
I bowed the willing knee no more,
But stood erect again.

And now with cold indifference
Of thy great deeds I hear;
And thy "chivalric name hath lost
Its music to my ear.

Yet should thou seem again to me
As now unto the world,
An angel who awhile on earth
His starry wing has furled;

If e'er the pages of thy life
I shall admiring turn,
Until the patriotic flame
In word and eye shall burn;

Until my woman's heart grows strong,
And throbs in pride for thee—
They're "fat and sleek" will flicker then
Betwixt the page and me.

And oh, if e'er my wayward heart
Should weakly bow again,
To minds as vast as Gabriel's,
If shrined in sinful men.

Then, faithful memory, to that heart
This magic sentence speak—
"Go home and mind your business,
My slaves are fat and sleek."

NEW BRIGHTON, PA.

Jackson and Phillips vs. Third Party.

The following blunt and pithy paragraph appeared in the Anti-Slavery Standard of the 16th ult. from the pen of Mrs. Child:

THIRD PARTY CANDIDATES. The Liberator declares that Francis Jackson and Wendell Phillips, whose names are on the liberty ticket for Mayor and Alderman of Boston, "are invincibly opposed to the new political organization, and had positively assured the committee, who waited upon them, that they could not consent to be put in nomination."

If there be no mistake in this matter, our friends Jackson and Phillips pursue a course singularly at variance with their characteristic honesty and conscientious straight-forwardness, "in not announcing this important fact for themselves. At this crisis, it is especially important that every man should know which side of the hedge he is on, and stay there."

Assuredly, these are not the men to be made tools of, without their own consent! Francis Jackson, are you a liberty party man? If you are, say so; and God give you as much comfort as a right honest and worthy soul can find in making a most disastrous mistake. Wendell Phillips, are you a liberty party man, or are you a liberty party tool? One or other of these alternatives seems to be yours, so long as you remain silent. That clear head, that noble heart, that unspotted conscience, we know them well; and though we cannot read the riddle contained in the Liberator, we have full faith that all are blameless.

The above has drawn from Messrs. Jackson and Phillips the following letters, which have already appeared in the Standard. We trust that the friends of the new political organization, in this quarter, will hereafter be careful not to make use of the names of abolitionists, as their candidates, who are known, or may be reasonably supposed to be opposed to their movement.

Letter from Wendell Phillips.

Boston, Dec. 25, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I had rather be a 'liberty party tool,' than a 'liberty party man'; since, with my conviction of the utter folly of that scheme, and the deep injury it is calculated to inflict on our cause, the last would imply want of principle; while the other would argue only want of sense.

On the question of third party, I find no position more to my choice, than at the side of the Standard. The mere election of all their candidates would never convince me of the expediency of their movement. As was said of old, 'a few such victories would ruin us.'

Without going into detail of reasons which induced me to leave my nomination uncontradicted, (I never gave it my consent,) I am sure they must have been bad, since they led you, and others of my friends, to misunderstand my position.

The cause is nearer my heart than ever. It does, as ever, lift me up, I trust, higher and higher. Thanks to it!

Yours, more truly than ever,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Seeing in the papers a notice that the annual meeting of the New-England Non-Resistance Society would be held on Tuesday at the Marlboro' Chapel, I resolved to improve the opportunity thus afforded to become acquainted with the doctrines and purposes of this much abused body of persons—believing, with Dr. Follen, that "principles which are essentially the same as those entertained by the Society of Friends have a right at least to be heard, and not to be condemned without benefit of reason." Before going to the meeting, I took pains to procure a copy of the Declaration of Sentiments put forth by the Society at the time of its formation in 1838, and which I recollected to have seen at that period. I found it to be a document drawn up with great ability, and setting forth the doctrines and purposes of the Society in language at once forcible and eloquent.

Now I suppose that if I had been the spectator of a battle here, your readers would all thank me for giving them some account of it. Will they be less interested in learning how a portion of their fellow-men, viewing all wars and fightings to be sinful, propose to establish peace on earth and good will among men? I believe you have among your readers no small number of persons who have the manliness and courage which enable them to look at a new idea without being frightened or losing their temper; and as I believe they have derived great advantage from your practice of allowing fair play to all opinions, I cannot resist the inclination I feel to offer for publication in your columns a few of the most striking passages from the above Declaration. Your readers will thus obtain a clearer view of the sentiments of this singular class of men than I could give in any other way, and those who are disposed to put themselves in a belligerent attitude will learn thereby the vulnerable points in the Non-Resistance fortress, on which their guns should be brought to bear. They say:

"We cannot acknowledge allegiance to any human government; neither can we oppose any such government by a resort to physical force. We recognize but one King and Lawgiver, one JUDGE and RULER of mankind. We are bound by the laws of a kingdom which is not of this world; the subjects of which are forbidden to fight; in which Mercy and Truth are met together, and Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other; which has no state lines, no national partitions, no geographical boundaries; in which there is no distinction of rank, or division of caste, or inequality of sex; the officers of which are PEACE, its exactors Righteousness, its walls SALVATION, and its gates PRAISE; and which is destined to break in pieces and consume all other kingdoms."

"We register our testimony, not only against all wars, whether offensive or defensive, but all preparations for war; against every naval ship, every arsenal, every fortification; against the militia system and a standing army; against all military chiefdoms and soldiers; against all monuments commemorative of victory over a foreign foe, all trophies won in battle, all celebrations in honor of military or naval exploits; against all appropriations for the defence of a nation by force and arms, on the part of any legislative body; against every edict of Government requiring of its subjects military service. Hence we deem it unlawful to bear arms, or to hold a military office.

"As every human government is upheld by physical strength, and its laws are enforced virtually at the point of the bayonet, we cannot hold any office which imposes upon its incumbent the obligation to compel men to do right, on pain of imprisonment or death. We therefore voluntarily exclude ourselves from every legislative and judicial body, and repudiate all human politics, worldly honors, and stations of authority. If we cannot occupy a seat in the Legislature, or on the bench, neither can we elect others to act as our substitutes in any such capacity.

"It follows that we cannot sue any man at law to compel him by force to restore any thing which he may have wrongfully taken from us or others; but, if he has seized our era, we shall surrender up our cloak rather than subject him to punishment.

Jacobinism is the spirit of retaliation, violence and murder. It neither fears God, nor regards man. We would be filled with the spirit of Christ. If we abide by our principles, it is impossible for us to be disorderly, or plot treason, or participate in any evil work: we shall submit to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake; obey all the requirements of government, except such as we deem contrary to the commands of the gospel; and in no case resist the operation of law, except by meekly submitting to the penalty of disobedience.

"In entering upon the great work before us, we are not unmindful that, in its prosecution, we may be called to test our sincerity, even as in a fiery ordeal. It may subject us to insult, outrage, suffering, yes, even death itself. We anticipate no small amount of misconception, misrepresentation, calumny. Tumults may arise against us. The ungodly and violent, the proud and pharisaical, the ambitious and tyrannical, principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places, may combine to crush us. So they treated the MESSIAH, whose example we are humbly striving to imitate. If we suffer with him, we know that we shall reign with him. We shall not be afraid of their terror, neither be troubled. Our confidence is in the LORD ALMIGHTY, not in man."

Herald of Freedom.

CONCORD: N.H.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1843.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

NORTHAMPTON—"COMMUNITY," }
August 7, 1843.

Dear J. R. F.: I am not forgetting our dear little sheet—nor the brave hands at our hardy little old press—in this far-off and romantic region. I think of you at all my pausings, and my heart bounds over the intervening distance with more than steam-winged swiftness. But in body and in fact I am here, and as I cannot commune with you by mesmerism—as I know of—I must try pen and ink and paper. The time may come when we may have but to will it, and it is done.—When by a flash of the inclination, we may daguerotype ourselves on our remotest friends, without the snail-paced process of epistles—though borne on steam.

I meant to keep your readers apprised of my anti-slavery experience, as I went along, after reaching Boston. But it thickened and multiplied so, that I could not record it. I meant to tell you of the Dedham Pic Nic, on the 1st of August, when Dedham woods were as full of abolitionists as ever grove was of birds—or native wood of aborigines swarming to a grand Council. From one to two thousand, gathered there into a pine wood—carpeted under foot with the sear and fallen leaf—and curtained above with tree tops stirring in the forest wind, and beautiful with the interspersing patches of blue. It was a capital temple.—God's first and last, except the human dwelling place—with no pulpit but the convenient, rough-board platform, and the spot on which, any where within hearing distance, any speaker might choose to stand. Its columns were the gracefully-shaped tree-trunks. It was deformed into no pews—cut up into no exclusions—polluted by no priest.—Least of all was there any negro pew—that diabolical incident to the religious white worship of the land, in nearly all its dedicated temples. Pierpont spoke, and Francis Jackson in the President's chair, left the people free as the birds in the woods. I want to see him always in the chair, on some accounts and never there again on others. If we must have a chairman, he is the least possible interruption of social or assembled freedom, but the manner of his filling it has an injurious tendency to perpetuate the

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custom of having a governor of meetings. The Platform was planted about with banner-staves—surmounted by fine ensigns, on some of which were impressive inscriptions. One bore the name of Garrison, surrounded, as time will encircle it, with a wreath of leaves—not perishable as the oak foliage with which ancient renown surrounded the brow—but with the anti-slavery ever-green. Another banner, in most appropriate companion-ship, was the portrait of George Thompson—given by him to Remond in Edinburgh. It looked like GEORGE THOMPSON—standing on the platform to speak for Emancipation in the Islands, jaded with one of his whirlwind speeches—'I exhausted but his kindled eye—which it would take as long to assuage and calm, as it does the ocean to get quiet after the storm has done lashing it. Interspersed among the multitude were the anti-slavery names of the region—looking amid the modern musterers to our agitations, like the apple trees among the trees of the wood. I cannot name them—they are too many—a dozen Unitarian preachers were present—several of them spoke. Not an orthodox divine darkened the cheerful wood, by his sombre presence. Humanity appeals in vain to their seared and blasted bosoms. A juvenile brass band of mere lads played for the occasion, and there was singing on the platform, of which I can say almost any thing, but to say it was our glorious Hutchisons. How that pine-boughed orchestra would have rung with their note! I can relish no music but that of the birds themselves, since theirs. My sense of it has become so dainty. The young band was quite fine, and the performers very beautiful boys. A son of Charles Follen declaimed some lines of Whittier. He was beautifully introduced upon the platform by Pierpont. But Maria Chapman will give you in the Liberator an account of the whole, and I need have said little or nothing about it. The whole manage of it, I must add, was admirably conducted by Oliver Johnson.—I formed an interesting acquaintance with Dr. Bowditch, son of the great mathematician of our hemi-sphere—one of the Boston patricians—and though we had long had Quincy and Phillips, from the same unlikely ranks, I was not prepared to find another of their most promising young men, so superbly in for the most advanced principles and measures of the anti-slavery movement. I hope he will soon be heard—as well as heard of—like his gallant young compeers. I count them nothing but individuals—but still, I love to see them coming from their heights in society, and entering the field clad in the true armor.

Friday afternoon, F. J. and myself embarked at the Great Western Railroad depot, for our twenty-one miles' trip to Framingham, (on our way hither to see the Community and the "Liberator,") where we stopped for the night at the very pleasant home of the dear anti-slavery family of Charles and Eliza Merriam. Framingham is a sample-town of the rich old Commonwealth—opulent—fertile—elegantly built and superbly shaded, and as void of anti-slavery, generally, as fat ease is apt to be. Plenty of steeples and a plentiful-aristocratic lack of humanity. Next morning, under a

glorious sky and a refreshing breeze from the northwest, we rode a few miles to the railway, and took passage again to plunge across the highlands that stretch between the Connecticut and the sea. Leaving the cars about noon, at a place called Wilbraham, we rode on the top of the stage coach, tediously, across a stupid looking country, to South Hadley—a very beautiful and fertile spot—about half a dozen miles from Northampton—in sight of whose boundless meadows, and woody palaces looking out from the declivity of Round Hill, we arrived about three in the afternoon. It was a sight to behold the majestic Connecticut, and mounts Tom and Holyoke heaving up in rivalry of its

stately current, and its peerless margin. I never saw the match, though, of the Northampton Intervales. We crossed the river on to them, in a ferry boat propelled by two horses, and it seemed to me like traversing a great lake as we travelled through them to the village. They were covered with high and rank corn and grain crops, as far as the eye could extend. No fences—avarice and ownership knowing keenly every bound. A population of 10,000 might fatten on that stretch of meadow—but a handful of torpid aristocrats probably usurp the whole of it. The village is embowered with the stateliest trees.—But the most interesting object that met my vision, on reaching its centre, was Garrison in his gig-wagon, with his wife, awaiting our arrival, and hailing us with his sweet look of joyous welcome. We were soon discharged from our coach and in the midst of heartfelt congratulations on our leisurely way through the proud old paradisc, to the “Community,” about two miles out of it. Here we were greeted with most refreshing welcome, by the Bensons, the Boyles, the Macks and the Hudsons, and a whole commonwealth of choice spirits, who have stepped aside from life’s dusty highway, and found here a charming and safe retreat. I have not time to tell you how it looks—or what they are doing, or how they have regaled us. Suffice it to say, it is one location of a thousand. Broad meadow—gentle swell—sweet river and bordering woods—nothing is wanting to make it an Eden, but a few years of time and labor—which labor I have no doubt will be laid out upon it in good taste as well as judgment. They are a contented and gleeful-looking community. Every body looks more than satisfied. They look joyful and hopeful. They are in debt and have considerable many inefficient hands at present—about 40 being children—and are in a rough state—and provided scantily with buildings—but there are no apparently insurmountable obstacles in their way, and they must prosper. They have a very considerable silk-growing establishment, and a lumber estate, which they are expecting will enable them soon to relieve themselves of their national debt. Their glory at present is their free spirit. We have had some meetings here, that would satisfy the most unshackled abolitionist among our own hills. But I must drop my heavy epistle. God-speed the little press—and prosper all who work it and work at it—is the wish and assured prediction of its friend and yours, in the thickening warfare,

N. P. R.

BETTER DAYS.

Better days are like Hebrew verbs, they have no present tense; they are of the past or future only. "All that's bright must fade," says Tom Moore.—Very likely; and so must all that's not bright. To hear some people talk, you would imagine that there was no month in the year except November, and that the leaves had nothing else to do than fall off the trees. And to refer again to Tom Moore's song of the "Stars that shine and fall," one might suppose, that by this time, all the stars in heaven had been blown out, like so many farthing candles in a show booth; and, as for flowers and leaves, if they go away, it is only to make room for new ones.—There are as many stars in heaven as ever there were in the memory of man; and as many flowers on earth, too, and perhaps more in England, for we are always making fresh importations. Some croakers remind one of the boy, who said that his grandmother went up stairs nineteen times a day, and never came down again. Or to seek for another resemblance, they may be likened to the Irish gravedigger, who was seen one night looking about the church-yard, with a lantern in his hand. "What have you lost, Pat?" "Oh! I've lost my lantern!"—"You have your lantern in your hand." "Oh! but this is a lantern I've found; it's not the lantern I've lost!" Thus it is with men in general; they think more of the lantern they have lost, than of the lantern they have found.

EACH IN ALL.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Little thinks in the field yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
And the heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not *thine* ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling the bell at noon,
Dreams not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
As his files sweep round yon distant height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent:
All are needed by each one—
Nothing is fair, or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder-bough.
I brought him home in his nest at even;
He sings the song—but it pleases not now;
For I did not bring home the river and sky—
He sang to my ear; they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore—
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
And fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things,
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar!
Nor rose, nor stream, nor bird is fair—
Their concord is beyond compare.
Then I said, "I covet Truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth."
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of Deity!
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird:
Beauty through my senses stole—
I yielded myself to the perfect WHOLE.

SONNET.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Abon Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,—
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,—
An Angel writing in a book of gold,
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,
And, in a voice made all of sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord!”
“And is mine one?” said Adhem. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the Angel. Adhem spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said: “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.”
The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
He came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

It is said that we must receive all whom Christ receives. Very well. Not those who are accepted as his disciples in Heaven; for how know we who will be on the right hand and on the left; we are not authorized to mark off the wheat and the tares which are growing in the same field; but we must receive all, whom he would have received on earth. I accept this rule. No better one surely can we have. I would not go beyond Christ in this matter, nor would I fall short of Him. And whom did he receive? Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out. He received all that came. He made no inquiry, set up no examination, but gathered a Church on the principle that all who wished for its privileges were welcomed to its fellowship. The desire to be a Christian was the condition of communion. On the great day of the feast, as Jesus was surrounded by the people who were bearing water from the well, he stood and cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink, and the water that I shall give him shall be in him, a well of water, springing up unto everlasting life." Imagine the thirsting and parched spirit, the way-worn and destitute, the feeble and the sinful, who stood in that listening crowd, accepting the gracious invitation. Would Jesus have stopped them to examine their claims to his fellowship? Would he have required the evidences of their Christian character? Would he have brought them before any tribunal, even his own, before he gave them the waters of life, for which their heart and flesh panted? Would he not have said, rather, "Come unto me, all ye stricken and weary ones; tormented with toil and care; here shall you find a refuge for your woes; come unto me, and I will give you rest."

How was it in the church formed by Christ himself? Though my brother discards hierarchies and tradition, I cannot but think he has unconsciously retained something of their requisitions. I fear he has not yet taken his stand on that broad platform of individual liberty which Christ occupied. Why should we fear to stand where he stood? Why should we adopt a different legislation for his Church from that which he sanctioned by his example? I ask not what was done by the successors of Christ in any age. I ask what he did himself. When was the first Church formed? Was it not begun when it was said, "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the Sins of the world;" when the disciples said one to another, "We have found the Christ." Who was admitted into that church? Who were received by Christ as his professed followers? Who composed that primitive fellowship? Who bore the honored name of his disciples? Not surely the spirits of just men made perfect; not those who had enjoyed a deep religious experience; not those who as yet had received any thing like the fullness of the spirit of Christ. All who obeyed the call of Jesus, were welcome; all who wished to join in the company of the faithful were admitted; not even Christ himself made his judgment of their character a condition of his fellowship. He knew that in that Church he had a Peter, who did not comprehend him, and who would deny him with curses; a James and a John who were dreaming of earthly honors, striving who should be the greatest in his kingdom; a Thomas, whose mind was darkened and whose faith wavered till the last; a Judas, whose lust of gain would lead him to betray to the priests the blood of his Master. Did Christ fail to recognize these as members of his Church? Did he drive them from his company, withhold from them his fellowship, because he did not approve of their characters? We know that he did not. He gathered them around him; he respected their freedom; he was patient with their faults; and even at the

very last, when the dark hour was come, when the hand of the traitor was stretched forth in hypocritical friendship, and the devil was displayed through the disguise of love, he did not spurn him from his presence. He allowed him to sit at that feast, which has since been guarded with such formidable restriction; for he came not into the world to condemn the world, or his disciples, but to give eternal life to all who looked to him for help.

And shall we claim a power which Jesus disclaimed? Is the disciple above his Master? I trust that we shall assert no such unauthorized pretensions; I trust that we shall be faithful to the example of Jesus. God forbid that we should sit in this assembly, to make our poor judgment as to who is a Christian the test of admission to the Christian Church.

Besides, Mr. President, consider the exceeding difficulties of such an attempt. If we wish to erect a tribunal, we had better restore the old one. We shall find it a graver matter to judge of a man's claim to the possession of inward holiness, which is the essence of the Christian Character, than of his adherence to a prescribed confession or creed. It is easy to ascertain whether

one receives the Thirty Nine Articles, the Heidelberg Catechism, or the Westminster Confession; we have only to take his own words for that; but how am I to know, in a given case, whether the character would be approved by Christ? I look only on the outward appearance; I see not the heart; I may be deceived. I dare not anticipate the "judgment of the great day." Who will presume to do it, that is conscious of his own fallibility? Who will make his own erring judgment the standard of admission to the privilege of the faithful?

But, it is said, unless we make our impressions of character the test of fellowship, we shall suffer from the presence of the unworthy and wicked. Be it so. It is better to incur that risk, than to assume an unauthorized control over the soul of another. It is better to be in peril from false brethren, than to debar one sincere disciple from the visible fold. We must trust to the efficacy of moral appeals, the magnetic influence of a holy example, the diffusion of the spirit of Christ in the hearts of his followers, for the purity of the Church, rather than to the reports of committees, or the votes of a majority. They must come together as equals in the Church of Christ, disclaiming authority over a single member of the "royal priesthood," not presuming to make our judgments of a brother the means of his privileges, for to his own Master each must stand or fall. What if the unworthy do crowd within the pale of the Church? In God's name, let us welcome all who even seek the presence of Christ. Let us reject no one who even wishes to come to the fountain in which he can be cleansed from his sins. If he thinks to find the fountain in the midst of the Church, let him come, and be made welcome. What was the Church designed for? To be to the world, in the personal absence of Christ, what he was when present. It is installed in the place of the meek and loving Redeemer. It should reiterate his words, proclaim the divine encouragements which he uttered, receive within its bosom, as he did, the frail and erring, the tempted and forsaken, and bind up the wounds of their soul in the softest balm of pity and love. "The shepherd of the soul," says Fenelon, "should watch for his flock with all a father's care and all a mother's tenderness." This should be the spirit of the Church. She is the parent of the fallen and the weak; she yearns, with desire and hope, over the sin-stained and suffering, she would gather every lost and wandering child of humanity within the refuge of her healing and hospitable wings. Shall she drive from her presence one who looks up and solicits her maternal smile? Shall she reject from the family circle the prodigal who comes to lay his miseries at her feet, and seeks in her gentle persuasion the power to resist the enemies of his soul? I ask if there is one here, who bears a mother's heart, that could send a feeble and wailing child

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They did n't dare to hang the old "conspirator"—as they did the gallant fellows of the last century. Thanks to the humanity of the advancing times. They would have hung DANIEL O'CONNELL, fifty years ago. Let us push the times along—till they shan't dare imprison, or fine. The day is coming.—E.P.R.

that adopts a lower standard than this. We must repudiate the right now, hereafter, and forever, to bring a freeman of the Lord before a human tribunal, as a condition of enjoying the fellowship of the children of God. This only can meet the desire which every where prevails for a brighter and more glorious manifestation of Christ. Until this is done, no true man will wish to enter the Church, and sacrifice the holiest privilege of his nature, the independent freedom of his own mind.

to one part of Stone
House -
at mouth and not count out
Board of Drury St
near corner
of House of Commons
2 1/2 in

The Hutchinson Home.

The following letter is from a late number of 'The New Mirror,' and gives a very accurate account of the delightful home of "THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY."

MY DEAR SIR—Having recently been on a short tour "down east," I availed myself of the opportunity to pay a visit, by invitation to the HUTCHINSON FAMILY, at their mountain home in the 'Old Granite State'—and as any thing pertaining to these children of song is always received with interest in this community, I will give a brief account of them as they appeared at the old homestead.

Upon arriving at the door, we were warmly welcomed by "Father Jesse," a healthy-looking, though rather spare old gentleman, of sixty-five, who asked me into the house, and deputed one of "the boys" to show me a room and "make me acquainted" with "the girls." Five minutes had not elapsed before we felt perfectly at home—and feeling thus, we have, of course, a right to step out and take a survey of the premises.

The house is a large two-story wooden structure, evidently intended by its builders for people to live and not to stay in. It is situated upon a rise of ground, overlooking as far as the eye can reach on either side, a fertile and beautiful valley, through the centre of which runs a little stream called the Souhegan. At a distance of four or five miles a stately mountain rears its head, enveloped in a sky-blue mist. Several smaller elevations appear also in the distance, and altogether, the view from the green in front of the house is very beautiful. The grounds in the rear present a pleasing variety of hill and valley, forest and plain, and the lambs and other living "appurtenances" are seen skipping and frolicking, about, in all their original innocence. At a distance of forty or fifty rods from the house there is a quarry, where we were shown some of the finest blocks of granite we have ever beheld. The farm contains one hundred and sixty acres, about three-fourths of which we should judge, to be under cultivation. Attached to the house are a number of barns, sheds, stables, etc., of such ample size that the presumption is, there will never be occasion to "tear down and build greater." One of the out-houses was formerly used as a "hop kiln." The family once cultivated hops extensively, and it was a very profitable business; but the moment they perceived its bearing upon the cause of temperance, they gave it up, and thus voluntarily relinquished a handsome yearly revenue. In this, as well as in other matters, they do what they believe to be right, however their pecuniary interest may suffer in consequence.

Many of our readers have heard the 'family song' of the Hutchinsons, and know something of their history and principles—but as they may have forgotten a few of the 'thirteen sons and daughters,' we will just mention that, in the words of the song,

"David, Noah, Andrew, Zepha,
Caleb, Joshua, Jess and Benny,
Judson, Rhoda, John and Asa,
And Abbe are (their) names;"

and we will also state that every one of these as well as their aged father and mother are good singers, and good members of society. The parents, Judson and his wife, John and his wife, Rhoda and her husband and blue-eyed baby, Benjamin, Asa, Abbe, 'Cousin Ann,' and two others, (who are in the employment of the family,) all live under the spacious roof and eat at the same table—David, Noah, Zephaniah, Caleb, and Joshua reside in the same town, and at no great distance—Andrew is located in Boston—and Jesse in Lynn. The mother does not enjoy perfect health, and very properly leaves the domestic affairs, to a great extent, in the hands of her daughters, daughters-in-law, and niece—and they almost quarrel for the privilege of attending them. The father, Judson, John, Asa, and Rhoda's husband, Mr. Bartlett, manage the out-door concerns—Benjamin superintends the financial department, and occasionally lends a hand at cooking—and the blue-eyed baby aforesaid

makes herself 'generally useful' by putting on a cunning face and drawing the whole family from their labors to caress her. As for 'sister Abbe,' she employs her time in reading, sewing, or housework, as inclination or convenience may dictate; and she is as much at home in either of these, as in charming an audience of thirty-five hundred people in the Broadway Tabernacle.—She and her pretty cousin Ann sing much together. All the family are in the habit of singing while at work; causing, as may easily be imagined, a perpetual concert of sweet sounds all over the premises—and by the way, we would just hint to our music-loving readers, (privately, of course,) that there is as rich a treat in store for them in the fall, to say the least of it, as they have ever yet enjoyed. We had the good fortune to be 'in' at a rehearsal or two, during our visit, and therefore 'speak advisedly' upon this point.

In pursuit of their daily avocations as 'tillers of the soil,' the dress and appearance of the Hutchinsons are suited to their work, and they engage in it so heartily and cheerfully that there is no doubt they enjoy it above any other mode of living they could possibly adopt. The utmost kindness and affection are manifested in their intercourse one with another, and they seem highly grateful to their city friends for the support so generously showered upon them. That support, we take the liberty of saying, has not been unworthily bestowed. There are now a large number of people at work in that vicinity, who, until recently, were destitute, or nearly destitute of employment, and whose improved condition is owing entirely to the liberality and enterprise of these mountain warblers. Long may they live to gladden the hearts of the poor by their kindness, and delight the senses of all by their melodies.

Yours truly,

X. Y. Z.

National Standard.

For some years past—looking only in the direction of the enemy—I have not been able to descry a National Banner, which I knew anti-slavery had aforesaid unfurled to the storms. I could not see it blazing any where in the whole vanward field. I think I see it now—I don't doubt I do. Gayly it streams to the wild anti-slavery gales, like the strong wing of the stormy Petrel. Such should be the Standard, in a warfare like ours. The brilliant hands that have carried it heretofore, were too pacific for revolution. They could not "look on" moral "carnage with composure,"—or without fainting. Oward, now the old Oriflamme is afloat. Three hands bear it on high—like the Horatii that stood before Rome. Oward, and no quarter.

THE HERALD OF FREEDOM.

The Herald is out again, and I greet its appearance editorially and individually. Reading newspapers isn't the pleasure to me now, that it was before it became an employment; but the Herald is still one of the few that I read, and not merely glance at. I remember enough too of my own feeling when the Liberator, Herald, and Standard, were weekly welcomed, to realize the pleasure with which others will greet the return of this member of the Trinity.

My friend Rozers "thinks" he sees the Standard where it ought to be,—somewhere within sight of the Herald and Liberator,—in the fore-front of the battle. I hope it is only because the smoke and dust lie very heavy there in the thick of the fight, that he seems not quite sure whether it be our banner or not. We won't ask you to turn your head, brother, to see if we are behind you, and I don't expect you will see us in front of where you are. But if you "think" you can't discover us some where in the line, pass the word, and the "three hands" will bear the Standard higher and farther onward, if they can; and if the fate of the Horatii await us, the last one shall pretend even no flight to conquer.

Journey to Northampton.

I sent home the following letter—from the Community Place,—which has had no chance to appear till now. It is dull enough—but must save me writing another sketch:

Northampton—Community Hall,
June 15, 1844.

DEAR JOHN: If you have another Herald, let this be my contribution to it. This is an odd question—if you have another Herald—but since Heralds and everything else are yet made dependent on money, this is one of the most natural questions in the world. The wonder is, we have not had to ask it every number we have issued,—and that it has n't always been answered in the negative. I am some little solicitous as to the result of our last week's appeal on the score of the little sheet. I should be sorry to have it cease, for I think it would be missed, with all its defects.

Our route hither has been through a part of New Hampshire I had never seen. Some of it is very beautiful, as well as grand. Our old hill Monadnock lay in our way. We travelled a considerable distance within its precincts and under its influences. It sheds these to a pretty wide extent. You feel, for miles round it, that you are in the neighborhood and suburbs of something great in the earth. Our first tarry was at Henniker, at the paternal home of my fellow traveller, Parker Pillsbury, where we were kindly received notwithstanding our heresies. The next night we reached Dr. Batcheller's, in Marlborough, where we found more than welcome—that loving and refreshing cordiality which gives rest to the weary, before you have time to repose. A sweet placeto be—a glorious green landscape without, topped out by Monadnock, hard by in all its cloud-capped solemnity,—and within, love, heart and music. The Doctor, philanthropic to ultraism, and cautious and conservative enough fully to make it up,—his wife blending both, so as to have nothing but the philanthropy visible, and the dear children sparkling with young genius and song. We hated to resume our journey,—and mean to get back there by Thursday night, if possible, and hold a meeting or two with the people. Our passage down from the Dr.'s elevated home, to the low country, along the rivers, was very striking. Down through the steep passes of the hills that flank about the base of the grand Monadnock, we kept descending, down hills too steep to ride, amid deep and dark woods,—the Monadnock firs, the most graceful I ever saw,—you could see them sprinkled all the way down from near the verge of vegetation up the great mountain, to the bottom of the bordering upland. We came upon a beautiful little town in the southwest corner of New Hampshire, the town of Winchester. I have scarcely seen so picturesque and sweet a village. The roads, the trees, the hill sides, the stream, (the Ashuelot, I believe) the tidy and elegant houses, make up a paradise that reminded me of some of the places I saw the other side of the water, and with this advantage, the inhabitants were people, instead of subjects. I was glad it was in New Hampshire too, though I repudiate state lines. I was sorry to see the rural beauty of the village marred and deformed by sundry steeples. They are pretty as matters of architecture, but they are so useless—so expensive, and withal, put to such unfriendly uses to humanity. The time will come when they will go the way of the old Abbeys and Priories of England, and like them, their material go to build dwelling houses.

I had written most of the above, yesterday. It was Sunday—but so freely and naturally spent here, that it did not once occur to me that it was *divine* time, until toward sunset. Superstition sees *Sabbath* in the air and light of Sunday, and hears its murmur on the breezes.—I always could discern it. I could perceive it in the very singing of the birds.—They seemed

to be singing psalms. The very glee of the Bob-a-link was torned into an anthem or a psalm-tune, when sung with the accompaniment of a Sunday. Yesterday, I saw nothing of it, and I am half inclined to suspect, that, in reality, there is nothing sabbatical in that particular diurnal revolution.

We have had fine meetings here. Free meetings and spontaneous speech.—The Community is bright and hopeful. They are in debt, but have a beautiful homestead, for which they incurred the debt,—and I see in the countenances of the young men and women, the glorious determination, that it is to be their business (in part) to redeem their home from this embarrassment,—that they are to put their young industry and skill into the soil and surface here till it yield the means of redemption,—and at the same time, enhance its value beyond the power of money to purchase it. If they feel this, they can do it. They need n't ask capital to come in here from abroad. They will create capital on the soil. They will grow it—and while they are growing it,—they will be growing a character of their own that will make them as well as their place, the admiration of the Land around them. Speed be to their gallant movement.—Success belongs to it,—if they go to work rightily.—Indeed it is success, to begin it.

I have told the friends here in conversation, of your embarrassment, and the prospect of the suspension of the Herald.—They deprecate this earnestly, and would, any of them, prevent it by any sacrifice in their power,—and so I suppose with every genuine lover of humanity who knows it.—But I feel disposed to let things have their course.—It will turn out well, in any particular event,—for we mean right. It is refreshing to see the old Anti-slavery faces here. There is an extraordinary black woman among them. She was once a New York slave—and got a political emancipation.—She calls it a nominal one merely. She says she remained a slave still after emancipation, and under severer rigors as to means of living, than before. She is a wonderful orator—has a tone of terrible strength and an eloquence almost superhuman. But I have not time to speak of her,—or of anything.—We think of starting for home, Wednesday—perhaps by way of Milford.

I must say one word of a Connecticut river tavern, we passed the night at, on the road—on our return. By the way, I hardly know a house on that sluggish and heartless stream, above Springfield, (there are souls there) where Anti-slavery would be proffered a night's lodging—or a cup of cold water. The tavern I would speak of is at Northfield—a magnificent farming town in Massachusetts, near the New-Hampshire line. Its wide, superbly shaded, main street, stretches along a high ridge fronting the Connecticut valley, and having an upland meadow in the rear, which separates it from a fine region of hills. The houses are far superior to most of those I have seen in those wealthy river towns. The tavern we stopped at is the Temperance House, kept by Allen.—And so long as human entertainment continues to be furnished for money—which time God shorten—I would speak the praise of such a tavern as friend Allen's.—His spacious and airy house,—though for that he merits nothing—his commodious and capably attended stable—I mention that first, because the horse that draws the traveller, ought first to be regarded. He is the working man.—His capital stable and his neat, tasteful, elegantly supplied and withal healthful table, for gratifying as every thing was it was so prepared as to be wholesome.—I don't feel very enthusiastic, generally, at the idea of a tavern or a table, but there is such a thing as a becoming board where Humanity may sit and refresh and even regale itself.—When mankind get good-natured, they will all sit down at such—where not only "good digestion," but high heart and reason will "wait on appetite." Friend Allen sat Parker Pillsbury and I down at such a board. The only item in

his bill of fare, I will particularize, beside the strawberries, was the only item in it that could be called moderate, and that was, the bill, we paid. Nothing we were supplied with, was "moderate,"—but this bill. I want enough sober and grateful people to go and patronize friend Allen, to keep this moderation of his from making him too poor to keep it up. I should like to have this notice copied into the Greenfield Gazette,—a neighboring town to Northfield. It would help advertise friend Allen's House. We stopped at the Greenfield tavern, going out. In addition to the other entertainment at friend Allen's we found some good anti-slavery company. It was favorable to 3d Party, but not new-organized 3d Party.—We had a pleasant and I guess not unprofitable discussion, for our company was intelligent and candid, though, like almost every body else, quite authority-bound. I was pleased to learn next morning, that quite a number of the people were in the porch, by the open windows, listening with great interest to our evening's discussion,—and that they expressed a wish for anti-slavery lectures. I hope we may yet meet them, in free meeting.

One other incident of travel. We turned aside in old Deerfield, to see the ancient house that is celebrated as having been assaulted by the Indians, in the old times when they used to haunt the Connecticut valley. It is an old garrison-looking house—with a jutting upper story and the door as if made to keep people from getting in. The old, aboriginal door remains—all hacked with the Indian tomahawks, when they tried to hew it down and get in, in some old assault. Poor savages—it was so full of nails and of treble thickness, that they could n't cut their way through it—to get at the civilized savages within. I understood they set it afire, and that providentially a shower fell and put the fire out. Providence is always on the side of the white folks. One of the little old windows was shoved up, with an Indian war-club under it, as it appeared to be. The house seemed to be uninhabited, and was the very picture of desolation, and of generations long gone by. In this particular, however, it did n't look much worse than a good many other houses in the neighborhood, inhabited, apparently, by some of the torpid aristocracy of that godly old town.

But I must stop.—Our Herald is n't so broad as the Deerfield Meadows. We had a fine journey—and full of pleasant anti-slavery incident.

The Herald of Freedom.

It is n't yet dead—as some of its cowardly enemies had hoped. One of them, poor old stupid Mr. Prentiss, of Keene, came up and like the ass to the dead lion, gave at it a dull and malignant kick. Poor dull man, he should have waited. He should have imitated the prudence of Falstaff in the field of Holmedon—not to be too familiar with the dead Percy, lest the death should turn out only a soldier's nap. The Herald will go on—and if present prospects of relief are realized, go on permanently. Francis Jackson, who always comes first to the rescue, when humanity is hard pushed, sent the printer \$20. Samuel E. Coues, who "visits" more than one "prisoner," \$10—a friend who dates "White Mountain Notch," and signs Crawford the elder, \$10—Edward M. Davis, of Philadelphia, loaded down already with anti-slavery responsibilities and burdens, \$25, (and the like sum to the editor)—J. H., Jr., anti-slavery's bard, and staunchest champion, \$10 more. Foster has obtained some donations,—and Abby Kelley has thrown herself into the New Hampshire field—to the rescue. I need hardly renew my appeal in behalf of the printer of the Herald—superadded to this—that other friends who feel disposed, and who can—should come to the relief of this Anti-Slavery Press.—I don't ask any attention to myself.—I can edit—after my fashion—with even less of corpulency than now burdens my endeavors; but the printer has to pay—and he cannot without aid. He will try. He has tried. He tried when nobody else would have tried—or did try. He saved the

Herald from going down under the Arnold treachery of the clergy in 1840. And he has never betrayed it or the cause—or faltered in its service. That I have been able to keep up my own department in the paper, has been owing very greatly to his co-operation, in other ways than by the type, as the readers all know, and to an extent that could not appear. I feel impelled to state these things now. No service is so little appreciated in the anti-slavery cause, as the silent, obscure, wearisome and unheard labors of the printer. The editor is appreciated—if he is liked he is cheered—and there is sustenance in an anti-slavery cheer. The printer is unheeded, even as his press and type. Anti-slavery should not treat her champions so—and she will not. I earnestly ask, for the printer, at this juncture, a generous remembrance, and it will come. Anti-slavery has no State lines—it has no New Hampshire.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM ABBY KELLEY.

DURHAM, N. H. July 17, 1844.

I intended to write you many days ago, but time has hastened by so rapidly, that I have not had the skill to catch a moment for the purpose, and now I am in great haste, and so take this method of saying to my friends in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New-York, and Vermont, that I shall not be able to visit their respective places during the present summer or autumn. I feel it important that more labor be bestowed on New-Hampshire. It has been much neglected by our agents for some two years past, and that insidious foe, Liberty Party, is making dreadful inroads in the neglected field. It is on this account, mainly, that I stop here, and not to keep the Herald afloat, for I have the pleasure of announcing, to the joy of its friends and the terror of its foes, that its subscription list is now and has been since August last, equal to sustain its publication, and has sustained it. The old debts ought to be paid promptly in order to relieve J. R. French, its former publisher. It is now published by the Executive Committee of the New-Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society, and French prints it—but yet let us all be unremitting in our exertions to extend the circulation of the undaunted sheet. Its subscription should be such as to afford a good support to its Editor who has given so much invaluable talent and soul to the cause so freely and joyously—but yet it is not on this account mainly that I would wish to see the subscription of the Herald enlarged. Its Editor's compensation consists in seeing its blows tell on community. He can prize no other, and yet he should not be forgotten, though he chooses to forget himself, and when a Fair is proposed to sustain him, he seconds the proposition to have its proceeds appropriated to some other object. Let us be careful that we do not consider the Herald a New-Hampshire affair. It is the Herald of the advancing Anti-Slavery hosts extending from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, and let the hosts keep eye upon it, though so far outstrip them that they can hardly catch a glimpse of it, bearing straight onward in a tempest that would rend any other banner to tatters. Let them see to it that he who held it up so marvelously, be not lacking in his supplies for "canteen" and knapsack.

LIFE.

Nothing that altogether dies,
Suffices man's just destinies.

So should we live, that every hour
Should die, as dies a natural flower—
A self-reviving thing of power;
That every thought, and every deed,
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good, and future meed;
Esteeming sorrow,—whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,—
Far better than a barren joy.—*Milnes.*

And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in utter darkness. Not for this
Was common clay taken from the common earth,
Moulded by God, and tempered with the tears
Of angels to the perfect shape of man.—*Tennyson.*

LETTER FROM NEW-YORK.

day is Christmas. For several days past, cat-
of ever-greens have gone by my windows,
re snow falling on them, soft and still as a
g. To-day, churches are wreathed in ever-
altars are illuminated, and the bells sound
ly in *Gloria Excelsis*. Throngs of worshippers
ing up to their altars, in the Greek, Syrian,
nian, Roman, and English churches. Eight-
hundred years ago, a poor babe was born in a
, and a few lonely shepherds heard heavenly
s, soft warbling over the moonlit hills, pro-
ing "Peace on earth, and good will towards
" Earth made no response to the chorus. It
ys entertains angels unawares. When the Ho-
ne came among them, they mocked and cruci-
him. But now the stars, in their midnight
e, listen to millions of human voices, and deep
tones struggling upwards, vainly striving to
ess the hopes and aspirations, which that advent
entratred from the past, and prophesied for the
e. From East to West, from North to South,
chant hymns of praise to the despised Nazarine,
kneel in worship before his cross. How beauti-
this universal homage to the Principle of Love!
at feminine principle of the universe, the inmost
re of Christianity. It is the divine idea which
nguishes it from all other religions, and yet the
in which Christian nations evince so little faith,
one would think they kept only to swear by,
gospel which says "Swear not at all."
enturies have passed, and through infinite conflict
"ushered in our brief to-day;" and is there
e and good will among men? Sincere faith in
words of Jesus would soon fulfill the prophecy
h angels sung. But the world persists in saying,
is doctrine of unqualified forgiveness and perfect
, though beautiful and holy, cannot be carried in-
actice now; men are not yet prepared for it."
same spirit says, "It would not be safe to
ncipate slaves; they must first be fitted for free-
." As if slavery ever could fit men for freedom,
ar ever lead the nations into peace! Yet men
gravely utter these excuses, laugh at the shal-
wit of that timid mother, who declared that her
should never venture into the water till he had
red to swim.

those who have dared to trust the principles of
e, have always found them perfectly safe. It can
r prove otherwise, if accompanied by the de-
tation that such a course is the result of Chris-
principle, and a deep friendliness for humanity.
seemed so little likely to understand such a
ion, as the Indians of North America? Yet
readily they laid down tomahawks and scalp-
nives at the feet of William Penn! With what
ble sorrow they apologized for killing the only
Quakers they were ever known to attack!
e men carried arms," said they, "and therefore
lid not know they were not fighters. We thought
pretended to be Quakers, because they were
rds." The savages of the East, who murdered
an and Munson, made the same excuse. "They
ed arms," said they, "and so we supposed they
not Christian missionaries, but enemies. We
d have done them no harm, if we had known
were men of God."

a nation could but attain to such high wisdom as
jure war, and proclaim to all the earth, "We
not fight, under any provocation. If other na-
have aught against us, we will settle the
tion by umpires mutually chosen." Think you
any nation would dare to make war upon such
ple? Nay, verily, they would be instinctively
med of such an act, as men are now ashamed to
k a woman or a child. Even if any were found
nough to pursue such a course, the whole
ized world would cry fie upon them, and by uni-
al consent, brand them as paltrons and assas-
And assassins they would be, even in the com-
acceptation of the term. I have read of a cer-
regiment ordered to march into a small town,
he Tyrol, I think, and take it. It chanced that
place was settled by a colony who believed the
el of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A
er from a neighboring village informed them
troops were advancing to take the town. They
ly answered, "If they will take it, they must."

ers soon came riding in, with colors flying, and
piping their shrill defiance. They looked round
o enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the
smith at his anvil, and the women at their
s and spinning-wheels. Babies crowded to hear
usic, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers,
feathers and bright buttons, "the harlequins of
nineteenth century." Of course, none of these
in a proper position to be shot at. "Where
our soldiers?" they asked. "We have none,"
the brief reply. "But we have come to take
town." "Well, friends, it lies before you."

it is there nobody here to fight?" "No; we are
Christians." Here was an emergency altogether
vided for by the military schools. This was a
of resistance which no bullet could hit; a for-
a perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was
lexed. "If there is nobody to fight with, of
se we cannot fight," said he. "It is impossible
ake such a town as this." So he ordered the hor-
heads to be turned about, and they carried the
nan animals out of the village, as guiltless as
y entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

This experiment on a small scale indicates how
y it would be to dispense with armies and na-
s, if men only had faith in the religion they pro-
to believe. When France lately reduced her
England immediately did the same; for the
of one army creates the necessity for ano-
ss men are safely ensconced in the bomb-
ess, above-mentioned.

and strines of Jesus are not beautiful abstrac-
living, vital truths. There is in them no
calculation of consequences, but simply
div impulse uttered. They are few and sim-
b definite in spirit, and of universal applica-
n. e the algebraic X, they stand for the un-
down quantity, and, if consulted aright, always
e true answer. The world has been deluged
th arguments about war, slavery, &c. and the
se oduct of them all, is simply an enlightened
plon of the maxims of Jesus. Faith in God
e man, and action obedient thereto, from these
w that belong to order, peace, and progress
obay, the laws by which the universe were
ide are thus reducible to three in one, and all va-
tic of creation are thence unfolded, as all melody
d rmony, flow from three primal notes. Got-
ork synthetically. The divine idea goes forth and
th itself in form, from which all the infinity o-
ms are evolved. We mortals see truth in frag-
ants and try to trace it upwards to its origin, by
n analysis. In this there is no growth. All
on, all life, is evolved by the opposite process.
must reverence truth. We must have that
th in it, of which action is the appropriate form;
l lo, the progress which we have sought for so
nfully, will unfold upon us, as naturally as the
d expands into blossoms and fruit.

did not mean to preach a sermon. But the ever-
ens, and the music from neighboring churches,
ried me back to the hill-sides of Palestine, and
spirit involuntarily began to ask, What response
as earth now give to that chorus of peace and
od will?

It matters little that Christ was not born on that
, which the church has chosen to commemorate
birth. The associations twined round it for
ny centuries, have consecrated it to my mind.
r am I indifferent to the fact, that it was the old
man festival for the birth of the Sun. As a form
their religious idea, it is interesting to me, and I
peculiar beauty in thus identifying the birth of
e natural sun, with the advent of the Son of
ghteousness, which, in an infinitely higher sense,
lightens and vivifies the nations. The learned ar-
e that Christ was probably born in the spring;
cause the Jewish people were at that season en-
led for taxation, and this was the business which
ried Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem:—and be-
use the shepherds of Syria would not be watching
ir flocks in the open air, during the cold months.
these reasons, Swedenborgians would add ano-
er; for, according to the doctrine of Correspond-
nce unfolded by their "illuminated scribe," spring
responds to peace; that diapason note, from
rich all growth rises in harmonious order.

But I am willing to accept this wintry anniversary,
d take it to my heart. As the sun now begins to
urn to us, so may the truth and love which he ty-
les, gradually irradiate and warm the globe. The
mans kept their festival with social feasts and
tual gifts; and the windows of New-York are
day, filled with all forms of luxury and splendor,
tempt the wealthy, who are making up Christmas
res for family and friends. Many are the rich
vels and shining stuffs, this day bestowed by af-
tion or vanity. In this I have no share; but if I
re as rich as John Jacob Astor, and not so fearful
poverty, as he is said to be, I would this day go
to the shop of Baronto, a poor Italian artist, in Or-
chard street, buy all he has, and give freely to eve-
ry one who enjoys forms of beauty. There are hid-
den in that small, obscure workshop, some little
gems of art. Alabaster nymphs, antique urns of
agate, and Hebe vases of the costly Verd de Prato.
There is something that moves me strangely in those
old Grecian forms. They stand like petrified melo-
dies from the world's youthful heart. I would like
to buy out Baronto every Christmas, and mix those
"fair humanities of old religion," with the Madon-
nas and Saviours of a more spiritual time.

A friend of mine, who has no money to spend for
jewels or silks, or even antique vases, has employed
his Christmas more wisely than this; and in his ac-

tion, there is more angelic music, than in those divine old statues. He filled a large basket full of cakes, and went forth into our most miserable streets, to distribute them among hungry children. How little dirty faces peeped after him, round street corners, and laughed from behind open gates! How their eyes sparkled as they led along some shivering barefooted urchin, and cried out, "This little boy has had no cake, sir!" Sometimes a greedy lad would get two shares by false pretenses; but this was no conclusive proof of total depravity, in children who never ate cake from Christmas to Christmas. No wonder the stranger with his basket, excited a prodigious sensation. Mothers came to see who it was that had been so kind to their little ones. Every one had a story to tell of health ruined by hard work, of sickly children, or drunken husbands. It was a genuine out-pouring of hearts. An honest son of the Emerald Isle, stood by, rubbing his head, and exclaimed, "Did my eyes ever see the like o' that? A jintleman giving cake to folks he don't know, and never asking a bit o' money for the same!"

Alas, eighteen centuries ago, that chorus of good will was sung, and yet so simple an act of sympathizing kindness, astonishes the poor!

In the course of his Christmas rambles, my friend entered a house occupied by fifteen families. In the corner of one room, on a heap of rags, lay a woman with a babe, three days old, without food or fire. In another very small apartment, was an aged, weather-beaten woman. She pointed to an old basket of pins and tape, as she said, "For sixteen years I have carried that basket on my arm, through the streets of New-York; and often have I come home with weary feet, without money enough to buy my supper. But we must always pay our rent in advance, whether we have a loaf of bread to eat or not." Seeing the bed without clothing, her visitor inquired how she slept. "Oh, the house is very leaky. The wind whistles through and through, and the rain and snow come driving in. When any of us are sick, or the weather is extra cold, we lend our bedding, and some of us sit up while others get a nap." As she spoke, a ragged little girl came in to say, "Mammy wants to know whether you will lend her your fork?" "To be sure, I will, dear," she replied, in the heartiest tone imaginable. She would have been less generous, had her fork been a silver one. Her visitor smiled as he said, "I suppose you borrow your neighbor's knife, in return for your fork?" "Oh, yes," she replied; "and she is as willing to lend as I am. We poor folks must help one another. It is all the comfort we have." The kind-hearted creature did not know, perhaps, that it was precisely such comfort as the angels have in heaven; only theirs is without the drawback of physical suffering and limited means.

I have said that these families, owning a knife and fork between them, and loaning their bedclothes after a day of toil, were always compelled to pay their rent in advance. Upon adding together the sums paid by each, for accommodations so wretched, it was found that the income from that dilapidated building, in a filthy and crowded street, was greater than the rent of many a princely mansion in Broadway. This mode of oppressing the poor, is a crying sin, in our city. A benevolent rich man could not make a better investment of capital, than to build tenements for the laboring class, and let them on reasonable terms.

This Christmas tour of observation, has suggested to my mind many thoughts concerning the present relations of labor and capital. But I forbear; for I see that this path, like every other, "if you do but follow it, leads to the end of the world." I had rather dwell on the perpetual efforts of Divine Providence, to equalize what the selfishness of man strives to make unequal. If the poor have fewer pleasures than the rich, they enjoy them more keenly; if they have not that consideration in society, which brings with it so many advantages, they avoid the irksome slavery of conventional forms; and what exercise of the benevolent sympathies could a rich man enjoy, in making the most magnificent Christmas gift, compared with the beautiful self-denial which lends its last blanket, that another may sleep? That there should exist the necessity for such sacrifices, what does it say to us concerning the structure of society, on this Christmas day, nearly two thousand years after the advent of Him, who said, "God is your father, and all ye are brethren?"

L. M. C.

O'CONNELL'S LETTER TO THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

CORN EXCHANGE ROOMS, DUBLIN,)

11th Oct. 1843.

Gentlemen.—We have read with the deepest affliction, not unmixed with some surprise and much indignation, your detailed and anxious vindication of the most hideous crime that has ever stained humanity—the slavery of men of color, in the United States of America. We are lost in utter amazement at the perversion of mind, and depravity of heart which your address evinces. How can the generous, the charitable, the humane, the noble emotions of the Irish heart, have become extinct amongst you? How can your nature be so totally changed, as that you should become the apologists and advocates of that execrable system, which makes man the property of his fellow-man—destroys the foundation of all moral and social virtues—condemns to ignorance, immorality, and irreligion, millions of our fellow-creatures—renders the slave hopeless of relief, and perpetuates oppression by law, and in the name of what you call a constitution?

It was not in Ireland you learned this cruelty. Your mothers were gentle, kind, and humane. Their bosoms overflowed with the honey of human charity. Your sisters are probably many of them still amongst us, and participate in all that is good and benevolent, in sentiment and action. How then can you have become so depraved? How can your souls have become stained with a darkness blacker than the negro's skin? You say you have no pecuniary interest in negro slavery. Would that you had! for it might be some palliation of your crime! but, alas! you have inflicted upon us the horror of beholding you the volunteer advocates of despotism in its most frightful state; of slavery in its most loathsome and unrelenting form.

We were, unhappily, prepared to expect some fearful exhibition of this disposition. There has been a testimony borne against the Irish, by birth or descent, in America, by a person fully informed as to the facts, and incapable of the slightest misrepresentation; a noble of nature more than of titled birth; a man gifted with the highest order of talent, and the most generous emotions of the heart—the great, the good Lord Morpeth; he who, in the house of commons, boldly asserted the superior social morality of the poorer classes of the Irish, over any other people; he, the best friend of any of the Saxon race, that Ireland or the Irish ever knew—he, amidst congregated thousands, at Exeter Hall, in London, mournfully, but firmly, denounced the Irish in America, as being amongst the worst enemies of the negro slaves, and other men of color.

It is, therefore, our solemn and sacred duty to warn you, in words already used, and much misunderstood by you, to "come out of her," not thereby meaning to ask you to come out of America! but out of the councils of the iniquitous, and out of the congregation of the wicked, who consider man a chattel and a property, and liberty an inconvenience. Yes, we tell you to come out of such assemblages, but we did not, and do not, invite you to return to Ireland. The volunteer defenders of slavery, surrounded by one thousand crimes, would find neither sympathy nor support amongst native uncontaminated Irishmen.

You tell us, with an air of triumph, that public opinion in your country, is the great lawgiver. If it be so, how much does it enhance the guilt of your conduct, that you seek to turn public opinion against the slave, and in favor of the slaveholder!—that you laud the master as generous and humane, and disparage, as much as you can, the unhappy slave, influencing, as Irishmen ought not to do, the public mind in favor of the oppressor. You carry your exaggerations to a ludicrous pitch, denoting your utter ignorance of the history of the human race. You say, "That the negro is really inferior as a race; that slavery has stamped its debasing influence upon the African; that between him and the white, almost a century would be required to elevate the character of the one, and to destroy the antipathies of the other." You add—we use your words—"The very odor of the negro is almost insufferable to the white; and, however much humanity may lament it, we make no rash declaration when we say the two races cannot exist together, on equal terms, under our government and our institutions."

We quote this paragraph at full length, because it is replete with your mischievous errors and guilty mode of thinking.

In the first place, as to the odor of the negroes, we are quite aware that they have not as yet come to use much of the otto of roses, or eau de cologne. But we implore of your fastidiousness to recollect that multitudes of the children of white men have negro women for their mothers, and that our British travelers complain, in loud and bitter terms, of the overpowering stench of stale tobacco spittle, as the

prevailing "odor" amongst the native free Americans. It would be, perhaps, better to check that nasal sensibility on both sides, on the part of whites as well as of blacks. But it is, indeed, deplorable that you should use a ludicrous assertion of that description, as one of the inducements to prevent the abolition of slavery. The negroes would certainly smell at least as sweet when free, as they do now being slaves.

Have you enough of the genuine Irishmen amongst you, to ask what it is we require you to do? It is this:

First—We call upon you in the sacred name of humanity, never again to volunteer on behalf of the oppressor, nor even for any self-interest to vindicate the hideous crime of personal slavery.

Secondly—We ask you to assist in every way you can in promoting the education of the free man of color, and in discountenancing the foolish feeling of selfishness, of that criminal selfishness, which makes the white man treat the man of color as a degraded or inferior being.

Thirdly—We ask you to assist in obtaining for the free men of color, the full benefit of all the rights and franchises of a freeman, whatever State he may inhabit.

Fourthly—We ask you to exert yourselves in endeavoring to procure for the man of color, in every case, the benefit of trial by jury, and especially where a man, insisting that he is a freeman, is claimed to be a slave.

Fifthly—We ask you to exert yourselves in every possible way to induce slave-owners to emancipate as many slaves as possible. The Quakers in America have several societies for this purpose. Why should not the Irish imitate them in that virtue?

Sixthly—We ask you to exert yourselves in all the ways you possibly can, to put an end to the internal slave-trade of the States—the breeding of slaves for sale, is probably the most immoral and debasing practice ever known in this world. It is a crime of the most hideous kind; and if there were no other crime committed by the Americans, this alone would place the advocates, supporters, and practitioners of American slavery, in the lowest grade of criminals.

Seventhly—We ask you to use every exertion in your power, to procure the abolition of slavery by the Congress in the District of Columbia.

Eighthly—We ask you to use your best exertions to compel the Congress to receive and read the petitions of the wretched negroes, and, above all, the petitions of their white advocates.

Ninthly—We ask you never to cease your efforts until the crime of which Lord Morpeth has accused the Irish in America, "of being the worst enemies of the man of color," shall be atoned for and blotted out and effaced forever.

You will ask how you can do all these things. You have already answered that question yourselves, for you have said that public opinion is the law of America. Contribute, then, each of you in his sphere, to make up that public opinion. Where you have the electoral franchise, give your votes to none but those who will assist you in so holy a struggle.

We wish we could burn into your souls the turpitude attached to the Irish in America by Lord Morpeth's charge. Recollect that it reflects dishonor not only upon you, but upon the land of your birth. There is but one way of effacing such disgrace, and that is, by becoming the most kindly towards the colored population; and the most energetic in working out in detail, as well as in general principle, the amelioration of the state of the miserable bondmen.

You tell us, indeed, that many clergymen, and especially the Catholic clergymen, are ranged on the side of the slaveholders. We do not believe the accusation.

The Catholic clergy may endure, but they assuredly do not encourage the slave-owners. We have, indeed, heard it said that some Catholic clergymen have slaves of their own; but, it is added, and we are assured positively, that no Irish Catholic clergyman is a slave owner. At all events, every Catholic knows how distinctly slaveholding, and especially slave trading, is condemned by the Catholic church. That most eminent man—his holiness the present pope, has, by an allocution, published throughout the world, condemned all dealing and traffic in slaves. Nothing can be more distinct, nor more powerful, than the pope's denunciation of that most abominable crime. Yet it subsists in a more abominable form than his holiness could possibly describe, in the traffic which still exists in the sale of slaves from one State of America to another. What, then, are we to think of you, Irish Catholics, who send us an elaborate vindication of slavery, without the slightest censure of that hateful crime—a crime which the pope has so completely condemned—namely, the diabolical raising of slaves for sale, and selling them to other States.

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If you be Catholics you shall devote your time and best exertions to working out the pious intentions of his holiness. Yet you prefer!—oh! sorrow and shame!—to volunteer your vindication of everything that belongs to the guilt of slavery.

We conclude, by conjuring you, and all other Irishmen in America, in the name of your fatherland—in the name of humanity—in the name of the God of mercy and charity, we conjure you, Irishmen, and descendants of Irishmen, to abandon forever, all defense of the hideous negro slavery system. Let it no more be said that your feelings are made so obtuse by the air of America, that you cannot feel, as Catholics and Christians, ought to feel, this truth—this plain truth—that one man cannot have any property in another man. There is not one of you who does not recognize that principle in his own person; yet we perceive—and this agonizes us almost to madness—that you, boasting an Irish descent, should, without the instigation of any pecuniary or interested motives, but out of the sheer and single love of wickedness and crime, come forward as the volunteer defenders of the most degrading species of human slavery. Wo! wo! wo!

There is one consolation still, amid the pulsations of our hearts; there are, there must be, genuine Irishmen in America, men of sound heads and Irish hearts who will assist us to wipe off the foul stain that Lord Morpeth's proven charge has inflicted on the Irish character—who will hold out the hand of fellowship, with a heart in that hand, to every honest man, of every cast and color, who will sustain the cause of humanity and honor, and scorn the paltry advocates of slavery—who will show that the Irish heart is, in America, as benevolent, and as replete with charitable emotions, as in any other clime on the face of the earth.

We conclude. The spirit of democratic liberty is defiled by the continuance of negro slavery in the United States. The United States themselves are degraded below the most uncivilized nations by the atrocious inconsistency of talking of liberty and practising tyranny in its worst shape. The Americans attempt to palliate their iniquity by the futile excuse of personal interest; but the Irish, who have not even that futile excuse, and yet justify slavery, are utterly indefensible.

Once again, and for the last time, we call upon you to come out of the councils of the slave-owners, and at all events to free yourselves from participating in their guilt.

Irishmen, I call upon you to join in crushing slavery and in giving liberty to every man, of every caste, creed, and color.

DANIEL O'CONNELL,
Chairman of the Committee.

THE MOTHERLESS.

You're weary, precious ones! your eyes

Are wandering far and wide:

Think ye of her, who knew so well

Your tender thoughts to guide;

Who could to Wisdom's sacred love,

Your fixed attention claim?

Ah! never from your hearts erase

That blessed mother's name!

'Tis time to say your evening hymn,

My youngest infant dove!

Come, press thy velvet cheek to mine,

And learn the lay of love;

My sheltering arms can clasp you all,

My poor deserted throng!

Cling as you used to cling to her

Who sings the angels' song.

Begin, sweet birds! the accustomed strain,—

Come, warble loud and clear!

Alas! alas! you're weeping all,

You're sobbing in my ear!

Good night—go, say the prayer she taught

Beside your little bed;

The lips that used to bless you there

Are silent with the dead!

A father's hand your course may guide,

Amid the thorns of life;

His care protect those shrinking plants,

That dread the storms of strife:

But who upon your infant hearts

Shall like that mother write?

Who touch the strings that rule the soul?

Dear, smitten flock!—Good night!

Nature sends no creature, no man, into the world, without adding a small excess of his proper quality. Given the planet, it is still necessary to add the impulse; so to every creature is added a little violence of direction in its proper path, a shove, to put it on its way; in every instance, a slight generosity, a drop too much. Without electricity, the air would rot; and without this violence of direction, which men and women have, without a spice of bigot and fanatic, no excitement, no efficiency. We aim above the mark, to hit the mark. Every act hath some falsehood of exaggeration in it. And when now and then comes along some sad, sharp-eyed man who sees how paltry a game is played, and refuses to play, but blabs the secret; how then? is the bird flown? O no, wary Nature sends a new troop of fairer forms, of lordlier youths, with a little more excess of direction to hold them fast to their several aims; makes them a little wrong-headed in that direction in which they are rightest, and on goes the game, again, with a new whirl, for a generation or two more. See the child, the fool of his senses, with his thousand pretty pranks, commanded by every sight and sound, without any power to compare and rank his sensations, abandoned to every bauble, to a whistle, a painted chip, a lead dragoon, a gilt gingerbread horse; individualizing everything, generalizing nothing, who thus delighted with everything new, lies down at night overpowered by the fatigue which this day of continual pretty madness has incurred. But Nature has answered her purpose with the curly, dimpled lunatic. She has tasked every faculty, and has secured the symmetrical growth of the bodily frame by all these attitudes and exertions; an end of the first importance, which could not be trusted to any care less perfect than her own. This glitter, this opaline lustre, plays round the top of every toy to his eye, to ensure his fidelity, and he is deceived to his good.

We are made and kept alive by the same arts. Let the stoics say what they please, we do not eat for the good of living, but because the meat is savory, and the appetite is keen. Nature does not content herself with casting from the flower or the tree, a single seed, but she fills the air and earth with a prodigality of seeds, that if thousands perish, thousands may plant themselves, that hundreds may come up, that tens may live to maturity, that at least one may replace the parent. All things betray the same calculated profusion. The excess of fear with which the animal frame is hedged round, shrinking from cold, starting at sight of a snake, at every sudden noise, or falling stone, protects us through a multitude of groundless alarms, from some one real danger at last. The lover seeks in marriage his private felicity and perfection, with no prospective end; and Nature hides in his happiness her own end, namely, progeny, or the perpetuity of the race.

But the craft with which the world is made, runs also into the mind and character of men. No man is quite sane, but each has a vein of folly in his composition, a slight determination of blood to the head, to make sure of holding him hard to some one point which Nature has taken to heart. —R. W. Emerson.

EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

It has been currently reported, and believed probably by many of the people in the United States, that one of the results of emancipation in the West Indies, has been a reduction in the amount of sugar raised in those Islands, and particularly so in Jamaica. As a complete refutation of this story, it is only necessary to refer to a statement made by Lord Stanley, in the British Parliament, in reference to this subject. He states, that the annual value of sugar raised in Jamaica for the six years preceding the act of emancipation, was £5,320,021; that the value of sugar raised in the first year of emancipation, was £5,530,000, and that of the second year, £5,424,000. This shows an average of £5,477,000, being an increase of £156,979—nearly \$800,000 per annum. So much for the loss which the Jamaica planters have suffered from the act of emancipation, by which they received about one hundred and twenty dollars apiece for the slaves!

The price of an estate in Jamaica, of five hundred acres, including one hundred slaves, capable of producing two hundred hogsheads of sugar, was estimated in 1823, at \$280,000, and now such an estate would, says Mr. Phillipps, a Baptist missionary in that island for twenty years past, probably sell for the same amount, independent of the laborers. This agrees with Cassius M. Clay, one of the richest men in Kentucky, in land and slaves. —Berkshire Whig.

"The tongue of the flatterer is sharper than the poignard of the assassin," says an eastern proverb; the truth of which, other sovereigns, besides the wisest of the Caliphs, have proved to their cost. The "greatest enemies of a King," says Lord Bacon, "are his flatterers;" and King Mob is no exception to the rule. Power is still the prey of the parasite, whether it dwell in the One, or in the Million; whether it wield the sceptre or the ballot, as the emblem of its authority. To pander to its vices, to cater to its caprices, to gild its deformities with names of beauty, and to consecrate its crimes with words of eloquence, and of religion, have ever been the business of those who live upon its smile. Assentation was a trade by no means peculiar to the gloomy times that Tacitus describes; nor did it exhaust itself in magnifying the hollow greatness, and empty glories of Louis XIV. "The pregnant hinges of the knee" are as ready to crook now, as in old time; and in this model republic, as in transatlantic despotisms, wherever "thrill may follow fawning." And now, as in all past time, and here, as well as in all other places, the sovereign may find that the flatterer has been in league with his deadliest enemy—that while he has been lulled into an imaginary security, by some potent magic, his crown has been conjured off his head, his sceptre transformed into a worthless banble, and while he retains the forms of authority, that the substance has passed away from him forever.

The sovereign people of these United States have been the dupes and the tools of selfish parasites, ever since they drew their first national breath. The leprous distilment has been poured into their ears, for the last half century, and has well nigh, if not quite, done its work of death. On every possible occasion—in Fourth of July orations, and election and thanksgiving sermons, in speeches made in Capitol, or Statehouse—but designed for the ears of the constituency—in State papers, and public documents, in the newspapers of every party, political or religious, have they heard themselves described as the most intelligent and enlightened, the most moral and religious, and the only free people on the face of the earth. By every device of sycophancy, has their bloated vanity been more and more inflated; and admiration of themselves, and contempt of the rest of mankind, inculcated upon them as the purest patriotism. To such a point of absurdity has the national vanity been fed, that criticism on the provincialisms of our manners, as well as on the character of our institutions, is regarded as the unpardonable sin of a foreigner; while an attempt by a native, to open the eyes of his countrymen to the inconsistencies and crimes they commit, is looked upon as little short of treason, deserving whatever punishment public opinion, the despot of the land, can inflict,—whether it be deprivation of caste, withdrawal of the means of livelihood, or delivery over to the tender mercies of the mob.

Especially have the people of the North been fed with this airy food, till they have been almost ready to explode with self-conceit. The deeds and sufferings of their pilgrim fathers, and of their revolutionary sires, have been dwelt upon till they seemed to be persuaded that they had inherited a capital stock of virtue and patriotism, the interest of which would suffice for their comfortable support in all time to come. The exemption of their own soil from the curse of slavery, has been another source of self-gratulation, while comparisons between their own prosperity, and the exhaustion and ruin of the Southern States have helped to swell the tide of self-approbation. Church and State, the Pulpit and the Press, have combined to convince them of their superiority to the rest of the human race. Divine Providence, and the wisdom of their ancestors, and their own, have conspired to distinguish them from the other nations of the earth. Their polity of Government, State and Federal, is the wonder and envy of the earth. While each separate State possesses within itself all the attributes of sovereignty necessary for the protection of life and liberty at home, the Confederated Union presents a front to the rest of mankind, so formidable, as to deter any attack from abroad. By this happy combination of forces, the powers of the machine of Government are so adjusted, that the advantages of a small community are

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united with those of a powerful nation—and the dangers of centralization, and of weakness, equally avoided. Of this sublime system, Liberty is the breath of life. It was framed to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity. It secures to us all the rights which our fathers won by slow and painful degrees, in successive centuries. It is the essence of all that was achieved at Runnymede, and at Naseby, the fruit of successive revolutions, the practical embodiment of the truths of Magna Charta, of the Petition of Right, of the Act of Settlement. It is the fulfillment of those visions of civil and religious liberty that made martyrs embrace the stake with rapture, heroes rush gladly to the field of death, and patriots lay down their heads with joy upon the block. Whatever the experience of ages had shown to be necessary, or useful, to the enjoyment of the highest degree of personal liberty consistent with civil government, is secured to each individual, in the illustrious Constitution of the United States, and guaranteed by all the good people thereof. Freedom of speech and of the press; the right to petition Government for a redress of grievances; personal security against search and seizure; were all specifically secured to every inhabitant of the land. The right of Habeas Corpus, and of trial by jury; security of life, liberty, and property, unless taken by due process of law; and exemption from cruel and unusual punishments; were all solemnly guaranteed by each to all, and by all to each. Besides all these rights, thus sacredly secured to all, the right of citizenship in every State is extended to the citizens of every other State, so that the wide continent is thrown open to the enterprise and curiosity of the Universal People. Surely a brave parchment, if all its promises be true! A sublime Union, truly, if it do indeed accomplish all the blessed purposes of its creation! No wonder that its glories have been proclaimed from all the high places, nor that the people should be half intoxicated with their greatness and felicity. If all these words of promise be indeed kept to

the hope, as well as to the ear, we may all well exclaim, with the great Expounder of the Constitution,—the Defender of our Faith,—“the Union now, and the Union forever!”

But words are not always things, nor is the result of the campaign always equal to the promises of the proclamation. In filling up, as they hoped, the cup of their country's liberties to the brim, our fathers consented to mingle one abhorred ingredient, whose subtle venom by slow degrees poisoned the whole draught. They had a difficult game to play with practised and wily adversaries, and they were outwitted. While professing to establish their new Constitution of Government for the establishing of Justice and the securing of the blessings of Liberty, they privily consented to the utter denial of all Justice, and all Liberty, to one-sixth part of their countrymen. The punishment, which Eternal Justice has made the swift companion of crime has not failed to overtake and chastise their stupendous Lie. Less than half a century was enough to prove their experiment a failure and a mockery. They consented, good easy men, to take the young serpent into their bosom in the hope that it would soon die a natural death, and now, strengthened by time, and fostered by their embrace, it winds its coils around the limbs of their children, and aims its fangs at their hearts. To secure the imaginary advantage of a general Union to themselves, they consented to admit the natural enemy of the liberty they worshipped, into the citadel they had prepared for her defence, and what wonder that she is betrayed! They consented, for their own selfish ends, to the enslaving of millions of their countrymen, whom they had proclaimed in their Declaration of Independence to be created free, and did they not deserve to find themselves and their children SLAVES? They strove, in solemn Convention, to repeal the laws of the Most High, and to enact that light and darkness, that liberty and slavery, should dwell together, in despite of His decrees. But the Almighty laughed them to scorn, and darkness has overcome their light, and Slavery has wrestled with their Liberty, and prevailed. Their boasted Union is an unreal mockery. Their Constitution of Government is made an instrument, to establish injustice, to promote domestic dissension, obstruct the gene-

ral welfare and secure the curse of Slavery to ourselves and our posterity. Truly they were taken in their own craftiness, and into the pit which they had dugged for others, they themselves, and their children, are fallen. It is not a wise thing in men or nations to attempt to outwit the Allwise, or to be stronger than the Almighty.

We have seen what were the advantages which the framers of the Constitution thought they had secured by it to themselves and us, and which are still loud in the mouths of its blind idolaters. How do they find its provisions now, who have need of their protection? A citizen of Massachusetts uses the freedom of speech and of the press, guaranteed by the Constitution, to enforce the doctrine of the Declaration that all men are created free and equal. A price is forthwith set upon his head by a sovereign State, by solemn legislative enactment, and Massachusetts is dumb. Nay, worse than dumb, for in her very Capital, through the very scenes of the early Revolution, the traitor to Slavery is dragged by a well-dressed mob, and scarcely rescued from death. Does a man wish to visit one of one half of the States of the Union, in which his rights of citizenship are secured by the Constitution? He must see to it that he is not infected with the heresies of the Declaration of Independence, or of the gospel of Jesus Christ, if he would avoid the risk of being deprived of life, not only without the process of law, and the intervention of a jury, but by any cruel and unusual punishment that coward tyranny can invent. Does he dare to establish a printing press, to disseminate such opinions as he sees fit? If he choose to place it within the purlieus of Slavery, he must be prepared to have it broken in pieces, and to be shot like a dog if he presume to defend it. Does he presume to exercise the simplest of rights, the right of praying his own servants to do somewhat he desires, his petition is insolently thrust back in his face, or trampled under foot, and no attention vouchsafed to it. A free citizen of a free State, the political equal, in the eye of the Constitution, of any of his fellow-citizens, who is eligible to any office in the gift of the people, visits for business or pleasure another State. He is forthwith seized and confined in jail, till the ship that brought him is ready to depart, and then, if his fees are not discharged, he is sold into life-long Slavery. And this for no crime, excepting that the sun has looked upon him and he is black. Nay, more, if he should presume to visit the Capital of the nation, to witness the doings of his own political servants, on soil that belongs politically to him as much as to any freeman in the nation, he is seized by force of laws, made under the Constitution, on suspicion of Slavery, and if he have not evidence at hand to counterbalance that written upon his brow, he is sold into interminable bondage for the fees of the Constitutional Slave Prison. If a victim of the “vilest Slavery on which the sun ever shone,” escapes from his tyrant and flies to a free State, the boasted sanctuary of the oppressed of all nations, he must be seized and dragged back to torture and captivity, and the free people of the North must stand basely by without interfering for the right, because the Constitution has decreed that it shall be so. And if the nation, which the American people have condemned to Slavery in the very Charter, as they hoped, of their own liberties, should imitate the example of the very men who made it, and declare their independence, and appeal for relief to arms and the God of Battles, the servile North must come to the rescue of the trembling oppressor, and reduce them again to their servile estate. And no man can take office under the Constitution without swearing to commit these base and slavish crimes.

And what mighty blessings are purchased by these concessions of consistency and honor? The principle of being governed with absolute sway by the weakest and vilest oligarchy that ever controlled the destinies of the many. The compromises of the Constitution in favor of Slavery have made the Slave Interest the paramount power from the commencement of the Government. It has made our laws, dictated our policy, appointed our officers, controlled the destinies of the nation from the beginning. It so adjusts the fiscal affairs of the nation as to impose seven-tenths of the burdens of the Government upon the North, while it seizes upon nine-tenths of the patronage. It sits enthroned in the Presidential Chair. It utters its authentic oracles from the Bench of the Supreme Court. It commands or buys majorities in both

Houses of Congress. It officers the Army and the Navy, while the North is permitted to fill up the rank and file, and to serve before the mast. It represents the nation, and represents it truly, at almost every Court in Christendom. It exercises a vigilant surveillance over all official functionaries from the Minister to St. James, to the two-penny postman of Philadelphia, and visits any symptoms of disloyalty with speedy punishment. If the Governor of a free State refuse to violate its laws at the bidding of one of the Slave States, its commerce is laid under restrictions, expressly forbidden by the Constitution, and armed vessels board and search the ships of the offending State, and release them only on the payment of unlawful impositions. And yet, this piratical warfare scarcely excites a remonstrance from the injured party!

And what is the numerical preponderance of the Slave Interest over the Free? If its power be so absolute, it must at least embrace a large majority of the inhabitants? This tyranny can be only that of a simple democracy doing its pleasure with the helpless minority! Statistics, which cannot lie, (except when they are compiled under the eye, and for the purposes, of a slaveholding Government, in a national census,) tell us that the number of slaveholders, do not exceed TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND! Deducting from this number the women and minors who are owners of slaves, and the absentee proprietors, the number of actual voters cannot much exceed, if at all, ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND! A body of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND men govern with absolute sway sixteen millions nine hundred thousand souls—and yet we are pleasantly told that this is a Republican Government! The French nation thought that the tyranny of a hundred and fifty thousand noblemen, whose heredi-

tary claims rested on ancestral services, and were adorned by historic associations and chivalric memories, to be too grievous to be borne, and they opened the floodgates of revolution to sweep away the signs of their servitude in a tide of blood. But the American people tamely submit to the tyranny of a smaller and more disgraceful oligarchy than that of France. An oligarchy, that has no claim to its gratitude for past services, that has nothing in its character to create respect, or in its history to appeal to the imagination or the heart. An oligarchy whose hereditary rights, are the rights of robbery, whose prescriptive privileges, are privileges of piracy, whose badges of nobility are the chain, the scourge, and the branding-iron. An oligarchy the most insolent, profligate, and vile, that was ever permitted to insult God and man by its existence!

And yet to the despotic sway of this insignificant fraction of their number, do the millions of America submit! The Constitution, indeed! THE SLAVE POWER IS THE CONSTITUTION! Whatever that Power decides to be the Constitution, IS the Constitution, and its decree is registered by the Supreme Court of the nation. The Union, forsooth! THERE IS NO UNION FOR THE PEOPLE OF THE FREE STATES, except such Union as binds the slave to his oppressor. There is such a Union as binds the Pole to the Czar,—there is such a free Constitution as the Romans enjoyed under Tiberius, when despotism at once concealed and strengthened itself under the forms of liberty. And yet this is no more than the just reward of the base subserviency of the North to the Slave Power, for the last half century. It is but justice that the bitter draught of Slavery, which they have compelled millions of their countrymen to drain to the dregs, should not pass away untasted from their own lips. It is right, that when they consented to hold the chain that bound their brother for their own advantage, that they should find it locked upon their own limbs. What, if they have to raise a revenue for their masters to spend; what, if they are obliged to shoulder the musket, and serve the guns, while their masters wear the epaulettes, and walk the quarter-deck; what, if they are held to be bound by the strict construction of the Constitution, while their masters may construe it as they will, or trample it under their feet at their pleasure; what, if they are reduced to be the mere Standing Army, serving without pay, and the slave police of their masters, employed to keep down insurrection, and to restore their fugitives, while almost all the power and patronage is reserved for the favored class; do they not deserve it all? If the millions will submit to the tyranny of the thousands, it can assume no shape, and mete out no mea-

sure, commensurate with their deserts. The ingenuity of tyranny has not yet devised a form of injury, or of ignominy, that the passive North does not richly merit. The people of the North have given themselves up, bound hand and foot, to the Slave Power, and they have no right to complain that it uses its power at its will. Had they possessed the same advantage, it is probable they would have used it to the same purpose; for a willing slave is ever a tyrant in his heart. The giant North has bound his own limbs with the withes of the Constitution; and if the Philistines work their will upon him, it is his own fault, for he has but to put forth his strength, and they fall asunder as at the touch of fire. The Constitution is the spell that holds him in this disgraceful enchantment; he has but to speak the word, and it is forever broken. The slave who has the power of asserting his freedom, and yet remains a slave, deserves not pity, but contempt.

Is such a Union as this, worth preserving? Is such a Constitution as this, which binds the white man in the same chain with the negro, a Constitution to be maintained? Is there no point of misgovernment and oppression, at which men may stand and declare that they will no longer submit to it? Especially when by submission, they are the tools, as well as the victims of tyranny? Our fathers thought otherwise, when they plunged into a seven years' war to deliver themselves from the irresponsible power of the British parliament. Surely they would have grudged their blood and treasure, could they have foreseen that it was all poured out to deliver their children from the control of King, Lords, and Commons, only to place them at the irresponsible disposal of a handful of slave-drivers. The taint of slavery has infected the whole body politic; and the blood of the fathers stagnates in the veins of the sons. We are a changeling brood. Their nice sense of human rights is become obtuse. Their vigilant spirit of liberty sleeps, if it have not quite died out. The most atrocious outrages, the most stinging insults, cannot arouse us to a shadow of the indignant resistance that the first faint approaches of tyranny aroused in them. It is a dastardly and pusillanimous generation. The form of insult has not yet been invented, the lash of the overseer has not yet been so cunningly braided, or applied, as to excite in the torpid North, anything approaching to a due sense of its ignominious condition.

"It cannot be
But we are pigeon-livered, and lack gall,
To make oppression bitter."

If there yet remain virtue enough in the people of the nominally free States to vindicate their rights, another Revolution is at hand to complete and perfect the work of its forerunner. A revolution that will purify the Government and the country of the fatal element of Slavery, and free the people from the curses it has entailed upon them all. Happily, it will differ from the Revolution that heralded it, in being a bloodless one. It is a case in which it is needless,—in which it is scarcely possible,—that an appeal to arms can be made. The North will not fight, and the South dare not. The warfare will be a moral warfare. Its battle-fields will be marked by no human carnage—but its victories will be of those victories of Peace, that are "not less renowned than war's." A Constitution is but a parchment. It has no vitality, except as it is the embodied will of the people. As soon as the people are awakened to a sense of the curse that the Constitution has been to them, it will perish from the face of the earth. They will proclaim, not that the Union is dissolved, but that it has no actual existence; not that the Constitution is to be abrogated, but that the lying parchment that has so long enslaved them, is no Constitution of a free Government, but a juggling device of despotism. They will demand a new Union, and another Constitution, which will indeed secure to them the blessings of security, justice, and liberty. And the demand will be its own accomplishment. This glorious revolution is to be promoted and hastened only by the enlightening of the general mind, by arousing the people of the North to a sense of their guilt, and of their punishment. A wholesome agitation is the true means of carrying it forward. This can be effectually maintained only by men who refuse to acknowledge the authority of this blood-stained compact,—who deny the rightful existence of a slaveholding Union. Such men there are, who will refuse to take upon their lips the

impious oath of allegiance to Slavery, which the compact demands as the price of its official favors;—who will never cease to demand the Repeal of the unnatural Union between Liberty and Slavery. How many there may be who will be ready to join them, they do not know. How long it will be before their object will be accomplished, they cannot tell. But they are satisfied that their method is the only natural and rational one of delivering the country from the domination of the Slave Power. It may be that it is too late; and that this guilty nation is doomed to perish in its wickedness; but they will at least have freed their own souls from the blood-guiltiness of the land.—Q.

From the National Intelligencer.

PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

It is curious to trace the progress of the English language through a few centuries, and to mark its slow improvement. In illustration of this, I will take the Lord's Prayer, specimens of which are given at different periods. In the year 700, it began thus:

"Uren fader thic arth in heofnas, sic gekalgud thin noma, to cymeth thin ric; sic thin willa sue is in heofnas and in ertho."

Two hundred years after this, but small advancement had been made in the language. It ran thus:

"Thee ure fader the eart on heofeum, si thin namage hal god: cum thin ric. Si thin willa on earthen swat swa on heofnum."

In the reign of Henry II. about 200 years after this, it was rendered thus, and sent over to Pope Adrian, a native of that country:

"Ure fadyr in heaven rich,
Thy name be haliyed eber lich,
Thou bring us thy michell blisse;
Als hit in heaven y doe
That in yearth be ene it also," &c.

About one hundred years later, in the reign of Henry III, it ran thus:

"Fader that art in heaven blisse,
Thin Holye nam is wurth the blisse,
Cumen and mot thy kingdom
Thin holy will it be all don
In heaven and in earth also,
So it shall be in full well, Ie tro," &c.

In the reign of Henry VI. it began thus:

"Our fader that art in heaven, hallicwid be thi name; the kingdom come to thee; be the will don in eerthe as in havene," &c.

In 1437, it began thus:

"O, our father which art in heaven; halowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be fulfilled, as well in earth as it is in heaven," &c.

From the Correspondence of the Commercial Advertiser.

DEATH OF MRS. DAVIDSON.

I have just returned from a funeral—that of Mrs. Davidson, wife of Dr. Oliver Davidson, of this place, and sister of the late Morris S. Miller, of Utica. This honored mother has followed her gifted daughters, and again is resumed the companionship, so intimate and delightful, which was begun on earth.

Mrs. Davidson was born in 1787, I think in the southern part of New-York, and though her path has been in the quiet of domestic life, intermixed with few of those events of general interest which reflect a kind of lustre on some characters, upon few has shone an effulgence more brilliant and glowing, though soft and gentle, than upon her's, whose death it now becomes my melancholy office to announce.

With a physical temperament in the highest degree excitable, every nerve from earliest infancy strung to the highest pitch, susceptible beyond expression, and frail to a degree scarcely conceivable, she had also, a power of endurance, an energy and resolution which the "strong man," might envy.

The cast of Mrs. Davidson's mind was decidedly poetical, and her love for the beautiful and the chaste discovered itself in all those little every day affairs which, in truth, make up life. With a rich, glowing imagination, it was seldom that a circumstance could become of interest to her, without being tinted with its rays. Hence it was that her descriptions were so full and glowing, and her conversation in general was so rich and attractive; and hence, too, perhaps, that she was able to maintain so completely the interest of the young about her. To this may it in part be ascribed that her Lucretia and Margaret lisped in verse, and her Levi, on the banks of Lake Champlain, with his miniature equipment of sword, epaulette, and gun, declared that he would live and die a soldier. A juvenile aspiration which, as most readers well know, his very short but brilliant career abundantly verified.

Mrs. Davidson was married young, and perhaps the only part of her life which might, in the common acceptance, be called eventful, was, what in the

work entitled "Selections," recently published by her, she has portrayed as "Events of a few eventful days in 1814,"—and in this narrative the reader will doubtless recognize in Dr. and Mrs. Stanley, Anna, Louisa, and Charley, Dr. and Mrs. Davidson, and the older children. This, however was but a glimpse of her sufferings; her life was indeed, as she herself says, "the path of anguish," though upon that path shone so much radiance.

After the family removed from Plattsburgh, they resided for some time in the neighborhood of the city of New-York, and thence removed to Ballston, and afterward to Saratoga, where they have since remained. But as she often said, "in each place of my sojourn it seems to me that I have left some of my treasures." On the lake several infant children died, and there LUCRETIA was buried. At a place of casual sojourn, a very promising and lovely boy, who has become known to the reading world by the allusions of his sisters—little Kent—was entombed, and at Saratoga, MARGARET and the YOUNG SOLDIER lay down to die. And here now must that bereft and sorrowing husband and father mourn her who, in time of sorrow, could with him look upward and adore. Now must he kiss the rod, and bow to him who hath appointed it. In the following spirited lines which I quote from one of her own little poems:—

"But what shall I say? Shall I sing of the mind
That within that fair, perishing form is enshrined?
Its virtues are lasting, they never decay—
But grow brighter and brighter as time wears away.
'Tis that spirit divine which to mortals is given
Oh, tis surely a bright emanation from heaven,
The light grows more brilliant with nature's decay,
And it beams through eternity's long, endless day."

And oh, how true this proved of her, who breathed these lines. During her whole invalid life, that mind has surmounted pain and suffering; it could not be pressed down with its weight of wo, and at every mitigation of disease would still be as much alive as ever to the charms of the beautiful, to the excellencies of the good—and in her last, most painful, wasting illness, when there was scarce a moment of alleviation, still the predominance of that mind was perceptible in all, even to the last, the very last hour, not to say moment, of her earthly life.

But to those who look beyond the present, beyond the intellectual, it will be a source of exquisite pleasure to know that the faith which sustained her in her bitterest sorrows, assuaged her griefs, gave a relish to her dearest joys, carried her through the last conflict, was the same which sustained a sinking Peter, and gave force and successful energy to the Apostles of the Gentiles. It was faith in Christ Jesus as the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world. In Him she rejoiced in life, trusted while walking through deep waters, on Him she stayed her brightest hopes, and rested and rejoiced in the hour of nature's agony.

It is an interesting fact, and perhaps may be new to most of your readers, that a translation of Margaret's memoirs into German has recently come out from the pen of Miss Forster, of Dresden. The volume itself, with the following beautiful tribute to both mother and daughter, reached Mrs. Davidson upon her dying bed, when she was too ill to acknowledge the compliment, and could only listen to its delicate and tender sentiments. By permission a few extracts are subjoined.

DRESDEN, March 26th, 1844.

"My dear Madame:

"Though she who dares to intrude upon you is unknown to you, you are no stranger to her: you are one of whom she thinks so often, whose short happiness and whose long suffering so often wholly absorb her mind, that she fancies herself to be near you, to press the hands which have closed the eyes of sweet Margaret, and to be led by you to her grave, which she would regard like that of a dear, dear friend. Oh, I feel how presumptuous it is when I say, my friend, of one who was so heavenly, so pure, so quite of another world than I. But when I read, when I translated your Margaret's biography, my imagination created me such a lively image of her, that I often thought to have her at my side, that I spoke with her, and lost myself for moments so wholly in that poetical, angel-like being, as to forget almost my own self, and even now when this my own self feels barren and cold, or chained to earth, and so overcoated with worldly clay, that the light of heaven cannot pierce through, the thought of your Margaret, who, with her first step on earth, was already beginning her flight to heaven, is for me one of those thoughts which loosen the chains, melt the hard crust, and give wings to all feelings.

"I cannot tell you, dearest Madame, what an impression the reading of this life, which two years ago was sent me by a dear friend, Miss ———, of B——, made upon me. I could not but translate it; for I wished to be as long and as often as possi-

ble in this angel's society; so I translated it at first only for my own sake, but afterward the ardent desire of making this beloved Margaret known and loved by other hearts, made me publish the little work. But oh! how much do I feel that I could give but a feeble reflection of what she told, though in writing. I made all her feelings my own, which they really often were. I often thought that I profaned the effusions of the purest soul, by pronouncing them once more in another language, yet I did my utmost not to touch too grossly the ethereal tissue of these verses, and to render as truly as I was able, the prevailing spirit of them, so that they might present to the reader the same charming image of her who wrote them, as they had done to me. And I am happy that in this at least I succeeded, for I hear from many parts, and read in many literary papers, that the image of your Margaret fills many hearts; that the few poems I translated cause many complaints of the premature death of this richly-gifted poetical being, and that for her sister Lucretia also, the attention of the public is lively awakened."

"I thought it a happy accident, almost sanctioning my little work, that without having proposed it, I ended it to-day a year, on the birthday of your Margaret. I need not assure you that to-day also my thoughts are with you and with her, and I solemnize this day, which I shall ever remember, by writing to you, and wishing you joy of the gift God bestowed upon you, even now when he has taken it away, for the happiness of having possessed such a child must even outweigh the pain of being bereft of it. Oh! I know that you cannot be unhappy; I know that those we loved once are never far from us. I also know that a grief like yours has its own sweetness, that it approaches us to God, that by having our best part in Heaven we are even here connected with it by a strong tie."

"You must excuse my poor English, but I did not write in German, being ignorant if you understood my tongue; I hope, however, this is the case, that you might see how even in this other language, and written by a very weak hand, the quintessence of your Margaret's words could not be lost, so I took the liberty of sending you the little volume, and hope you will kindly excuse the boldness, and that of my writing to you. With the utmost respect, yours,

"MARIE FOSTER."

"Mrs. Margarite Miller Davidson."

How touching and sad the tribute to the memory of Margaret from Germany, reaching poor Mrs. D. as it did, after every hope of life had departed, and while enduring the tortures of the cruel disease of which she died!—when her ear was so nearly deaf to earthly fame, and the incense of human praise!

She retained her reason till the last moment, and even gave the most minute directions in regard to the last melancholy observances. During intervals of mitigated suffering, she has arranged all her papers, and given directions concerning her own and her children's literary remains. What a joyful meeting between that mother and daughters, so closely united on earth, in taste, sympathy, and affection! After having contemplated her intense bodily suffering for the last few days, it is refreshing to the spirit to have them ended so gloriously. A. E. W.

Saratoga Springs, June 28,

REPORT OF THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

(Continued.)

1844

The resolutions embodying the sentiment No UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS, having been brought forward by the business committee, the first who spoke was,

Mr. Mellen. I coincide with the general views of Slavery taken in these resolutions, but I differ entirely in so far as the United States Constitution is concerned. That that instrument sanctions Slavery, is one of the greatest falsehoods that ever was imposed upon a sensible community. It was not in the mind or intention of our forefathers to do so. They thought it would cease by the operation of the Constitution. I stand not here as the representative of any party, yet there is in this land a body of people who have adopted my idea, and who have increased and are increasing to that extent that they will shortly have the control of this nation.

The resolution which I have prepared as expressing what I believe to be the true idea is this. [For this resolution the reader is referred to the Standard of June 13th.]

Observe the various clauses of the Constitution which are claimed to sustain Slavery, and you will find that they ought not to be made to bear any such construction. The very clause which fixes the basis of representation, what is it but the highest political premium to the South to emancipate her slaves? Instead of a representation of three-fifths, she might have the whole of her population represented. She might have one hundred representatives on the floor where she now has twenty-five. Does not this very clause show the intention ultimately to break up the system of Slavery?

It is a remarkable fact that the provision for the writ of Habeas Corpus comes immediately after the provision for "the importation of persons." Could any man be a slave, if the provisions of that writ were carried out? Can any man take that away? The slave has been surrounded by circumstances to prevent his taking advantage of that writ. It is the great guilt of the North and the South that they have not proclaimed to the slave the rights which the Constitution secures to him;—that they have not enlightened his darkness, so that he may take advantage of them. The North expected that the South of her own accord would do it. The South replied that their enlightenment would lead to the cutting of throats, and up to this hour they have kept silence; and now that we realize the necessity, I say it is time to arouse them. I say to the North, "Arouse yourselves!" You also must come under the yoke if you do not. I repeat it, this instrument does not guarantee Slavery, but if carried out, would abolish it.

Mr. Douglass moved that Mr. Mellen's resolution be laid on the table.

Mr. Clapp suggested that it would not be necessary. Our object was discussion, and this resolution did but express the opposite view to the ones first read. Let us entertain the whole.

[Mr. Burleigh spoke with great effect amid continual applause, but the report, having been mislaid, cannot now appear.]

Abigail Folsom spoke to the same effect as before, dwelling particularly on Mr. Buffum's treatment of Mr. Lamson, at Faneuil Hall.

Mr. Buffum. For the information of such of the audience as may not be aware of the facts, I will occupy a moment in explanation. The "outrage" that Mrs. Folsom alludes to, was simply this: When the person who has the charge of the building was about to close it, after the adjournment of the meeting, last winter, he found Mr. Lamson still wandering round the Hall. I assisted the man in leading him down stairs, with perfect kindness, as I ought to do. That's what Mrs. Folsom alludes to, when she calls me a savage, &c. &c.

Abigail Folsom continued, at short intervals, on the same topics—the sinfulness of appointing committees, and the outrages committed on herself and Mr. Lamson; and the audience, in despair, began each one to converse with his nearest neighbor.

Mr. Buffum. It has been said that "Music hath charms to move a savage breast," and therefore I am glad to see that our friends, the Hutchinsons, are about to give us a song.

MR. GARRISON. Mr. President, what has just taken place in this audience? I should be led to think by what I heard round the door, as I entered, that the enemies of our cause greatly dreaded despotism, and the suppression of Free Speech! I wish to tell them, however much they may enjoy the interruption, or despise the scruples of men who reverence freedom to so high a degree as to forego their own, rather than infringe on that of others, by hasty or mistaken decision, even in such a case as that of this unfortunate woman;—however much temporary inconvenience she may occasion;—however much they may feel inclined to take advantage of it for the purpose of misrepresenting it;—I wish to tell them that we still claim to have the best, and the safest meetings of all that are held in the land. With Freedom, there is no danger at all. Whatever excesses are observable as attendant on her career, they are but the temporary casualties that attend the fertilizing floods, when spring unlocks them. This is the illustration of another, and I think it exceedingly pertinent. What, said he, is the state of things in winter? All nature lies in desolation and death. The earth is bound in frost, and the plough must lie idle. By and by, the sun mounts higher in the heavens—the ice melts—the warm rains descend upon the hills, and the full streams rush onward through the land. But in their course, they chance to carry away, here and there, a bank or a bridge. What should we say to the sanity of the man who should exclaim, “Oh, it is all in consequence of the spring,—the ice *had* to melt—the streams *had* to rise—give us rather perpetual winter!” Yet that man would be, in point of sap-

[The first session here terminated.]

Tuesday Afternoon—Second Session.

AMASA WALKER. Mr. President, I do not know that I have any right to speak here, this afternoon; for though an abolitionist, I have not been for many years a member of any Anti-Slavery organization. (Go on! Go on!) I wish to speak as a man addressing my fellow-men. I am deeply interested in the resolution under discussion, for it assumes that it is not right for any abolitionist to act under the United States Constitution. This touches every one who believes himself or herself an abolitionist. I dissent from this;—it is well that some should dissent, in order to insure full discussion. I am not afraid of the consequences of discussion, and am happy to see on this platform men of so much vigor of mind and ability, ready to present the affirmative side of the question. An abolitionist is one who desires the abolition of Slavery; if it cannot be abolished without dissolving the Union, then our duty is clear to dissolve it.

There is an error and there is a truth in the resolution now before us. Slaveholders acquire, by holding slaves, an organization, which rides rough-shod over free principles. That's the truth in the resolution; while, to say that we are to go for dissolution as a means of abolishing Slavery, is, in my opinion, the error of the resolution. The Union is founded on the Constitution. If Slavery were abolished to-morrow, would it be necessary to change the Constitution? It was worded at the time so as to preclude such a necessity. Sir, our fathers were more modest, and had more sense of shame than some have given them credit for. They were ashamed to put the words Slave or Slavery in the Constitution; and you will not find them there. The instrument will need no change when Slavery is abolished.

But the Constitution, it may be said, does in fact recognize Slavery. I contend that all that can be claimed

Particular stress is laid on the article which makes provision for the return of persons held to service or labor, as containing a recognition of Slavery. Slavery to be sure exists under it, but it covers six other different points, without any reference to Slavery. There, for instance, is the signer of a bail-bond; and is it a recognition of Slavery to say what the Constitution does, of persons held to labor and service, when the classes so held are so various and so numerous? I maintain that it is not.

It is a grave proposition which these resolutions contain. In a case like the present, from what quarter should it come? Not from us surely, for there is no cause why we should ask for the dissolution of the Union. We can absolve ourselves from Slavery without it, nay, we have half done it already. Massachusetts has declared by the Legislation brought about through the means of the Latimer case, that we will have nothing to do with Slavery. Now, if we go on, and go farther, (and who can doubt that we shall?) within ten years, if not put down by insurrection, Slavery must die legally.

But we shall be told, it may be said by the South, "you're bound by the Constitution to aid us in keeping down our slaves." "Gentlemen, I do not understand it thus. The Slaves are *things*; and so we *cannot* understand it thus. "They think the Slaves cattle: Well; are we bound, Constitutionally, to take care of the Southern *cattle*! "but, no! they think they are men!" Then by the Declaration of Independence they have a right to their freedom! That's a fair bargain?

[Applause from the galleries.]

Where then, is the necessity for us to call for a dissolution? We are all at liberty, and if the Southerners think fit to go, why let them go. Let us treat them like unfortunate brothers; for if ever men were to be pified, it is they; recrant as they are to the great cause of Liberty which they profess to love.

We should apply to them the true Washingtonian principle which we have learned. Why tell them we'll cut them off, and keep them out of the Union? It is a Union for all good purposes, and when they claim it for the accomplishment of bad ones, why we'll tell them that we've passed a resolution, that *We* don't understand it so. Mere talk about dissolution will not serve the purpose. Let the South have a monopoly, of that. I have a good deal of come-out-ism in me, but it will not extend to coming out of the Union, at all events. Since travelling in Europe, and seeing, as I have done, the equally terrible condition of the oppressed classes there, and seeing also that the Union is the star of hope to those who are struggling for liberty, I feel the less inclined to such a course. When I see it to be duty, however, I shall not fail to do it. I am sensible that in declining to do it, I am opposing men of as clear moral vision, and as high a sense of duty as I have ever known. I give way to my friend here, (Mr. Burleigh,) the sight of whom reminds me, that, having been interrupted by Mrs. Folsom this morning, he is entitled to the floor; though I suppose he means to use it to overturn my argument if he can.

Mr. WALKER.—I will not detain the meeting long by what few remarks I have to make in addition to those I have already had the privilege of making. You will at least give me credit for one thing—I called out a storm of eloquence in reply to them. But I must be permitted to say that if my eloquent friends have not been more successful in convincing others of the reasonableness of their ground than they have me, they have labored pretty nearly in vain. Indeed, I am utterly astonished, that men whose minds are so philosophical, and whose perceptions are so keen, and who so far transcend the mass of mankind in ability, should have taken up a position so ridiculous. Does Slavery exist in consequence of the Union? Why it existed, as we all know, before it was formed. As my very excellent and eloquent young friend has observed, I believe its vital issue to be nowhere but in the hearts and wills of the people. [A VOICE.—“*We all believe that!*”] I appeal to my friends who have always deprecated so much attention to politics, whether this disposi-

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tion of their energy does not destroy the moral sublimity of their position; and yet, as they are not going to fight to abolish Slavery, as they are not going to vote to do it, I ask how they are going to make their energies tell upon the subject? When I heard them so eloquently disparaging an instrumentality which they had long ago abjured, I thought, I must acknowledge, Mr. President, of the Fox, who, having lost his tail, harangued his brethren to persuade them to have their tails cut off too. They did seem to me a little in that predicament. My excellent friend Remond made some affecting appeals to our sensibilities this afternoon. What, he asks, is the Constitution to the free blacks? Sir, I have been here on your election days, and I have seen the colored people deposit their votes for whatever candidate they chose, in virtue of the right to do so secured to them by the Constitution. Are they not eligible also to all offices? The Constitution is as much for them as any others, and it is only your prejudices which stand in their way.

I was happy that after the eloquent remarks of Mr. Burleigh, we heard from Dr. Channing. His remarks in behalf of the Constitution, made a deep impression. I thought, as I did when I heard his remarks last night in behalf of the holy cause of peace, that the mantle of Elijah had indeed descended upon Elisha. [Mr. GARRISON.—Yet, the Constitution sanctions war?] Much was said of the meaning of the Constitution in distinction from its words. There was, it was insisted, an understanding in the minds of the framers, to sustain slavery. Suppose we grant it. Is that a reason why we should keep up the same understanding, now that we have more light? As my eloquent and excellent friend remarked, the Constitution provides for its own amendment; and I hope that the whole subject will be fully argued, for I am confident that the more the Constitution is examined by the audience, the more they will like it, however the vote shall stand at last. I don't know how many will think it worth while to stay till late on Friday night, but I presume, however, that the question will then be decided affirmatively and unanimously. Those sweet singers from New Hampshire did, I grant, give us some arguments that I cannot reply to. (*Energetic applause.*) They gave us that to which Italian trills are tame. They have, indeed, a great capital at stake in the cause. If ever they shall represent this land abroad, they will be an honor to their country as musicians,—as they are an honor to their race as men. [Mr. W. went more fully in the course of his remarks into an examination of the condition of the England question, and compared Slavery and Feudalism more minutely than in his first speech, but we have not been able to obtain a report of this portion of his speech.]

Mr. W. A. WHITE rose to explain what he found had been partially misunderstood in his remarks respecting Mr. Garrison and Mr. Calhoun, as nullifiers. From Mr. Garrison he had first received the sweet incense of Freedom, and no one did he more truly and entirely esteem and appreciate. He could not brook that a single mind should entertain the supposition that anything in his remarks was intended as a slur upon one to whom he could even kneel in acknowledgment of a weight of obligation.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—I do not know, Sir, that I shall be able to throw any new light upon this subject. I am here more to bear my testimony, than to argue the question. I rejoice, however, to see so large a portion of the people here to discuss it, and may the discussion only cease when Slavery shall be no more.

I have heard many things said as to the utility of dissolving the Union. We are told by the opponents of that measure, that the Constitution depends on the people, and we are told also, on the same side, that it needs no alteration. I confess, that had it descended to me from the clouds, I might not have questioned its merits, in consequence of what appears upon the face of it. But, know-

ing as I do its origin, and the character of its framers, and seeing as I do, how it was written, as it were, in the blood of thousands and thousands of slaves, I think it not an Anti-Slavery document. Even had it come to me from above, I do not think it could have stood the test of impartial examination. I should have been compelled, when I came to the clause respecting the return of persons held to service or labor, to think that something else than freedom was meant, if not to acknowledge that Slavery stared me in the face. But without going into a minute examination of every clause, I should conceive its intent respecting Slavery to be proved by this fact, if there were no other; that the laws passed immediately after its adoption, and by the very men who framed and accepted it, were laws upholding Slavery. That shows that they knew they might maintain Slavery under it.

Mr. President, it is sufficient for me at least to prove its character, that I am a slave under the Constitution. Wherever the stars and stripes wave, I am a slave! It's cold—it's dead—it falls twice dead on my ear—all this talk about the Anti-Slavery Constitution, and the glorious Union. There is not law enough, or strength enough in any State of the Union, to hinder me from being dragged away for being a slave—not even here in Massachusetts. If you resist what the men appointed to decide upon the meaning of the Constitution declare to be the law, you are a mobocrat—an insurrectionist.

But when I heard this sound of disunion with slaveholders, it fell like angelic melody on my heart. That's good for the slave, I said: that will free the slave! That's the reason that we have Slavery now—(and the slaveholder knows it, however gentlemen here may fail to perceive it,)—that the North strengthens him with all her own strength. It is because this whole nation have sworn by the God who made them, that the slave should be a slave or die! (*Stillness of strong sensation.*) The Slave knows this. He knows that you are pledged and bound to each other to crush him down. It is this bloody Union that I wish should cease. I only ask you, that you will no longer crush and slay us. Tell the slaveholder that if he will still hold slaves, it must be on his own responsibility; by his own unaided strength.

I am astonished at the existence of any desire on the part of pious and religious men, to be in union with slaveholders. What is their character? Are they so very pious and religious? Oh, yes! they're very pious; and the North knows how to suit them, when there's to be a nomination, with a style of piety that will unite perfectly with their own. The South brings forward for your President, Henry Clay, and the North stands ready with the vice-President—the Rev. Mr. Frelinghuysen!

[Great and long-continued applause mingled with hissing.]

Mr. President, of course I did not mean any harm to Mr. Frelinghuysen; I was only illustrating the nature and the character of the Union, by this match that they have made between the piety of the North, and the Slavery of the South. I meant no harm to Henry Clay. They have married Henry to Frelinghuysen, (tremendous applause,) and it's a type of the National Union; but I am astonished that Freemen do not forbid the banns. Why, what have they about them at the South, that you should endure this political Union? Why should you love such association with the whip, and with the pistol, and with the bowie-knife? There are your great men in Congress—look at them! Your Choate, and your Bates! Do they rise to say a word about your business that they're sent there to do—they're bullied down, and obliged to sit there and hear Massachusetts scoffed at and insulted! They had to sit and listen; and so are all the North bullied down by them. And you consent to be their kidnappers! their putters down of insurrections!

I admit, with friend White, that they do not care about the Union, except as it supports Slavery. [Mr. Douglas here read the testimony of Mr. Arnold, of Tennessee, and of the Editor of the Maysville Intelligencer, to show the reliance of the Slaveholder upon the Union for the support of the system.]

My friends have spoken of the decrease of our influence, which they think will be the consequence of dissolution. They seem to think that there is some geographical change to take place in consequence. They seem to think that the North is to go to the North pole, and the South to fly away out of sight to the South pole. They overlook the

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fact, that no such change can take place, and that a moral change is the only one to follow. But this moral change will be all-sufficient. Until it takes place, the slaveholder cannot be seen and known as he is by the people. Who can fix the brand of murderer—thief—adulterer, on the brow of the man that you associate with, and salute as honorable? The Honorable Henry Clay! the Honorable John C. Calhoun! And those ministers who come to the North with the price of blood in their hands—how shall moral principle be diffused among the people on the subject of slavery, while they are hailed as *Reverend*? Withdraw from them the Sanction of the men who do not hold slaves, and how quickly would the character of Slavery be seen as it is. The people would then as soon think of seeking a union with Algerine pirates themselves. We acknowledge, now, in words, that Slavery is a crime; but still, we have been so long in association with it, that we think a man may commit it, and yet be honorable.

I heard something said of British and American oppression. But, Sir, the hungry Englishman is a *freeman*; while the slave is not only hungry, but a slave. The Briton says to his victim, Work for me or you shall starve; and the American says to the slave, Work, or you shall be whipped. This was defined by Mr. Walker to be the difference. But I know something of this matter at home, and I have found that we say, "whip!" and "starve!" too. The slave is entirely unmanned. The master is at once

his conscience, his owner, body and spirit, his all. The master decides when and where, and with whom he shall go—when and where, and how, and by whom he shall be punished. None of these may be decided, as I am informed, by a nobleman of England, be he ever so noble. But here the master lays his foul clutch upon the throat—he makes his iron grasp felt in the soul. He says to the immortal spirit, thou shalt not aspire! he says to the intellect, thou shalt not expand! to the body, thou shalt not go at large! Could he say all this were it not for the Union? I say, then, the Union does it. (Great applause.)

The Union may be illustrated in this way. I have ten men in a bight of rope. Now, it is plain that one man can't hold ten, and I call to you, and you, and you, gentlemen, and beg your aid. But you say to me, Douglas, we've decided objections to holding men in that way. We've conscientious scruples. We're not friendly to holding men. We will surround you, however, and take an interest in the matter so far as to hinder their getting away from you. Just so the circle of Northern opinion and political union unites with that of the South around the slave.

I take for my watch-word, "No Union with Slaveholders," not because I have any hatred to the Slaveholder. I love him as truly as I do the slave. But I do it because I see that there is, comparatively, no efficacy in all that you can say or do against his crime, as long as he can taunt you with your co-operation. True, he says, I run my fist in my slave's pocket, but you say you'll strike him down if he resists me; you are as bad as I am.

My friend White said, that Slavery existed before the Union, and not in consequence of the Union. Sir, I lived before I drew the present air I draw; but I live now, by the air I draw. Had Slavery been deprived of the benefit it formed the Union to obtain, it could not have lived. It would, long ere this, have ceased by public opinion or insurrection. But through the means of the Union, it has gone on, blunting our moral sense, till we have lost our moral discrimination. When a white man suffers we are full of sympathy. A nation was in tears at the bursting of the Paixhan gun. But when a slave shrieks out in his agony—when McIntosh calls out of the flames to the whole assembled people round the stake—"shoot me! shoot me!"—who cares! he's a negro! he's a slave! what right had he to defend his wife or daughter against a white man! he shall die in a slow fire. This was in one of the slave States of our Union. Look now at the District of Columbia, the seat of our United Government. The Hon. Seth M. Gates told me that he saw there a woman start out of a half-opened slave-prison gate; and before she had run far, three men who witnessed it, also started at a distance, started to head her off, before she should be able to cross the bridge, which would give her a chance of escape. True to their Virginia instincts, they succeeded in reaching the bridge immediately after her.

A moment more, and she would have been in their grasp. But her resolution was taken. She leaped from the bridge into the river, and sunk to rise no more. She preferred death to the protection of the Union. The slaves flee as from a pestilence, away from the Union. It is this fearful union with slaveholders, that makes the weight and strength—the power and perpetuity of that system which we have met to abolish; and I ask the good people here to-night, to yield to its demands no longer.

I have been, Mr. President, all my life, in a situation to see and feel the practical bearings of the Union. I have had the sound of the lash to impel me on in my labors for its termination. Had I invoked the Union in any of my sufferings under it, I had done it in vain. Who is it that can do so, in case of need! Could Nat Turner do so? (A nobler name is not to be found in the annals of revolutions!) It was not he who could appeal to this Union, formed to preserve Liberty.

But the Slaveholders—(he gave them enough to do, to watch their own cradles and their own hearths;) and they flew to the Union for help, and obtained it. I have been informed that one hundred men from Maine, were immediately ordered to their assistance, commanded by a Colonel White, of Manchester, Massachusetts. Why could not Madison Washington strike for Liberty on the soil of Virginia? The Union overawed him! he must wait till he is at the mercy of the waves, with less odds against him than a whole nation to brand him as mutineer and a murderer. Yes, Sir, Daniel Webster demanded him as such, and not in the name of the South alone, but of this whole country. One such fact on the side of dissolution would show me that I ought to go for it.

I have not much intellect, but nobody need pretend to me that by being a party to the Union he is not pledged to keep down the slaves. Why are you pledged to what you agree to? and how ineffably mean do you look—how cowardly, standing with fourteen millions of "free and enlightened people!" to keep down two millions of ignorant suffering slaves in the dust! You see it plainly when a great lubber-headed fellow gets hold of a little one in the street. Just so the whole world sees your American Union for the holding of slaves. [Continued applause.]

MISS KELLY next rose amid hearty cheers from the body of the house, and spoke as follows:

I rise, my friends, not at this late hour to address you. On this dissolution question further argument is not needed: the right is too simple and too plainly to be seen. I only rise to give in my testimony, and to remind the audience of one consideration as yet untouched upon. The Union to us who are Abolitionists, has in effect been long ago dissolved. What is union? It is being drawn together by sympathy and affinity. Have we any such affinity for Slaveholding? Then why be hypocrites, and pretend to it? With two opposites we cannot really be in union. Is he who is in union with Frederic Douglas, in union with his master too? Our fathers understood this matter perfectly. They saw and felt that the men who were not with them were Tories, and were with the British. The slave speaks to you by the lips of Frederic Douglas. He says sheath the sword you have drawn against me, and quit the ranks of my enemies. All these friends will reply that they have sheathed the sword, tyranny, and are no longer in the ranks of the enemy. Say so, then, to the South, and to the West! We are here for this. When the North says it, Slavery is at an end. I would to heaven there was at the North one-half the honesty which is displayed in this regard by the Southern slave claimants. Their position is understood. They are not ashamed, nor afraid, to tell us where they are. They would sooner have their own brains blown out than pretend to be in union with Abolitionists. They are not treacherous to their own words—to their own hearts, nor to us. Shall we have Union with them, do they say? Union with the first lamp-post! Union with the nearest tree! Union with the readiest halter! that's what they say! [Tremendous stamping in the galleries, with cries, "Hutchinsons! a song! a song!"]

MISS KELLEY finding it impossible to be heard, retired to the back of the platform.

Mr. FOSTER hoped that those who were so ruffianly as to mob down a woman, would have no music to solace them for the deed. [Sudden hush.]

Mr. CLAPP hoped that it would not be in the power of those disorderly persons to deprive this Convention of the pleasure of listening to the unequalled strains of the New Hampshire bards and minstrels, and that they would conclude the evening with a song as they had at first intended.

Mr. QUINCY.—Not, I trust, till Miss Kelly has finished her remarks. [Applause, and calls from the gallery, "Miss Kel M iss Kelley."]

MISS KELLEY.—I did not sit down because I had finished, nor do I now rise to this call: but because I have the floor and have a word to add. I should long ago have concluded but for the interruption. I would say to the friends here present—Do what you must acknowledge, if true to your Anti-Slavery principles, to be right. Let the trumpet have a certain sound, and then the whole land will know that they must prepare for the battle, and already, so far as our participation in its guilt is concerned the Union is at an end.

After an inspiring song from the Hutchinsons, the meeting was adjourned, and here ended the first day of the Convention.

WEDNESDAY MORNING—*Second Day*: On motion of EDMUND QUINCY, the Convention decided that, at eleven o'clock, whatever business might be under discussion should be laid on the table, in order to hear statements from the Executive Committee of the American Society.

WILLIAM A. WHITE then moved that the question on the resolutions embodying the sentiment—No union with Slaveholders—be taken at five o'clock, P. M. which motion was negatived.

ABIGAIL FOLSON renewed her remarks of yesterday.

HENRY CLAPP.—There were one or two remarks made last night on these resolutions, which struck strangely on my ear. It was claimed that an oath given to support the Constitution should always be allowed the most latitudinarian construction. My young friend White will be ashamed of that before a twelvemonth is over. This is the great thing that hinders the progress of Anti-Slavery;—that the Abolitionists themselves are not quick to see and feel when a course of conduct conflicts with their principles. This is to be the doctrine, is it?—that a man shall go forward before the assembled people with an oath to sustain Slavery, and Anti-Slavery shall come up and defend him in it. I put my foot upon it as unworthy of an Abolitionist, and degrading to a man. In the name of Heaven let us abjure this, if we die! When the Abolitionist adopted the American Anti-Slavery Society's Constitution, he in effect swore against the Constitution of the United States; and is he now going to put in the miserable plea, that Slavery is legalized, and so all our Anti-Slavery action must be subject to the Constitution of the United States? That's church ethics. That's clergymen's ethics. Anti-Slavery ethics is ashamed of such a position. It was said by my friend, that his interpretation of the compact would be generally understood in the community. I know not what his contract may be; mine is not a piece of ragged parchment. What I say I mean; and my word is the sign of my thought.

But the ground is laid down that the meaning of the Constitution is nothing to those who take oath to it. They have the words only to deal with, and may torture them as they will. How does this doctrine affect contracts in general? Suppose it were you and I alone who had made a contract, and there existed some doubt as to the meaning. Do men go to the Dictionary with their doubts?—Do they appeal to Johnson's Lexicography? No! Common sense says go to them that framed it if you would know what it means.

This whole course of argument assumes that the Constitution is in the main, an Anti-Slavery Instrument, though in the face of all history, and all precedents, and all existing facts, which prove it to be a thorough-going pro-slavery instrument. What

a prodigality of verbal criticism has been expended: but you can't make Anti-Slavery, pro-slavery, or pro-slavery, Anti-Slavery, with all the Dictionaries in the universe. It is singular, if you will observe it, that all who cling to the Constitution seem to mistrust its power to buoy them up. Dr. Channing with weeping eyes mourned over it as if it were almost tottering to its fall. Here's another consideration that may help men to determine its character. It is what the people make it, they say—well, what are the people? The holders of two and a half millions of slaves; and what have they made the Constitution? Why, a Slaveholding Constitution, from stem to stern,—from keel to keelson. The people do hold slaves under it. By their own showing, then, it is pro-slavery; and let every Anti-Slavery man crush it to death! What is the use of the Union? Garrison well said this nation makes an idol of it;—the nation bends, a supple tool, before it, bearing every injury and every insult done to freedom and humanity; and it is time that it was broken up. Well did Garrison say that blasphemy against God is less horrible in the eyes of this people, than the condemnation of their unhallowed Union for the holding of slaves. [Strong expressions of disapprobation.]

See, how the hisses come up! You'll always hear that sound, when the waters of truth drop into the vortex of hell. [Silence followed, by overwhelming applause.] Not a word must be said in disparagement of this Slaveholding Union. But when Henry Clay and the Rev. Mr. Frelinghuysen are held up to the world as its representatives, a shout of applause echoes from Barnstable to Berkshire; and does not that show what some Massachusetts men at least think their own worshipped Union to be! When will they take the besom of truth, and sweep clean away all this sophistry and technicality? Is it not known that here are fourteen millions of people holding two and a half millions in slavery? Those few hundreds of thousands at the South—could they hold those strong millions? Have they the power to do it? No! they derive it from you! they rely upon you! They know that they cannot support slavery without this Union.

In the course of the last few months it has been my pain to hold conversation with clergymen all over New England, on the subject of Slavery. They have said, "It is Constitutional,—you have no right to assail it." A friend of mine who came out in defence of her Anti-Slavery position before an august Doctor of Divinity, was told by him that her ground was untenable, because Slavery was legal and constitutional. She told me that she looked him in the face, and asked him, "When the laws of men conflict with the laws of God, ought I not break these laws of men?" "My child," said this Doctor of Divinity, "there's no knowing where such a doctrine will lead you to." [Name! name!] I would cheerfully and gladly give it, but when my friend told me this, she expressed the wish that her name might not be made public, and I said, it is the fact that is important, and though I shall mention that, you shall not be troubled by the public announcement of your name. [Name of the clergyman.] The Reverend Dr. Nichols, of Portland: President of the Unitarian Association. [Shame! Shame!] Why cry shame on him? What is the universal doctrine? Why, that when man's laws and God's laws conflict, man's laws are to be preferred, even as long as they are man's laws. If there be any opponent here, he will agree to that. [Cries, not true!] Why, then, does the sound of your disapproval go hissing to my brain, when I charge it upon you that you put the Union in the place of God! [A voice—true only to a limited extent of the clergymen.] I'd go barefoot from Boston to the end of the State, to see the clergyman who didn't subscribe to it. [Voices—There are a hundred now in this city who

do not go for that doctrine. Here's one who does not! Great applause.] I am glad the audience have signified their estimation of him by the adoption of that unanimous stamp act. If he don't go this doctrine, he is one clergyman of a thousand. I call upon him to rally his people next Sunday round the standard of dissolution, and to declare himself to them a rebel against this nation, as he has done here to-day. [Hisses and applause.] I am glad to hear those hisses. I consider free speech the most important thing, and every one must use his vernacular. I hope, I say, that next Sunday, before his people, that gentleman will make good his words: and I am not the man to say he would not, unless I should find him saying, in the same breath in which he asserted the supremacy in the laws of God, that, on the subject of Slavery, man's laws and God's laws are identical in this nation. The doctrine generally held, while clinging to the Constitution like drowning men, is, obey the law, be it what it may, while it is written on the statute-book. The general statement of the doctrine by nine out of ten of our spiritual teachers, is, when the law of man conflicts with the law of God, hold to the law of man till—[CRIES—No! no!] [Yes! yes!] I hope those clergymen who say no, will say the same in their own pulpits, and I call on the men who said yes, to bear witness that there were in the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, clergymen who abjure the general clerical doctrine; and I promise to bring them evidence that it is the general doctrine of the clergy, that shall satisfy all.

J. N. BURFUM.—I shall be able to assist my friend Clapp in that task, as far as the New England Congregationalists are concerned. I know a man who, having taken his liberty, asked Moses Stewart, of Andover, the head of that sect, in reality, for such assistance as would enable him to retain it. Professor Stewart replied, that it would be an infringement upon the Constitution, for him to give a runaway slave such aid, and therefore he refused. The leading editor of the leading Congregational periodical, the Puritan, came out with a sermon not long since, in which he called the Abolitionists, mobocrats, for maintaining it to be a duty to side with the oppressed, contrary to the provisions of the Constitution. I tell you friends, the great body of the clergy of this denomination consider the Abolitionists as nothing better than mobocrats, for the very reason that they refuse to be bound by the provisions of the Constitution for the support of Slavery.

HENRY CLAPP.—I rejoice at this sensitiveness on the part of clergymen, as to the opinion the people entertain of their pro-slavery ethics. I remember the time when it did not exist; and I hail it as a favorable symptom. I rejoice that the foul moral atmosphere is so far purified by the thunders of truth, as that men can come up here and breathe a deeper inspiration than they are permitted in their sects. But to the point. When the law of man contravenes the law of God, we are to wait for man's permission to obey the law of God. This is the clerical maxim. The Anti-Slavery maxim is, wait till man's law is, to your conscience, made clearly one with the law of God before you obey it. (Hissing.) There are some, it appears who would even hiss the law of God.

MISS KELLEY.—The General Convention of the Methodist Episcopal Church passed a law, "That it is inexpedient and unjustifiable for any preacher to permit colored persons to give testimony against white persons, in any State where they are denied that privilege by law."

A GENTLEMAN, (unknown).—Does that lady mean to assert that that is the sentiment of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now?

MISS KELLEY.—I have meant to say that such was the action of the General Conference, the highest authority of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Cincinnati, in 1836, and that it stands unrepealed.

Till it is repealed, every succeeding year is a confirmation of it. [A voice—I deny that.] [Another voice—time enough to doubt and deny, when it is repealed.]

MR. DOUGLAS hoped there might be fewer interruptions.

MR. CLAPP.—They are no interruptions to me. I like, if I have anything on my heart, to let it leap right out at my mouth; and I like others to have the same opportunity. If there is an iniquitous law, the clergy and the politicians say, obey it. I have asserted that to be the doctrine, and clergymen here, (mark that,) have denied it. We have not labored in vain with our conventions, it seems.

Another point—they support Slavery because it is legal. Not a man of them would stand by it, if it were not for that fact.

Now look at the position of our friend White. His heart is Anti-Slavery to the core, though his head is mistaken. Suppose a fugitive slave comes to him for shelter. (We had one here a moment since—and I see he's here now.) What would friend White say? He'd say, "If you take him, you take him over my dead body!" Garrison says the same in his way. He does all for the slave that he would do for himself. But here's the difference. Friend White is willing to promise in the first place before the contingency occurs, to return the slave safely, with military array, to keep him in Slavery if necessary. When the slaveholder finds the slave under the protection of my friend White, or, it may be, standing over him with a knife, he turns to him and says, "Sir, you're a perjurer and a traitor. You promised to stand by me in this thing, and relying on you, I sat easy in my palace, upon my cushioned seat; and now you violate your oath! I knew what to expect of Garrison—he never deluded me into this terrible situation, which, but for your promised support, I should never have assumed—which, but for your oath to the Constitution, self-preservation would have prompted me to quit. And I ask you how you could so swear to sustain me, and then, at my extremest need, tell me you are not to be bound by a piece of paper?"

W. A. WHITE.—I ask if this Government can go on without taxes: and if not, why it is not the same thing to sustain the Union by the payment of taxes, as by the oath to the Constitution; and if it be sinful to yield support by payment of taxes to a Government which has in it some wrong, how could Christ pay pittance to sustain the Government of Rome, which, according to this doctrine, he ought to have repudiated?

HENRY CLAPP.—I say, if Christ gave his money to support wrong, I repudiate him; but he—[Hisses and great confusion. Cries of stop him! let him say that again!] Nobody lets me speak! Shame on the coward spirit that dreads to hear! Away with that tyrannizing spirit that would regulate another's speech! certainly I shall repeat and conclude what I was saying. I always repeat everything that is hissed at. My friend asked me two questions. He will find that his argument means too much to serve his turn. Which does it overturn? Our right to support Slavery, or the authority of Christ? If Christ paid willingly, to support infamy, I repudiate him. But he did not.

ABIGAIL FOLSON read the text. "Jesus said that the free need pay no tribute. You, if you are the children of the kingdom, need pay no taxes."

H. CLAPP.—The other question was, is it not as wrong to pay taxes as to take an oath. I say, do neither. Shall I voluntarily support a slaveholding Constitution by payment of taxes? Never! I shall only suffer what wrong the iron hand of Government does to me in consequence. This argument supposes that we must pay taxes. I say, refuse.

But the strongest resource we have, lies in the power of truth, upon the hearts of the people. When I was told that the clergy were for the law of God,

against the laws of men, I was interrupted as I was about to say that the existence of American Slavery is a proof that it is not so; for had they, as a body, preached that truth, Slavery had been at once abolished. But they have used all their tremendous influence to suppress the truth. There is not a pro-slavery priest with his little hand, and littler head, who does not exercise a greater influence for evil, than the strongest intellect in a merely political position, though the highest. Let this hindering influence of clerical pro-slavery be removed, so that the truth may go forth to the people, and Slavery is at an end.

One remark of my friend White struck my ear as not the most decidedly indicative of soundness of judgment. This dissolution idea fell, he said, still-born:—occasioned no excitement. He overlooks the ways, and the length of time in which the ground has been prepared.

You will recollect, friend White, (the Chair will excuse my apostrophising men in the house,) how this idea was received at first. It surely occasioned commotion and threatenings enough, then, to prove its efficacy. Now, men have recovered the first shock, and it is quietly sinking down into Northern hearts; and all Anti-Slavery hearts are receiving it gladly. It does not seem to have fallen quite dead even in this assembly; but has drawn forth some sparks of truth which else had not glistened in the audience.

I hear without, a great deal of talk as to the legality of this action on our part: but I am not accustomed to consider whether a thing is legal or illegal, so it be right, and to the point.

I have heard within here, what I was very sorry to hear said against non-resistance. All too plainly did Amasa Walker and William A. White intimate to us their contempt of principles to which we are pledged, as far as this cause is concerned, by our connection with the American Anti-Slavery Society, and on our fidelity to which, the peaceful abolition of Slavery depends.

W. A. WHITE.—I did not intend to be so understood.

HENRY CLAPP.—I take that back, then, as far as concerns him; for I know that William A. White always means to speak the truth. You bring against us the charge of inconsistency, in calling upon all men to act against Slavery, and refusing ourselves to act at the polls. You are the inconsistent ones. You, who are men of War, should not attempt to bring upon us the stigma of inconsistency, until you are prepared to carry out your own principles. Who are you who swear to support the Constitution with your swords, and who, if Queen Victoria do but lay one of her lily fingers upon our *Sailors'* rights, call upon us to smite her back, and annihilate her power, and yet are the men who behold the *Slaves'* rights trodden down, and do not call upon him to strike his master to the dust? I do not, I cannot commend to the slave any other course but that of non-resistance and forgiveness. But if, like William A. White, I believed in war, if like Amasa Walker, I were a sneerer at non-resistance, then I would call upon the slave to slay his master. I'd call upon my friends, Douglas and Remond, to be as great heroes as those we praise in past times for their resistance unto blood; and till you do it, don't call on us for consistency. If I were as you, who believe it a duty to shed the blood of those who commit deadly outrages upon human nature, I would call on you who do so believe, to cut the throats of tyrants and oppressors, especially those of the most hardened and wicked of all—the clergy of New England. Did I fight for my own rights—could I uphold anything by the sword, I should hear the voice of the Slave calling on me for bloody redress. I do not. I will not. It is neither right nor expedient. I care not what horrible array of consequences or charges of inconsistency are brought against me,

—“This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.”

While I call upon you all to swear eternal enmity to Slavery I earnestly beseech you never, under any guise or pretence to have recourse to force and violence for its extinction. I do hope that my friend White, whose mind is still plastic as a child's to the power of right, will yet unfurl the white banner of Anti-Slavery truth, and abandon the stripes, which are so exactly emblematical of the bloody wrongs inflicted on the slave. Bloody as the banner of our Union is, I wonder that even the winds will bear it abroad. It is time that all who love freedom had abandoned it; and I would call upon all her host to rally round a nobler standard even though I in my weakness stood alone to welcome them to its allegiance. [Applause.]

The hour of eleven, (to which, on vote of the Convention, the discussion was for the time limited by considerations of convenience,) having now arrived, Wendell Phillips rose to make the promised statement of the present posture and affairs of the American Society.

A GENTLEMAN (unknown.) I have been waiting to speak, Sir.

MR. PHILLIPS.—After the business of the hour is despatched, Sir, there will be opportunity for further discussion.

THE GENTLEMAN, expressed a desire to speak then, and a doubt of the willingness of the Convention to listen to him.

MR. PHILLIPS, and MR. CLAPP simultaneously assured the gentleman of the readiness of the Convention to listen to all that could be said on any side of the question. “We are not only willing, Sir, but anxious to hear you, but this hour having been appropriated to business by a vote taken before discussion commenced, it will not be proper for us to do so until this business has been attended to. An hour or two will then remain before the usual time of adjournment.”

MR. PHILLIPS then spoke as follows, in explanation

of the position, the affairs, and necessities of the cause:

MR. PHILLIPS.—It is the intention of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society to proceed to the discharge of the duties you have laid upon them, by instituting a series of Conventions, agencies, or other Anti-Slavery efforts in as many of the States of the American Union as the means placed at their disposal will warrant.

ABIGAIL FOLSON.—Don't give them a cent!

MR. PHILLIPS attempted to proceed, but Mrs. Folson became too violent to admit of it, taking the Chairman's place on the platform, and then, screaming at intervals, as she walked to and from it—“Committees are of the Devil! You're all slaveholders! There are no worse slaveholders in the world than the old organized Anti-Slavery Society.”

MR. PHILLIPS.—We have come up here to-day to do a great work for the cause; and we ask of the community a great temporary sacrifice in order to secure a final and glorious result. We have asked of the slaveholder the sacrifice of property and position. The sacrifice of what he holds dearest of all things. What evidence do we give, that we are ready to sacrifice somewhat ourselves? The Abolitionist who is not himself ready to sacrifice much, with what face does he ask of the slaveholder all! If he thinks these principles of Freedom so dear that he ought to call upon the slaveholder to sacrifice his every-day operations in business life, his place in the Church, his position in the State, ought he not himself to be ready to make the same sacrifice?

The Abolitionists are not the wealthy of the land. Their adherence to their principles has, in many instances, made them poor: but I am sure the poorest, if he be worthy of the name, comes not here that he may be merely treated to three days talk upon a subject which lies ever near his heart. I call upon

the Abolitionists now to say what they would have us, as their servants, to do. Say it by placing in our hands the means of service. Five thousand dollars are needed at this moment: and it will put us in a condition to stir New England—to move the nation to its very depths. Half we want in hand—the other half pledged. We cannot get on without it. We speak as to wise men, all knowing this as well as ourselves. If the Anti-Slavery cause rest on your shoulders, come up now, and assume the responsibility. Some will feel its claim on them strongest for the discharge of debts—some for carrying on future operations. Let each specify how he wishes his donations applied. I will cheerfully surrender the platform to any who wish to make pledges or donations, and to second their example with their exhortation.

ABIGAIL FOLSON, who had during these remarks continually endeavored to interrupt the speaker, now occupied some minutes in reproaches against the Abolitionists for carrying on the cause through the means of money, the effect being to degrade, and to enslave themselves.

CHARLES REMOND spoke of the present thronged and deeply interested meeting, as a proof of the value of the Conventions of last year. He saw here the same faces that he had met in New-York, and in all parts of New-England, all glowing with the feelings which this appeal called up. So holy a cause—one so deep laid in the very foundations of human existence—so interesting a moment—one which honored, waiting for our co-operation to propel that cause with unexampled speed and success—how could we fail in our duty to the cause and to the hour! He had yet to learn that the eyes of the slaves of this country had ever turned with a hope so strong, an interest so intense, toward the movements of the American Anti-Slavery Society, as at this hour. He had yet to learn that the movements it proposes and has commenced, were unnoted by the people at large. Wherever he went, (and his pilgrimages have been far and wide,) he found the intensest interest attending on Anti-Slavery discussion.

He appealed to the audience, as composed of persons from all parts of the country, to say whether, interesting as this meeting had been, the meetings of the Hundred Conventions had not, each and all, been instinct with the same spirit—whether they did not completely extinguish the deceitful misrepresentations of those whose interest it was to say that Anti-Slavery, as originally organized, had died out, and that only Liberty Party and Non-Resistance occupied the field. We had been able successfully to meet, and to extinguish that slander. We had visited towns where Anti-Slavery was dead under the blighting influence of party. He would only point to Buffalo, for one: how was it there now. Should notice be given there that those he saw before him were to address the people there, no place would be large enough to hold all who would throng to hear. The rights of the free men of color were beginning to be recognized there. In Maine, too, there was an advance in Anti-Slavery sentiment. Here we hear of a man of color called to the bar—there, of one elected member of a Literary Society. In my own native town of Salem, the little miserable school-house, to which the children of our people were driven like pariahs apart, and crowded in, in a swampy spot, and surrounded with inconveniences—it has been abolished by the progress of public opinion, and the advantages of general education thrown open to our youth. I see a throng of faces, new in a Boston audience, Mr. Chairman—the fruit of the Hundred Conventions, and I see also multitudes whom I never saw before in an Anti-Slavery meeting, sitting here with us session after session, responding to the same sentiments with which our own hearts thrill with delight—acknowledging the same principles, and advocating the same measures. When I look around me, I thank God, and take cour-

age. Since this meeting commenced, I have been called upon by one dozen of persons—(I was obliged to inquire their names,) who earnestly entreated me to come to their respective towns to preach to their neighbors and their friends, the truths they had here listened to, themselves. Talk about sacrifices! have we ever made even the slightest, which did not kindle up a fresh spirit for the maintenance of the cause. Ten months ago, I thought to have left my native land forever, in the extremity of my despair. I could not enter the cars to come to Boston without being required to take a separate seat, and I observed that great indignation awaited the entrance of every man of color who did not creep into that as if he had been stealing sheep. I was about to depart with that feeling of despair, which is the curse of any country whose children it drives away from their place of birth. But it is ever darkest just before the dawn; and I rejoice that I have made that sacrifice of personal feeling to the hope of future usefulness to the land of my birth, of which the events of the last few months, are to my mind the earnest.

MR DAVIS, of Raynham, Massachusetts.—I am but young in the cause, my friends, but young as I am, I am able to testify to the weight of your prejudices, your political institutions, and your religious institutions upon the man of color. My grandfather fought in the revolution by the side of your fathers; but the blessings he helped them to secure they have held exclusively for their own posterity. Your pro-slavery Constitution, and your pro-slavery preaching lie heavy upon us. We are degraded in the dust and accounted base in your eyes. Why should that be? My grandfather was a King in Africa, and bore the mark of his rank upon his forehead. I am of that blood which you would respect in any race but mine. But being what I am, I am only fit to be enslaved. But what would you say, if young Bob Tyler should be made a slave! Why the people would all go into mourning. "Our President's son is stolen—our President's son is stolen," would be the cry from one end of the Union to the other! (*Repeated rounds of applause.*) I do not know that it would be well for me to say much more. Men who are classed with beasts, cannot obtain much qualification for addressing audiences of men. (*Applause.*)

MISS KELLEY hoped that the work of raising the requisite funds, which she saw going so briskly on, might not be interrupted by what she was going to say. She doubted not it would be furthered by what she uttered, for she rose to congratulate the Abolitionists upon their choice of servants for the year. They had selected those who had the heart and the head to serve the cause—those who had originated, and sustained it up to this hour—those who had stood true in six trials of their fidelity, yea, and the seventh. These are they who have themselves held back nothing from the cause, and when they call on us for help to fulfil your own instructions—to sustain the very burden yourselves have laid upon them, will you not joyfully and exultingly come up to the help? Shall we put burdens upon them which ourselves will not touch with one of our fingers? How freely is money poured out when men hope to link their own interests to the Anti-Slavery car! how readily would the people all respond to the call of the cause, were they not deluded into hoping that some other association or society, (which is constantly assuring them all the while it has nothing to do with the question,) will do great things for the slave. Slavery is indeed the old Serpent, in its wily faculty of deceit. As soon as the cause began to rise in sight, and call forth sympathy and help, the priests and politicians began to sponge it up. They ever use the people for their own interests. The demagogue thrusts in his hand, and the Anti-Slavery coffers are left unfilled. A few years ago money was poured out like water by Abolitionists to build up a new sect, in the hope of doing something thereby for the cause. What did it do? Why, it issued certificates of ministerial fitness to pro-slavery priests. So with the Liberty Party. That stretches forth its greedy hand, and uplifts its deceitful voice to rob the cause and vilify its advocates. Then there is the fallacious idea of manumitting single slaves by the very

labors and expenditures that, judiciously applied, would abolish the system; and which, thus applied, do but shift the load of Slavery to another shoulder. I was struck with the immediate flushing up of benevolent feeling in the face of Dr. Channing, yesterday. He would give ten dollars to aid the Convention in restoring one infant to its parent. Oh, Sirs! how much will you give to abolish the system that has seized on the hundred infants born since he said that yesterday! We ask not for money to redeem them alone—not for money to buy men from the commission of crime—not for money to be quoted hereafter as a precedent for the maintenance of a right of property in man:—No—we ask for money to set in motion the means of changing the heart—of regenerating the soul—of giving Liberty to millions and millions yet unborn! (Cheers.) How much has this cause, so holy and so magnificent in its source and tendencies, already done for America! It keeps alive the flame of noble devotion in a country where it was dying amid the struggles of party, and the triumphs of cupidity. (Cheers.) The nation has dwelt in darkness till it is blinded by the light, and our own eyes too were dim, till the light of these principles of Freedom streamed in upon them.

I will not go into an argument now, as to the inefficacy of spending ourselves in buying each single slave that reaches our doors to make the claim—I will not dwell upon the worse than inexpediency, the mischief of helping the Slaveholder to exchange his live stock on reasonable terms, or encouraging him to raise slaves for the northern markets of philanthropy. This Convention understand all that matter. I will rather call upon you to be, to-day, the thing you praise, and love as you behold it in the past. Do we pour out our souls in fervent admiration of the devotedness of Lafayette, who left his young wife and high estate in France, to battle for the rights of three millions of the vassals of the British throne? Do our hearts swell high in our bosoms as we think of the mighty dead, who have met danger, and trial, and suffering, in field and blood, for some high principle of freedom? What, then, are we called upon to do by the voice of our own hearts? Shall these have lived and died in vain, leaving our lives unkindled by the high example that fails not to touch our souls? It cannot be! Every great deed has a prophecy in it: and what we do in our day for the redemption of the three millions in whose behalf we stand, shall shed its light on other days and generations. Let not their freedom come through a red-sea of guilt and blood, but be not only the deliverers of a people, but the Saviours also of a nation. Look at this cause in all its grandeur and its glory! is it not an altar worthy of the richest gift? I would, when I look upon it, that I possessed some great thing to sacrifice. I would I were a Wendell Phillips, or a Hutchinson, that I might pour out that rich gift of eloquence and song! Now, men cannot discern the beauty and the might of the life they might live for this cause. We cannot appreciate it. Our children will see what we might have done, even as we see how our fathers might have filled up the measure of their lofty deeds. Could we appreciate the opportunity we have, we should be willing, nay, exultant martyrs for our cause! and shall we not be willing? I feel now how mean we were to ask for five thousand dollars. Oh, for the descent of that spirit which in olden time has swept a land, making the people feel the gift of life all too little for the glorious cause they stood to die for! These slaves of my country—these bondsmen of the Union—they are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh! Could we but feel their situation—could we but see their misery—could we but look on all things as they really are, this five thousand dollars would seem an offering all too mean. I don't come to you niggardly—I don't come to you entreatingly. I bid you look at the great cause, and give wealth—soul—voice—life, and all! [Enthusiastic applause.]

I am not extravagant. I identify myself with the outraged cause of Freedom, and with the people who are made to drink the bitterness of Slavery; and I cannot ask less. I know that we shall be made to drink deeply of human contempt:—that what is called honor in our day and generation, must not be for us. But I know that what is called honor is in reality a disgrace in all time to come. I know that friends like Dr. Channing, well disposed towards our cause feel as if we were a hissing and a by-word to the people—they tell us so, and urge it on us as a motive to desist in our onward course. God grant

we may be willing to be a hissing. When principle calls, it is of the smallest moment how much contempt its call awakens. [VOICE IN THE CROWD—One hundred dollars.] Yes—commence the work. I have but little myself to give, but I give it all. [Two hundred dollars.] How much would you feel impelled to give, were it a case persona to each of your families, and your private afflictions? This great public duty prefers as high a claim. [One hundred dollars.] Let this feeling of duty to our race, pervade every heart.

ABIGAIL FOLSOM, who had frequently attempted to speak, and occasioned some disorder by frequent change of place, and appeals to those in her immediate neighborhood, now commenced speaking upon her customary subjects, with a vehemence which stopped all possibility of proceeding with the business of the hour.

Mr. PHILLIPS and Mr. WHITE approached to take her arms, to lead her out of the meeting. She allowed herself to hang helplessly down. A chair was placed beneath her, and Mr. PHILLIPS and Mr. WHITE carried her out of the hall. Mr. QUINCY and Mr. FOSTER following, to give any needed assistance. Mr. Quincy then returned to the platform, and gave notice that the Convention was not responsible for the removal of Mrs. Folsom, as the individuals who had removed her, had done it on their own responsibility: and none could be implicated in the act except those who approved it.

Many, and various expressions of opinion were now heard. A LADY, (unknown,) said she had never seen this person before, but she had seen enough to convince her that she was insane, and wondered that any in the Convention could doubt it.

Another LADY—as the removal was effected—“You're doing wrong, friends; you're wrong!”

A GENTLEMAN, (unknown.)—You've done wrong to let her get to this pitch of phrensy, by exciting herself here day after day.

A SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Has she no friends to take care of her? A THIRD.—No medical man would doubt. A FOURTH.—Shame! Shame!

HENRY CLAPP.—The Convention, it is said, is not responsible. Approval only makes us responsible. I can only say, that I for one am not responsible. I repudiate it as a pro-slavery act; and I would have no one, who saw it without expressing disapproval, lay the flattering unction to his soul, that he is not responsible in the matter.

Mr. FOSTER.—I regret to differ from one with whom I am generally so entirely in agreement; but I must say, I differ entirely from my friend Clapp. I did not actually assist in removing her—that duty devolved more immediately upon others. But she was removed by my advice. I have myself been, again and again, removed from houses where I claimed the exercise of the right of speech, and in the name of that sacred right, I now stand up here to defend it. I believe there is not practically so great an enemy to it, as he who would submit it to the caprices of lunacy.

A VOICE, (unknown.)—Where is the difference, Mr. Foster? You carry her out, because you say she's insane. They carry you out, because they say you're insane.

Mr. FOSTER.—The friends here have treated her as a lunatic in their judgment. They have treated her as I should have treated her long ago; as philanthropy dictates that lunatics should be treated. I never should have blamed those who took me out of their meetings, saying I was insane, had they been only mistaken: had they believed what they said. But they did not think it. They prosecuted me, and carried me before a civil tribunal. Who ever heard of a prosecution of an insane man? Their conduct convicts them of hypocrisy. I dare not take upon myself the responsibility of allowing free speech to be put an end to, by one of whose lunacy I have not a shadow of doubt. Nor do I esteem it an act of philanthropy

[Several voices here announced pledges and donations.]

The whole country is in the same condition, and has often done the same thing that she has. It cannot be our proceedings. I have often made others very impatient, in the course of prosecuting the cause, and I hope that here at least there would be a patience proof against all assaults.

This meeting has not assembled for that purpose. I should even arraign that man whose devotedness I did not otherwise know, as recreant to the cause, who was willing to sacrifice the claims of the slave, and the rights of this meeting, to the wilfulness and the wanderings of one friendless and unfortunate lunatic. She was removed in friendship and kindness, as such: and I know no free speech where it may not be preserved by such a necessary and commendable measure. We have witnessed these exhibitions for years, and have shared this repro-

call with him upon all men, to bear. But there is such a thing as insanity; and I call upon all to say whether, after three years of the most unprejudiced observation, the evil continually strengthening, there be a possibility of identifying insanity, if this be not a case of it.

Mr. WHITE thought that the observation of the great body of the audience must have convinced them of the true nature of the case. If ever he had acted under a sense of severe duty—if ever he had been painfully moved to the soul, by the performance of duty, it was now. He sympathized with the feelings of his friend, Rogers, though he could not agree with him as to the course to be pursued.

Miss KELLEY.—Would not friend Rogers take the knife from the hand of the maniac?

Mr. ROGERS.—I would; but the question is not illustrative. I would take a course in a case of undoubted insanity, which I could not adopt in this, for it is not one of that kind. My friend Quincy tells me there is evidence enough to prove that it is; but don't let us take pro-slavery testimony too implicitly. We may behave so as to give the slaveholders occasion against us, and they may treat us like madmen, under the plea that they thought they ought. Let the non-competent person remain. No matter whether she is insane, or not. If you do remove her, you lose the argument.

Mr. QUINCY.—I will state a few facts for the information of such of the audience as may not know them, and which will show, I think, that if she be not a lunatic, no person can be proved so on testimony. An impartial jury, before whom she was carried as a disturber of the peace, discharged her as insane. She has also been discharged from the Worcester Insane Hospital, by Dr. Woodward, as incurably insane.

Mr. ROGERS.—She may be crazy enough for a jury, and yet not crazy enough for an Anti-Slavery Society.

Mr. CLAPP.—If she is crazy, I should agree in the course adopted by my friends, White and Phillips. But I have seen nothing this morning that seems to me a sufficient proof of it. I will say, though with pro-slavery applause ringing in my ears, that when she was treated with consideration, and without appealing to her combativeness, she did behave better than this morning; and I think, had she been permitted to go on, she would have at length exhausted her physical strength, and have then been quiet. I think, that, had the audience quietly seated themselves, and had we sat silent, even though it had been for the rest of the day, that act would have been more touching—more propelling to the cause than anything we could say. God's speech is always silence, and yet it is the only truly effectual word.

Mr. BURLEIGH thought the amount of discussion elicited by the removal of Mrs. Folsom, a proof that it was inexpedient at least. No time had been saved.

Miss KELLEY reported more pledges and donations from the meeting, among which was, "from a Boston minister, \$2 00." (*Applause.*) The time of adjournment having arrived, here ended the fourth session.

Continued.)

Mr. GARRISON:

have thus glanced at the effect on our enemies. We will now look at the effect on our friends. Such of them as are not quite prepared to take this ground will consider it so bold, so daring, so calculated to deprive us of popular sympathy, so sure to cut off our chance of aid from the worshippers of the Union that they will shrink back in alarm, even farther toward the rear than they have hitherto stood. They will in their great apprehension of mind, at the consequences which they anticipate, manifest a strong desire to find a middle or neutral ground, which no one shall object to. Some will be greatly chafed

and would, that others go forward confidently in the light of their own convictions. I warn them in season, lest out of their ranks should come instances of desertion from the cause. This question will be to some a greater trial of their Anti-Slavery faith than anything they have yet undergone. The same thing does not try all alike, and at every advance we shall see derestions in one quarter or another. But if this position be a right position—if it be an Anti-Slavery position—then they who oppose it will but war against their own souls. If they do not go forward, they can but go back or do nothing. It may be that our ranks will be greatly thinned by our unhesitating advance, even down to Gideon's three hundred, who advanced alone with light and trumpet against opposing hosts. But truth is not made mighty by the multitude. It is strong in its own inherent power.

"Why did not we begin here?" it is asked. I will ask the questioner another question. Why do we not *always* strike the last blow first? Why must we ever labor to establish our principles before we begin to apply them? We had the colonization battle to fight, and it occupied us till it was won. Then we had slanders to battle down; we were amalgamationists—incendiaries—cut-throats. Then we had hostile legislation to contend with. Then we saw that the fountain-head of morals was corrupt, and that the churches must be proved to be, as they are, pro-slavery, and we have not yet finished our warfare with them. This comes in the right place, and in the right time. We have long seen it in the path. There is nothing impulsive—nothing rash, in bringing it forward here to-day. What is the American Union? Is it one which the tyrant delights to strengthen, and the slave contemplates with despair? Is it one which exalts the master, and degrades the bondman? Is it one which the oligarchy of the South would perpetuate, and the bleeding, suffering, oppressed people of the South would annul? Is it one, by the strength of which, the slave is held powerless in the grasp of the master, and his very soul is wrung out for the joint benefit? Then, I ask, in the name of Freedom and of Freedom's God, what have Abolitionists to do with it?

I know that Slaveholders have pretended in past times to wish a dissolution of the Union; but I know also that this was not sincere with them. You are all familiar with the prodigious excitement that was raised in Congress by the Haverhill petition. Though the question had not then come before the American Society;—though Abolitionists had not, to any great extent entertained it, yet the entire South trembled before that handwriting like Belshazzar. Now, if this American Union be one that tyrants love and kidnappers cling to, I want to see it destroyed; and I'll help to destroy it with all my strength. I ask if the Union be not the horror of the American slaves! (*It is! It is!*) Where are they! buried and crushed under it; and their blood streams up and pours over it. I ask if Abolitionists should be there! He who is with the slave indeed, will be with him always, even in his utter despair: he will not be hand in hand with the oppressors, making public protestations, while he suffers himself to be dragged along by them.

But if slavery were abolished, it is said, there would be no occasion to change the language of the Constitution. I care not if it were so; but I cannot help thinking that some of its language will sound strangely in the ears of a free and Republican people. "Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned * * * * * by adding to the whole number of Free persons, three-fifths of all other persons." Who are these other persons, who, after Slavery shall have been abolished, will not be free? But all this criticism of the phraseology of the Constitution is only sinful and laborious trifling, when the question is, what has dominion over us in reality?

But it is said that the framers of the Constitution only recognized Slavery temporarily: they really hoped, we are told, that it would cease at some time or other, which they left indefinite. I deny it. They agreed to have Slavery as long as the Constitution shall stand as it is!—and so do we, if we accept it as it is.

A friend has asked, from what quarter we can expect aid;—where our recruits are to come from? I only ask, is this my duty? If it be, that is enough. I care not whether I shall be accompanied by few or many. If I must be alone, let it be so. But I shall not be alone! I shall have God and all the truest

hearts he has created with me! I believe this is to be a test question, unwilling as some are to have it so considered. It will not fail to show us for a season, who loves the world and its praises, and its gains, and its gifts, and who loves the cause of God, and of bleeding humanity.

The Latimer case, it is claimed, has cleared Massachusetts of all responsibility for Slavery; and it was conceded that it had done so in part. In part? Not at all! I say it, not in the spirit of contradiction, and I only ask you to look at it, each one for himself. Is not the decision of the Supreme Court, in the case of Prigg, versus Pennsylvania, still the one which decides for Massachusetts what are her responsibilities? Is she not constitutionally bound not to molest the kidnapper? are we not, every one of us, liable to be seized and carried to Washington as slaves by the officers of the United States, and is not Massachusetts one of those United States? One friend said that in ten years we should proclaim our absolution of Slavery as complete, if not anticipated by insurrection. Sir, I believe Massachusetts men are farther advanced than he gives them credit for. I believe they'll say it in half that time; at least such of them as are not mere pieces of dough, that submit to be moulded by the Slaveholder as it pleases him.

That friend spoke also of the construction of the Constitution with regard to the putting down of insurrections. If the slaves are things they can't rise—if they are cattle we are not bound to put them down—if they are men, they ought to be free. Because here is a paradox, shall we try to slip from under the plain meaning? Are we to wait till an insurrection, and then to leave the things and the masters to settle it? Not I for one! It is fair, it is open, and the only course that is fair and open, to deny the obligation at once, and to refuse to assume it. Slavery itself is a paradox. It is full of all de-ceivableness of unrighteousness, and it will not fail, by fraud and force combined, to foil those who venture into an alliance with it.

"But it is not treating the Slaveholders fairly to turn them out of the Union." I don't think it was right or fair to Freedom to let them in, on such terms; and the Union I am in favor of, is one which they cannot possibly, as tyrants, live under. It is claimed here that we are to promise them all that they demand of us, and then to falsify our word, and meet them with an ingenious interpretation. This is to be fraudulent and unmanly; and if it is attempted in the final resort to carry out the interpretation by force of arms, the result is civil war; and one too, in which the Slaveholder is justified.

What did the Slaveholder mean? When he said white, did he mean black, or by black, did he mean white—or did both words mean black? If we know what was meant, then I say he who interprets to suit himself, does take a dishonest course, in my judgment, and is not to be sustained in it.

But, Sir, we know what was meant by our forefathers. They were not great men in the highest, truest sense of the word. They fought our battles and defended our rights, but they were all the while Slaveholders and Slave-traffickers. Emancipation should have been proclaimed by their declaration throughout all the land; but we know it was not so.

"Migration and importation of persons shall not be prohibited prior to 1808." Now, how shall any one stand up here and say they did not mean the African slave-trade, and only the African slave-trade? I pronounce it the most bloody—the most execrable deed ever perpetrated by a people, since God said "let there be light!" First they acknowledged its existence, and then they sanctioned it for twenty long years! This was a solemn national agreement: the sacred covenant of a whole people with each other for the support of Slavery. It was from hearts that could consent to this, that the whole instrument proceeded. Talk not of the pure love of liberty which flamed up in their bosoms. There existed not a spark. When they spoke of Liberty, they thought only of being free themselves, and they thought not of the principle of universal freedom? I stand not here to traduce them, but to ward off from our country, the contagion of their fatal example. I know here is not a word of slave-trading, but yet I know they meant the slave-trade. Can any doubt it? Let me read to them what Luther Martin, of Maryland, says. [Mr. Garrison here read the extract from Mr. Martin.] You hear his testimony respecting the meaning and intention of our fathers. He voted against these provisions of the Constitution in the committee, and he registered his name against them in the Convention: and yet he accepted the whole at last as it is!

Why, Mr. Chairman, I don't see slavery here in words, I admit. The Devil is not here as a roaring lion; but he is here as a glistening angel to deceive the nations! and oh! thou subtle Devil! I see thee there—I feel thee there, and [pointing with an indescribable gesture of concentrated energy, to the Constitution before him] there will I destroy thee! (Thunders of applause.) Mr. Garrison then went through the Constitution, taking the pro-slavery provisions, clause by clause, and reading from Hamilton, Madison, and the various contemporaneous writers, who were parties in its adoption.

Some persons argue as if the Constitution were an old homily, which they might interpret as they pleased. But it is not a chapter of that kind. It is not a Bible but a bargain. I have no quarrel with those who say that it is not obligatory because it is immoral, but I say that if the other party has understood our oath to support it, as implying the support of Slavery, then we may not push aside his claim by our new interpretations. No! the honest manly course is, to acknowledge our sin, and repent of it. Why should I go through the formality of an oath with you, when I mean to act in opposition to your known understanding of it? No! down with your hellish slave-system, is all I can have to say to you.

Some people seem to think that the Constitution was framed as an exponent of the will of God. No such thing. It was established in defiance of the will of God, and the American people know no higher law; they recognize no more binding obligation. Christianity is preached throughout the Union under this paramount authority, and whatever transcends it is branded as infidelity.

"But we ought to treat the South, as the Washingtonians treat the drunkard." Am I then pleading for the exercise of a bad temper, and a bad spirit, when I plead for a dissolution of the Union? To make the analogy good, and to prove any pertinency in it as an illustration, those who point to it, should be able to prove to us that the Washingtonian is drinking with the drunkard, selling the intoxicating liquid to the drunkard, and pledging himself not to total abstinence, but to a continuance with the drunkard in his evil habits until such a time as the drunkard shall release him from the obligation. Is it hatred, is it force, is it an insane fanaticism, then, that prompts our action in these premises? No! but it is "the spirit of love, and of power, and of a sound mind." I am astonished and grieved to see Abolitionists, esteeming themselves to be such, standing up here pleading for the continuance of this infamous connection with slaveholding. In vain do they tell me, if I am drowning, what firm earth there is somewhere at the bottom of the waves. In vain do they talk to me of the protection of the King, and the sanctity of the throne, if the power behind the throne is stronger than both for my destruction. I must consent to be lacerated and imbruted, and have my every feeling outraged, and my every right denied, and then be told we've got a glorious Constitution! It is a lie! We have not got a glorious Constitution! Why I should like to know, how our fathers felt when their land was filled with hos-

tile troops, about Magna Charta? Did they plead its excellence as a reason for submitting to the tyranny of the mother country? No, Sir! bad as they were, they were men of better stuff. They felt that the way to assert Liberty is, always to abjure Slavery. They cut the con-

nection (great applause,) and who shall say that it was not a glorious to come out from their oppressors! I say not now how much I deprecate the weapons of their warfare. We would fain think that we are worthy to be the descendants. But it is not true if we are in union with Slaveholders.

It is certain that we are all equally dear to the God and Father of all, and we have always been proud to think that all were equally precious in the eye of the State. Had some kidnapper carried off from old Massachusetts her Webster or her Briggs, how would she thunder forth her indignation as in the times that tried mens souls! Men would gather breathless in the highways, and at the corners of the streets. But here are her colored citizens, just as dear in the eyes of the State as they—what is to be done with them? What becomes of these mariners when they navigate our vessels to Southern ports? they are dragged to loathsome cells and dungeons, and there kept all the while the vessel lies in port, and our merchants must foot the bills, or if they are not settled, the unfortunate sufferers of the wrong must be sold into Slavery to defray them! I say the spirit that will not flame at it, is dead to Humanity and Freedom. What is next to be done? When we no longer bow ourselves to the yoke of the Union—when we say it shall no longer exist upon such terms, these wrongs will cease to be. But Massachusetts has been traitorous to her own citizens. She has betrayed those who have skins not colored like her own. Yet we are the people to talk about free-trade and sailor's rights! Again, let a colored citizen go to the ten miles square; let him dare but to go as a traveller, and he will be thrown into prison. I say let us not be any longer deceived by a sham and an imposture. We have not, in fact, a Constitution to look to—only a slaveholding oligarchy. I say down with it, and let us stand up free indeed, having cast off the chain that has so long bound us to the support of Slavery. As to the principles by which we should be governed, need I (pointing to the banners,) look beyond these walls, or seek for others than those which have always guided us? "Shall a republic be less true than a monarchy? Shall the free United States cradle the bondage that a king has abolished?" "The Union. We will yield all to it but Truth, Honor, and Freedom. These, never!" "Proclaim liberty through all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof." "Immediate Emancipation." "We may be defeated," but our principles never? "Great is Truth! Great is Liberty! Great is Humanity, and they must and will prevail!"

Mr. Garrison left the platform amid the strongest demonstrations of satisfaction and applause, and this second session was then closed.

Third Session.—Evening.

Mr. WM. A. WHITE.—I feel, Mr. President, the disadvantages under which I rise to advocate the amendment, in reply to my friend, Mr. Garrison; but abolitionists never stop to count these, when they feel the call of duty. We know no embarrassments when acting under such a call.

Mr. Garrison has said that the ground taken by the American Society excites general attention. He has told us that the newspapers have declined to give information of this meeting, and that the placards announcing it have been torn down.

Sir, I can tell him that the Liberty party placards have been torn down time after time, and that not by boys, but by old politicians, who have hankered to put a stop to the progress of that cause.

I do not think this new position has touched the people at all. If ever I saw a proposition fall still-born, it was that of the American Society at New-York. Hardly any notice was taken of it. Politicians indeed may rejoice at it, for it is calculated to remove their troublesome Anti-Slavery opponents out of their way. None of the religious papers, he says, have noticed it. I would have my friend Garrison to know that they did not notice it last year either, and I can tell him one good reason why. Other meetings and anniversaries take great pains to get their hours of meeting thoroughly advertised; but I happened to go into the bookseller's shop where the notice

cards of the week are got out, and asked, by chance, to see one; and there I found that we had done nothing of the sort. I immediately asked to have a notice of this meeting inserted, which was readily complied with; and I have seen a great many of the men who use that card, here, in consequence.

But it was said, when Slaveholders and Freemen come in contact, the Slaveholders rule. I deny the assertion. When Slaveholders have met your bastard Freemen, who cared for nothing but self, it may have been so; but when true Freemen meet them, Slavery will be put down. It cannot, then, stand a day. This the Slaveholders feel. They know the day of its downfall is at hand, and they want to draw some line of defence.

The question of a dissolution of the Union comes before us, first as a question of right, and second as a question of measures. Prove it right, and then, as Davy Crockett says, we may go ahead. Is it that Constitution which supports Slavery? I tell you, my friends, it has no more power to do so than the bird that flies over our heads. It is the people, the press, the pulpit—all dumb for the last fifty years—by which Slavery is sustained, and not by that miserable blurred parchment. Try to bind down this people with that Constitution, and you will see it break as the dried leaf breaks in autumn, before the blast. We are not governed by the Constitution, but by the spirit of the people. If it were indeed such an instrument as I could not conscientiously take an oath to support, I might be affected by the arguments of my friend. But it is not so. It is but a new invention of modern times, by which we supply the place of the oath of allegiance, which was taken in old times, when we had no Constitution. That oath bound not to any and every law made in the land, nor am I bound by my oath to every title of the Constitution. What is its main scope? Why, to establish justice, promote the general welfare, and secure Liberty. I am willing to take the oath to this, pass by and forget all the rest. Shall we, Mr. Garrison has asked, falsify the bond? No! I will take one consistent construction and carry it out. It has a general meaning, and that is to protect the people. I don't stand here as a very ardent defender of the Constitution, because I believe it to be but as chaff before the people; but I find good as well as bad in it; and shall I sweep both alike away? I will, on the contrary, save the good, while I reject the bad. My friend Garrison does not understand the new system of engineering. He would grade down the mountain-top to the level of his projected track; while we should tunnel it through. It will take too much time to level the whole mighty pile.

He asks if the Union be not honored by the Slaveholder. Turn to South Carolina. There, and in other parts of the South, too, they don't care a brass farthing for it. Calhoun stands as ready to nullify as himself. There's no novelty in the idea. I have heard it all my life, long before I heard it here, for I am ashamed to say I have not been all my life an Abolitionist. My friend tells me if I take an oath to the Constitution, I'm in an unhalloved alliance with Slaveholders. I ask them if, standing as I do beside him here, with their price of five thousand dollars upon his head, I show much unity of spirit with them? He has never had this union with Slaveholders; but the South will understand equally well where we both are. We can all let them see that, Constitution or no Constitution. Is it the written law that binds the people? No! it is the spirit that interprets the written law; and there is a spirit laboring against Slavery, which will prevail; which will assert its supremacy over that doomed institution throughout the land, as it did in Ohio, where I spoke to thousands of the people, and found their hearts responding to my own. No! it is not the Constitution that binds us to the support of Slavery. It is your bowing of the knee to party nominations, putting the Slaveholders into seats of power;—it is your clergymen walking in Whig processions, and taking the pro-slavery badge with the rest. (Tremendous applause, mingled with some hissing.) I would that sound might reach Henry Clay! I say I was shocked that two clergymen of Boston were seen doing honor to a man whose business it is to buy and sell men and women. I am glad, though, to have them do openly, what they feel inclined to do. Do not blame their honesty, but their inclinations.

This Constitution is in fact a ridiculous thing. Why should it not be treated like a piece of dough in the hands of the people? let them take it, and let it be crushed in their strong hands, till every particle claimed in support of Slavery, shall yield beneath the grasp of a free people! It is possible to free the slave under it, and while it lets me labor for the extinction of the Slave-trade between the States—for the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia, and for the amendment of anything in its provisions, which is claimed by the Slaveholder, I shall not be debarred from the exercise of my rights under it.

I ask you, Mr. President, whether the dissolution of the Union must, necessarily, abolish Slavery. It will not be asserted. The mistake has been in arguing as if the Union and Slavery were identical. It exists in the Union, but it is not the only or the constituent principle of the Union. It exists, but as the ivy clings round the noble oak, and we are not, for the sake of destroying the noxious parasite, to cut down the magnificent tree.

Allusion has been made to the Slave-Trade. It is a thing of by-gone days—it is wiped from the Constitution now; and so let us go on, removing its blots, one after another, from the instrument. Let all the provisions claimed by the South be made a dead letter, as Henry A. Wise has declared they are, already, by Massachusetts. I thank God for this encouragement. Let us go on in its strength, till these provisions all stand like the negro pew of the Church at Townsend,—as monuments of departed iniquity.

Considered as a measure simply, I am convinced that Slavery can be more quickly abolished under the Constitution, and I am not one to take a circuitous route. It is of no use, except in metaphysics, to take out fifty or a hundred abolitionists from a field that they could quickly fertilize and subdue, and set them to pommelling the Constitution till they are tired. If we told the people the sufferings of the slave, we should secure their sympathy. Why has the temperance cause taken such a start? Is it because its advocates have attacked the Constitution under which license-laws are made? No; it is because they have shown the misery of the drunkard and his family, and have called for sympathy and aid in that behalf. Let, then, the friends of this cause go from town to town, telling the people of the sufferings of the plantation slaves, and I will assure them of hearers and helpers. Why, Sir, I have seen the women of our land shed bitter tears over some fictitious tale of distress, knowing it to be such; and will they not respond to the tale of real suffering? They will move to the rescue when they hear these things, and the way that they move, that way they always carry us.

Let us not go forward with a creed, as we did at New-York, narrowing down the platform, and driving out the friends: Mr. Garrison tells me that if that was a creed, then all the action of the American Society, from the beginning, has been a creed. Then I say, let the American Society go back and wipe out these creeds, and get on to the broad platform. My friend Garrison denies that the action of the American Society has abridged the platform, or driven away the friends. Sir, I can see no difference between what it has done, and what New Organization attempted to do in years past. My friend wishes to explain; let me first say that the course of the Society has been like that of the old woman who would not drive a mouse out of her oven. She said she'd build a fire there, and then he would be obliged to jump out.

Mr. GARRISON.—Now that that mouse is disposed of, I will, with my friend's permission, demonstrate the difference between the disposition and course of New Organizationists and Abolitionists. New Organizationists said, It is your duty to vote, because Government is divine; and if you do not believe it is, you can't belong to the Society." Abolitionists proclaim that it is a duty to abstain from voting, because we thereby become component parts of a pro-slavery Government; and we do not make it a test of membership. We do not raise the question of the divinity of human Governments. Our resolution is based solely on Anti-Slavery grounds.

Mr. W. A. WHITE.—My friend Garrison's explanation is very shrewd, but if I am driven out, I don't care whether he strikes me accidentally or on purpose. The ground taken in the resolution is non-resistant ground, for the argument carried out, would make us all non-resistant.

Mr. GARRISON.—I do not bring up the consideration of non-resistance;—I ask if it be legitimate *Anti-Slavery* ground on which we stand?

Mr. W. A. WHITE.—I have a perfect right to assert it to be non-resistant ground, for there I find William Lloyd Garrison, and the non-resistants.

I regret to find him with Slaveholders, like Calhoun, on this question of a dissolution of the Union: for why do they take that ground? Because they see that what they call the meddling spirit here at the North is up; and those shrewd, long-headed men would fain get away from the incursions it makes upon their system, by means of the facilities it receives from the Union. Let us hold fast by these advantages till our object is attained. Freedom's waves are surging higher and higher;—her floods are swelling stronger and stronger: let us turn them through and through the Union, as the Augean stable was swept by Hercules; and let the tide batter against the Constitution, till every vestige of Slavery shall be forever swept away! (Applause.)

[The Hutchinson's here sung, "God is Love."]

Mr. PIERPONT would, with the permission of the auditory, preface what he was about to say, by a definition of his position with regard to others, who claimed, like himself, the name of abolitionists. He belonged to no Anti-Slavery Society, neither had he a bitter controversy with any. He claimed the right he recognized, of independent thought and action. He was a sort of Anti-Slavery Ishmael, leagued with neither party, but having excellent friends in both.

We were told that we must see the intent of the framers of the Constitution, and make their intent the guide of our construction. Sir, I admit their intent:—I admit that they meant to ratify Slavery. But it is not in the power of one man to make, or of others to take an obligation which shall be binding in violation of natural right. The Supreme Court will declare it void *ab initio*: and if the Supreme Court don't know that, it is their business to know it, and it is our business to teach them.

The claim of everything man is called on by his fellows to obey, must thus be sought for, stepping backward step by step, to the highest source of all authority—the great anterior statute of righteousness and truth.

A GENTLEMAN.—Mr. Pierpont will allow me to ask if this will not virtually abolish all human governments?

Mr. PIERPONT.—I care not for the consequences—is not this the logic?

GENTLEMAN.—I should then call the Constitution of the United States God's law, and claim obedience to it as such.

Mr. PIERPONT.—It is, primarily, but I distinguish laws as God's law, and man's law, for the sake of clearness. It is the breath of Heaven, the air that God has made, that makes music through the pipes of yonder organ, arranged as they are by the science with which he has inspired the musician. Yet we may with propriety speak, by way of distinction, of the skill of the organist. What I have said would prove that a violation of the musical law, is not music, but its opposite. A statute in conflict with the rule of right, is not a law, but a nullity. And after it is proved to be *nothing*, I contend that we should not consider it as *something*. *Nothing* is no part of something.

It is said, if we take this ground, who is to decide what is right? I say, let each man find fault with what he thinks wrong, and in the end, all that is wrong will be blotted out. A great deal of the understood force of the Constitution, is the mere creature of legal construction. Twenty-five years hence, the judges of the Supreme Bench will not construe it as their predecessors have done. Judge Story now says, "We must go by the paper." "Generation after generation pass to their graves—more and more obscure becomes the memory of their intentions; and if men's words have no meaning, then, indeed, is there no law."

I swear to sustain the Constitution of the United States, and I am bound by my oath just so far as it is right, but not one iota farther. If the slaveholder says, "Mr. Pierpont, did you not swear to support the Constitution, and then did you not further the escape of my slave?" "Yes! Yes!" I reply to both his questions. Does he say, then, that I am perjured? No such thing, if fundamental principles and a chain of logic are good for any-

thing. Tell me not that my fathers meant, when they adopted the Constitution, that Slavery should stand! Suppose they did. I have a higher Father than they, over whom years and infirmities have no power.

Mr. FOSTER.—Will the speaker allow me to ask him a question?

Mr. PIERPONT.—Yes.

Mr. FOSTER.—Is not the Constitution the rule of duty of every officer of the United States?

Mr. PIERPONT.—He swears to support it as I have explained it: as a code of fundamental laws.

Mr. ROGERS.—Would the magistrate swear you into office on your individual understanding of it? He's only a ministerial officer. He can't inquire into your private opinions of what it means, or register your exceptions to its obligations. If I cannot, as a Non-Resistant, take an oath of office, but on this private understanding with myself, am I justified in saying to my constituents, when the time comes for me to take the command of the State troops in their defence, and I refuse to do it,—am I justified in saying, at that late hour, "Gentlemen, I've done all that I agreed to?"

Mr. PIERPONT.—Perfectly, and righteously, too.

Mr. ROGERS.—General Jackson was right, then, when he "took the responsibility?"

Mr. PIERPONT.—Perfectly right: But you don't carry the idea on to the close. When I take the responsibility of acting, according to my own understanding of my agreement, you have your remedy, if it differs from yours. Impeach me. I've supported the Constitution of the United States, as I understand it, and I stand ready to submit myself to the decision of the powers that be.

A GENTLEMAN.—Is this catechism in order?

Mr. PIERPONT.—Perfectly.

Mr. FOSTER.—The Constitution being a series of covenants and agreements, can it not all be rendered null and void, when any portion of it is violated?

Mr. QUINCY.—Who is the judge of what is, and what is not binding in the Constitution?

Mr. PIERPONT.—Each man.

Mr. QUINCY.—This seems the true no-governmentism.

Is not the Supreme Court the Constitutional expositor?

Mr. PIERPONT.—It is just as inefficient as the Constitution to make wrong legal. God is over all; and no tribunal is of force sufficient to build up walls between man and the Almighty.

Mr. BURLEIGH.—Does not my friend Pierpont believe that the pro-slavery party understand the Anti-Slavery party as being bound, by the adoption of the Constitution, to sustain Slavery? Did not the North know that the South understood that to be so?

Mr. PIERPONT.—If the South understood it so, it was in its ignorance, and it is time to enlighten it. But the Southern men knew better than to think men could be thus bound. They knew that they were working a traverse, and they cannot take advantage of their own wrong.

Mr. BURLEIGH.—Admit that the South have no right to claim the fulfilment of the contract; is not the North guilty of immorality in making it?

Mr. BRADBURN.—I wish to ask whether Mr. Pierpont would feel at liberty, if elected to the Presidency —

Mr. PIERPONT.—"Heavens for fend!" pray don't start such an idea. [Laughter and applause.]

Mr. BRADBURN.—I ask if Mr. Pierpont would justify the taking of such an oath as the President must take, by any one knowing how it is universally understood.

Mr. BURLEIGH.—I understood my friend Pierpont, as approving of the course of that President who acted as if there were but two beings in the universe, Andrew Jackson and the Almighty.

Mr. PIERPONT.—Just there am I willing to stand. God never brings a man into any situation where he must not act upon his own individual sense of right and responsibility to God. I say in all seriousness, in reply to the question how I could take this oath, that a law in anticipation of a wrongful construction is no law.

Mr. QUINCY.—Do you deem it morally right for a man to promise to do a thing he does not mean to do?

Mr. PIERPONT.—I cannot make my brethren here understand that a nullity is nothing.

A GENTLEMAN.—What is the use of a court, if a man's own sense of right and wrong is to be the rule?

Mr. PIERPONT.—That is another question.

Mr. QUINCY.—Suppose I read to you a written contract to enter into my service, to dust my coat and to brush my boots, and to commit murder. Would it be wrong for you to enter into such a contract with me?

Mr. PIERPONT.—It would be wrong in me to promise to do the wrong, but if it were presented me as a general contract, comprehending right things and wrong, I have already said that my entering into it is not an obligation to do the wrong.

Mr. QUINCY.—Suppose the murder to be the main thing in which I need your services, with specifications in the contract, as to the particulars of its being committed?

Mr. PIERPONT.—I do not allow this to be a parallel case. [The sun had now reached a gallery window that commanded the platform, and streamed full in the speaker's face.] If we have been hitherto in the dark, there's altogether too much light now. (Laughter and applause.)—My friend Quincy asks if I would promise to obey his orders, some of them being right and some wrong. I say, yes; I will make a general promise of obedience, reserving to myself the right of decision upon the character of his orders, and, in like manner, I swear allegiance to the Union.

A GENTLEMAN.—Would there be any union upon such terms? Such a course virtually dissolves it.

Mr. PIERPONT.—I am not to promise for consequences. I am only to provide logic.

A GENTLEMAN.—I must pronounce it unfair to treat the South as Mr. Pierpont proposes to do. They don't know to what heights the moral views of their fellow-citizens may rise. Thousands suppose the North legally bound by the adoption of the Constitution, to sustain Slavery.

Mr. PIERPONT.—They are bound to know better, by the law written on every man's heart.

Mr. CLAPP.—A murder and a benevolent act have both been performed, and a contract to do both is brought into court, signed by you and several others, in proof of your guilt, and that the use of your name enabled your associates to commit murder. What will it avail you to say, Please your honor I never promised to commit that murder, though I did bind myself by the contract as a whole; and therefore I am to be discharged as innocent.

Mr. PIERPONT.—If the court believe what I say, that forms a perfect defence. Supposing I become bail for a man, I may choose whether I will say to him, "clear out—I'll pay the penalty," or not. When, unfortunately, I shall become President of the United States, (laughter and applause,) I take it that I may choose whether I will fulfill its duties as the slaveholder may define them, or suffer the penalty of acting upon my own understanding of them.

Mr. BRADBURN.—May not that be considered as acting deceitfully by the slaveholder?

Mr. PIERPONT.—He knows his construction is wrong. They all know it is wrong, and, therefore, null and void.

Mr. QUINCY.—May not the slaveholder justify himself in this very way in all the outrages he has committed against the Constitution,—denial of the freedom of the press—the contempt of the right of petition. The admission of Texas? He understands these acts to be the exercise of rights, and not the commission of wrongs. He claims that the acknowledgment of their justice is written on our hearts, for that they promote the welfare of the whole. Is not this justification of his breach of contract as perfect as the one we have just heard?

Mr. PIERPONT.—If John Tyler does really in his soul believe that it is the most beneficial thing for the world to bring Texas into the Union, he must bring it in. He must do what he thinks duty and meet the consequences. Any more catechise?

[Laughter and applause.]

Mr. QUINCY.—I am entirely satisfied.

Mr. PIERPONT, (with gaiety).—"Improvement."—[Laughter and applause.] Mr. Pierpont then proceeded with solemnity. In whatever position you are placed in the pilgrimage of life, regard yourself as responsible to God, and not to man; and take the course you in your heart think right. From the sighing of the oppressed, and from the prayer of the needy turn thou not away.—Let no law, Ecclesiastical or civil, overshadow in your mind the law of the living God. In defence of that,

stand ready to be martyrs. When the church had men willing to be martyrs, it was a church worth being martyred for. Whatever situation you may be called to fulfill, preform its duties as to the Lord. Let one President be impeached for a refusal to construe the Constitution in favor of Slavery, and the days of its continuance are done. The effect would be felt like an earthquake through all the land. Such examples in places of less dignity would not be lost. The land will heave beneath them as they multiply, as the tossed ocean of the Methodist church now heaves with the conflict about the deposing of their Bishop. Every struggle will be the prelude of victory; and I exhort every man to stand in his lot and thankfully bide the brunt of the encounter.

(Continued.)

Mr. FOSTER argued in a very impressive manner the absurdity of the supposition, that the purpose of law was answered by payment of fine, or submission to penalty and impeachment. A villain seduces the daughter of a family. That family may bring an action for damages. No father will say that the law contemplated the commission of the crime, and the payment of the penalty as an alternative in such a case, or contend that parental feeling ought to be satisfied with such an idea; nor will the genuine lover of truth and right ever make his stand at this point.

The throng of persons in the vestibule, and on the staircases, and entrance-gallery, who had been very troublesome and uneasy during the remarks of the last three speakers, (Messrs. Burleigh, Foster, and Hildreth,) which they thought delayed a song from the Hutchinsons, continued to disturb the meeting with scraping of feet, and ironical applause, during the remarks of

Mr. ANDREWS, who commenced by saying that he was entirely in the control of the meeting, and if it did not choose to hear him, he could find plenty of other times and places to be heard in. [Go on! Go on! from the body of the house—noise from the entrance and gallery.] The debate seemed to him one of the half-horse and half-aligator sort, and he would say, (as the old woman in Kentucky did when a neighbor undertook to reduce her drunken husband to order,) that it was the only fight he ever saw when he did not care which licked. He rose to make it a triangular debate; and he thought all whose minds were not obfuscated, would go with him in his view of the character of the Constitution. Our good ship might have leaks,—if so we must overhaul her, stop them, and send her again on her voyage. Mr. Andrews then rehearsed the Third Party argument for the Anti-Slavery character of the Constitution.

Mr. BUFFUM wished, late as it was, to remark on one word of the last speaker. He had said something about the leaks in our good ship. His fellow-laborers had tried to scuttle and break up our good ship four years ago; and though they failed, they had never lost an opportunity, from that day to this, to do her all the damage they could: and why? because a woman was found on board! He (Mr. B.) could not help noticing, and it merited a severe notice, how ready Third Party men were to come upon the deck they had tried to destroy, and claim the privileges they had tried to deprive others of:—privileges which they deny in their own meetings. [A voice here declared that anybody might speak in the Liberty Party meetings, however the New Organizationists might have conducted their meetings.]

Mr. BUFFUM, and Mr. FOSTER, both cited a great abundance of instances to the contrary. Mr. Foster alluded in particular to a meeting of many of the Third Party leaders, in their capacity of leaders of that portion of the Congregational Church that professed a sort of Anti-Slavery, and which made it a Christian duty to sustain the Third Party. This was a meeting where he (Mr. Foster) had, as a Congregationalist, and under the call of that

meeting, a right to be, as much as William Goodell, Amos A. Phelps, or any third partisan whatever, who had voted that he should not speak there. He cited Joshua Leavitt as particularly inimical to free speech. A voice here declared that Joshua Leavitt was not present at that meeting. Mr. Foster withdrew so much of his charge as might have been supposed to apply to Mr. Leavitt's personal action in that meeting. A short and rapid dialogue upon the character of Third Party, as opposed to the Anti-Slavery movement, here took place; and it was suggested that, as the hour of adjournment had long since passed, the New England Convention should adjourn, and that the adjournment having taken place, Mr. Foster would explain to the meeting whatever had, for want of previous knowledge, seemed incomprehensible in the animosity with which Third Party assaulted the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the necessary conflict of that Society with it, as the nearest obstacle to the Anti-Slavery movement.

FRIDAY MORNING.—Seventh Session.

Mr. QUINCY moved that, the resolutions on disunion having been discussed fully, the question be taken at twelve o'clock.

Mr. MELLETT opposed the motion.

Mr. WHITE moved that the question be taken at 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

Mr. White's motion was negatived, and Mr. Quincy's sustained, and the committee on the roll requested to take the names of all who desired to vote on the question.

Mr. ROGERS read a series of resolutions (see Standard of 27th) expressive of the idea that though to Abolitionist could consistently sustain the Constitution, yet that, and all such political covenants, were merely effects of the slaveholding religion of the country, which it should be the paramount duty of Abolitionists to repudiate and expose, by the truth spoken in love; and that therefore, FREE SPEECH, unabridged by conventional limitations, should be sacredly regarded, and jealously asserted as the essential instrumentality for abolishing Slavery as an injury to man—(whether a sin against God or not, as its advocates deny it to be—) as inhuman, (whether Antichristian or not, as its advocates deny it to be—) as self-evident iniquity, whatever authority may be claimed for its support.

Mr. JEWETT deprecated attacking the churches and ministry of Christ as he had done. He did not see the necessity of such words as "miscreant," &c. &c. as applied by some he had listened to. He was willing to go with the Convention as far as they went right. (He spoke at great length in illustration of these ideas, and then added, "If the audience are tired, I will stop." [Voices—They are! They are!]) He would sit down, then, though it did seem to him as if he ought to go on, as long as they were unwilling to hear.

Mr. CLAPP submitted whether it would not be well for all who, like the previous speaker, objected to such resolutions as he, (Mr. C.) yesterday introduced on the Church question, to know before they commenced the assault, what it was they were attacking. It was a waste of breath to rebuke us for attacking a Christian Church, or a Christian ministry. He recollected the advantage a word of previous explanation had been on a former occasion. It was on the deck of a steamer, on her way to carry the members of the various religious societies to the great New-York anniversary. The whole boat was black with clergymen. Among the crowd was Frederic Douglas, and he was pouring forth his invective, (if truth should be called so,) in the midst of them. One of them put on a long face, and drawled out with the utmost solemnity, "I do hope that God's high priests are not going to be reviled before all the people." "I have yet to learn," replied Frederic, "that slaveholders and their apologists are God's high

priests." I think with him, that to adopt such resolutions as these, is to defend Christianity against those who, for base purposes, have usurped its name. We have, as Abolitionists, become fully aware of this long since. We have, before now, adopted resolutions that the Christian Church never held a slave:—that the Christian Minister never held a slave, or justified, or apologized for the deed in another. By this statement I head the friends on the other side: and unless they are going to prove that the Christian Church can hold slaves, and Christian ministers can defend and justify her in it, they have not a square inch of platform to stand upon.

After all their efforts to save the Church from slaveholding condemnation—after all their sacrifice of Christ to Mammon, the South makes no distinction in their favor. What did I hear last night at the Swedenborgian chapel, where the Unitarian Association met? Why, that Mr. Motte, who is entirely guiltless of Anti-Slavery association, found a committee at the South waiting to prevent his entering upon the duty appointed to him by the Unitarian Association. Before he had time to brush the dust of travel from his garments, those men said to him, "We understand that in Dr. Channing's church, you said that the Saviour of men, should he come again to earth would probably wear as he did at first, a dark skin, and might be exiled to the negro pew of his own churches." "I did." "Go home then." "But why?" said Mr. Motte. "Because we can't have a man sent here who meddles in the remotest degree with what don't concern his missions. We can't have a man sent here to rebuke the sins of the ministers of Savannah." And he instantly was obliged to put himself on board a returning vessel, and, being without money at the moment, to put himself on short allowance too.—Then said Stephen C. Phillips—(and my heart grew large when he rose) "let us hear the report." I did expect some allusion to this matter would have been made in it, but not a syllable. What's Savannah to the Unitarians here, it may be asked? Why it's one branch of their Christian Church. One bulwark of the Unitarian Zion. Oh, I should like to tell you what the Unitarian friends said at that meeting, you would not think Unitarians were Abolitionists. I never heard more strenuous opposition to Anti-Slavery. George W. Simmons was sent home from Mobile—no, not sent home!—he had to fly for his life; and what has this body of his fellow Christians at the North to say? But why do we ask the question whether they are Abolitionists or no? the very fact of the doubt, is a damning proof that they are not. Were they Abolitionists should we doubt of it—glad

as we are to count even small things, and almost believe them great in our extreme charity and great desire to feel that we are sustained in the prosecution of our cause? There is a fire at little Fall River, and all the clergy preach sermons. A Paixhan gun bursts, and the land is all electrified from pulpit to pulpit, and the churches run with rivers of tears.—But who calls a meeting to inquire what shall be done when a whole land is wasted and made meet for the flames of Sodom! When not a few buildings merely, or a single village is burned down, but all the hopes—the affections—the intellects of a whole race are laid in ashes! There is no sympathy—the subject cannot even be discussed. Why? because American Slavery is the great sin of America. Its roots run through the whole soil, and if you touch one, you make the whole to shake, and it's a dangerous enterprise for him who undertakes it: and when the upheaving comes, men cry, "perish the slave—perish humanity,—rather than our little temple and our little sect should be seen to disagree in opinion, and be thereby weakened and shaken down." I have more to say, but my friend Walker, I see, wishes to speak.

Mr. WALKER.—I do not wish to interrupt the course of the meeting, but I fear I may not have

another opportunity for explanation, and therefore am much obliged for this permission; for I should be very unwilling to have an impression remain on any mind, as I was told there did, that I was slurring the non-Resistants in what I said day before yesterday. I assure you, Sir, I had no such intention. I should wish to manifest, as I feel, the highest respect for them. My course is nearly identical with their own; for I hold to the inviolability of human life.

Mr. CLAPP.—I ask, friends, whether my remark was not true, that it is because of their fear of men that the leaders of our religious bodies oppose the agitation of the Anti-Slavery cause? I went recently to Portland and in the cars, I met Jason Whitman, a Unitarian clergyman. I expressed the same views of the cause of the continuance of Slavery that I have done here. "How dare you say," said Jason Whitman, "that the course of these ministers proceeds from want of moral courage, and feeling? You are a defamer!" and his face grew dark, his eye fierce, and his brow furrowed. The cars stopped, and he stood up and spoke with great strength of voice, and told me and everybody else within hearing, that I had no right to call in question the motives of men. I longed to reply, but I forbore, for he was angry, and he was in a disposition to take advantage of his ministerial privileges of preaching to me at least, and I felt no disposition to hinder that. Soon after it appeared that he was on his way to or from a temperance meeting: and he lamented the stubborn and wicked course of those who stood across the temperance cause, and sold grog to build up their hotels and themselves. "Are you the man," I said, "to question motives? With such a mode of procedure as this it does not become you to deny the duty of preaching to sinners. I shall not find fault, however. I think it is your business to look into men's motives." He, and men in his position generally, see a great difference, however, between their line of duty and mine. They have a divine commission—I only a human one. I see a difference, too. They preach to those who do not pay them;—I to those who do wrong. [Applause.] Dr. Gannet wished to have it understood that the reason why they could not be Abolitionists was for fear they should be identified with the Abolitionists. (Hear—hear!)

The Unitarians are not sinners above all the Congregationalists. This is the condition of the New England Orthodoxy;—afraid to grapple with sin. Is it not so? Ask Moses Stuart, professor of Sacred Literature. I go to him, when I want to know what the average of his church's opinion is. I don't go to one of your two-penny people—I go high up, and ask him who sits upon the Pisgah-top of "Orthodox" Congregationalism, and I find him giving to Slavery the broad seal of New England's favorite ecclesiastical institution. "The relation of Slavery," he says, "does, and may exist without violating the principles of the Gospel." "But this is only a man," I am told. So I say too:—nothing but a man. (a laugh.) But he has the entry to all the churches of his denomination, just as all the Unitarian doors fly open to Dr. Gannet. Suppose either of them to say that it was consistent with the Gospel to steal horses? Would the pulpits fly open then? I throw you. Why? Stealing men is popular and stealing horses is unpopular. (Hear, hear.) This last, Sir, leads you to the State's Prison—the first, to the Presidential chair. Why should not the candidates of the parties be Slaveholders? They are true representatives of their constituency. You say it is hair-splitting to declare that one cannot take oath to a Constitution like the one the political parties act under. I don't believe you'd say so if your child was in bondage in virtue of the Constitution. Oh, the hypocrisy of this nation! Suppose Moses Stuart aids and abets in stealing a man on the coast of Africa—he is tried, and found guilty of piracy. Of course he avoids co-operation in the African slave-trade, for he would

ung. But is it out of any horror he has at the monstrosity of slave-trafficking? Oh, no! for he goes South Carolina, comforting the consciences of re-traffickers, by reconciling their occupation with the principles of the Gospel, and they'll sell men to raise money for him, and then appoint him to make a prayer over the transaction! Beautiful specimen of Christian consistency! Why the whole Church go against piracy because it is illegal. That's the highest Church ethics. They go against some kinds of Adultery because they are illegal, while those that Slavery legalizes, are always negatively and often positively sustained.

Mr. JEWETT wished for proof that the Church and ministry sustained Slavery. He had heard none yet.

Mr. CLAPP. Is it no evidence against the Congregationalists, that their chosen leader declares Slavery not inconsistent with the Gospel?—against the Unitarians that "it is none of their business?"—against the Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal, that half their members are Slaveholders and slaves, while they rigidly excommunicate for sins not legalized?

Were I to bring the same evidence against a man accused of murder, that I do against all these churches accused of Slavery, you would infallibly find him guilty.

Mr. JEWETT.—If these things are true, they would amount to evidence, but I want the evidence that they are true.

Mr. CLAPP.—It may be my place to find evidence, but I submit whether I am bound to find understanding. I call upon this people here present to bear me witness. Go each man and woman to your own heart, and to your own village memories. You know that whenever you have attempted to bring this cause up for consideration out of the depths where national selfishness has sunk it, you have found the most prompt, constant, deadly opposition you have had to encounter, springing from your minister and your Church. (Yes—yes—true—applause.)

Last Evening of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, 1844.

At 8 o'clock, Mr. Walcott entered the Marlboro' Chapel, where the Convention was in session, and ascended the platform with the banner in his hand, which he had designed and executed for the New England Convention. It bore, in a red field, an eagle preying upon a fettered and prostrate slave, illustrative of American liberty, while the reverse, in gold letters, ran thus: "Immediate and Unconditional Emancipation"—American Anti-Slavery Society—formed December 6, 1833.—This Banner presented May 31st, 1844.—NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

Mr. CHARLES C. BURLEIGH took the standard from the artist, and advanced towards Mr. Garrison, speaking as follows:

In the name of the New England Convention, I present this banner to the President of the American Anti-Slavery Society; because we believe that this battalion of the sacramental host of God's elect, is one that no obstacle can check, that no temptations can overcome, that no fetters can bind; and because we would also thus testify our conviction, that no hand is worthier to bear such a token of high esteem and deep trust in its behalf, than the hand that first unfurled the standard of immediate and universal freedom in our own land, and which still carries it onward through the hottest of the conflict, step by step, and ever higher and higher, till it announces to the world that freemen can have no union with slaveholders. (Applause.) The contemplation of it should ever impel us onward, and may that God who is ever with the true and the just, strengthen us to follow it to the last. (Applause.)

Our confidence in the American Anti-Slavery Society is great, because we know that the weapons of its warfare are not carnal, but those spiritual ones which are destined to achieve the victories of humanity, and to which the word of God is pledged, that they surely shall prevail! (Applause.) These weapons have been already announced to the world in the declaration of its sentiments put forth by this Society at its formation. They forbid the doing of evil that good may come. They lead us to reject, and to entreat the oppressed to reject, bloodshed and violence for deliverance from bondage. They are not the marshaling in arms, the hostile array, the mortal encounter; but only such as the opposition

of moral purity to moral corruption; the destruction of error by the potency of truth, the overthrow of prejudice by the power of love, and the abolition of Slavery by the spirit of repentance.

We rejoice to have this opportunity to present to WM. LLOYD GARRISON, as the President and representative of the American Society, formed on his motion, and in consequence of his labors, this token of our confidence in him, and in it. Both have been faithful to the highest principle of immediate Emancipation, without compensation or expatriation. The American Anti-Slavery Society has remained true under every form of temptation, and every shock of hostility. Still, as at the beginning, its voice is heard, proclaiming the guilt of the nation, and declaring in tones that are heard above all the din of conflicting parties, that our constitutional relation to Slavery is criminal and full of danger, and must be

broken up: and we therefore bind ourselves anew to go forward with it, in entire confidence in the overruling justice of God, and with our feet planted upon the Declaration of Independence, and the truths of Divine revelation as the everlasting rock. We may be defeated; but our principles never. Come what may to us, our persons, our interests, our reputations, truth, justice, reason, humanity, must and will gloriously triumph! (Overwhelming applause.)

Mr. GARRISON could not for some moments reply, so enthusiastic and continued were the cheers that greeted him; after they subsided, he spoke as follows:

As President of the American Society, and in behalf of its Executive Committee, members, and friends, I return most cordial thanks for the appropriate watchword with which the New England Convention has emblazoned this token of its confidence entrusted to our guardianship. Eighteen hundred years ago the sentiments were first promulgated of which this banner is but a repetition. If it were a banner to be carried to the field of mortal strife, it would not be a banner for us, who, in joining the American Society, avowed our principle, that in our advocacy of humanity there should be no blood shed except the blood of martyrdom. It is the distinctive feature of our enterprise that it gives no encouragement to worldly ambition, warlike strife, or plans of political preferment. But this is a banner that I, as a man, and a follower of Christ, as one whose country is the world, and whose brotherhood includes all mankind, can follow wherever it can be borne. It is a banner that I rejoice to receive in behalf of the American Society. We bear the name of this continent as significant of the place of our associate origin; not of the scope of our associate action. We bind up our mortal destinies with those of the slaves,—not alone because they are here, in this land of our birth, not because they suffer with us, and we with them, under the same Government, not because they are black; but we sympathize with them, and labor for them all over the world, as MEN, deprived of the very ground-work on which alone humanity can grow and flourish. Not to America only, nor to the slave alone, will our principles prove a blessing. Immense good will be effected throughout the whole earth in proportion as they shall prevail. The principles of right and justice, of truth and freedom, are eternal in their nature, and infinite in their extent.

This is not a local movement, on a narrow and exclusive scale. When it becomes so, then I cease to be its representative. What are our national flags? Emblems of division. What is that of the United States? The safeguard of Slavery. Well has a British poet characterized our stripes and stars; well does the world appreciate the nature of that freedom which holds one-sixth part of the nation in chains, and clearly will the world soon perceive the guilt of remaining a party to the political conspiracy that crushes them.

I rejoice to receive this banner, not on account of the taste of the design, the skill of its execution, or the costliness of the materials, but because it pertains to such a cause—because it is presented by a body of persons so just and uncompromising—and at a season of such peculiar interest in our annals, and I would add, also, in the history of the world. It marks a great crisis in human affairs—and it will, I know, be most highly appreciated, not only by every friend of the Society, but by every friend of human freedom, near and far. Who that feels deeply, and looks far, but must rejoice at the decision which has been arrived at to-day? Most heartily and thankfully do I rejoice in it, though it be a step so far in advance of the many as to subject us to misrepresentation and misunderstanding from the many. Though the National Union has hitherto afforded us no protection, though the national axis shields us not on the south side of Mason and Dixon's line, though we cannot go to the South except to die an ignominious death, yet the cry will rise still stronger against us, now that we have as a body seceded

from the Union. But is it really too much for us to say that we will no longer be a party to such a Union, but will aim to subvert and destroy the basis on which it rests? No, my friends! We are right in what we have done, and the words, "No union with Slaveholders," will be words of doom to Slavery, as the handwriting on the wall was the doom of Babylon. Let none who love their kind be found wanting when that rallying word calls them to the conflict. It is a glorious motto, comprehending in its few words all imaginable sacrifice. Let none be ashamed of it now. When the jubilee comes, we may turn to these times of struggle and darkness, and exult that we uttered the glorious sentiment in season to save our cause—perchance our country, too. (Applause.)

Abolitionists have been assailed as if they were indeed the enemies of God and man. They have been branded as fanatics because they do really and practically believe the Declaration of Independence. But through all the evil report and good report yet to come, I trust we shall never shrink from owning ourselves such, in company with all those who have trusted in God, and sought righteousness in every age and generation.

But now another term of opprobrium has been hurled against us as the last device of Satan. We are denounced and assailed as for extermination as infidels. For what? Take all the reports of our Societies, and all the official documents of our cause, and I defy you to find a single one which conflicts at all with religious faith or religious principle—with the will of God, with the religion of Christ, or with the effusion of the Holy Spirit. It is a great Christian movement with me. For Christianity goes for the freedom and the rights of all. Christianity knows nothing of black or white, Jew or Greek, bond or free! No! nor of male or female! (Overwhelming applause.) Why are we accused of Jacobinism and infidelity? We could not believe that he can be a good Democrat who sells men and women, or that a true republic can hold slaves, or a true union exist between Abolitionists and Slaveholders;—this is the amount of our Jacobinism. We know that he is no Christian minister who will not act and speak for the slave, and that that is no Christian Church which stands across the way of those who do. "The head and front of our infidelity" hath this extent—no more. Now will rise the cry of traitor; and let it come, I say—let it come! I acknowledge its truth in reference to a slaveholding Constitution and a slaveholding Government—to Slavery, and a slaveholding oligarchy. But we are not traitors to a free Constitution, to a free Government, nor to the people of the United States. Our principles are the only ones on which a free Constitution can be framed, or on which a free Government can stand. This is our treason—thus far we traitors; and I appeal to you as the descendants of the revolutionary fathers, what should we were we any thing else? Looking to the example of Hancock, and Adams, and Otis, we should not withhold allegiance from the Constitution, but should belt on our sword and our knapsacks, and rush to the battle with the cry of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" But we are not bloody-minded because we have been oppressed. Heaven is our witness that there is in us no malice or uncharitableness, and that we have manifested neither by our words or deeds. An unkind spirit would resort to force and bloodshed. It would sacrifice the lives and well-being of others, to the attainment of its own rights; but when have we done this? In all our history, and with all our provocations, there is but one who has done it. He did take up the sword when attacked, in self-defence, verifying the truth of our scriptural principle, he did perish by the sword. Though he was wrong as a Christian, who shall say that, as a patriot, his deed was not glorious?

We have commenced a mighty moral revolution, which must still roll onward and onward till it is crowned with complete and triumphant success. It is now incomprehensible to the people at large. They know not what we mean by talking of a revolution, without taking up arms; but we are teaching them how incomparably more glorious, triumphant and permanent is the revolution of opinion than the revolution of arms and blood. Glorious old Ireland is learning the lesson. Her leading statesman, hating as he does the tyranny of England, what says he? Why, that there never was a revolution that justified the shedding of blood. Who but he who has no faith, can doubt that O'Connell is in the right, and that Ireland will conquer? E

now she has the victory, and the crown is on her head. Look! the myrmidons of England stand still before her—their arms are useless—their cannons are spiked! The white flag of peace floats higher than the bloody cross of England! (Applause.)

Thus it has been, and thus it will be with us; we have triumphed from the beginning, and we shall

triumph in the end, in the strength of our fidelity, our diligence, and our endurance. We will not play at this miserable farce of political union—this terrible tragedy to the slave. Steadfast to principle in one of its demands, we are thereby strengthened for every other emergency of life. Yesterday was a glorious day for "tee-totalism." How does the power of that moral suasion, by which the cause of total abstinence has been carried forward, throw into the shade all that could be done by dint of carnal weapons! What a glorious sign—what a bow of promise is the success of the temperance cause!

Here I wish to call your attention to a single fact. Who are the Abolitionists? With hardly an exception they are the tee-totalers. We are not men of one idea. We are not afraid that we shall, by other means, injure the cause of liberty; no! we are afraid to obey God by looking at all and holding fast to that which is good. The abolitionist who is afraid to examine anything that providence of God brings up, he it is who cannot stand in the trial-hour of our cause. Look where you will, wherever righteous principle is in conflict with unrighteous practices, there you will find the Abolitionists. In the cause of purity you will find the Abolitionists. In the cause of temperance you will find the Abolitionists. In the cause of peace, still you will find them in the front rank; and it is because of the wholeness and consistency of character, which strict adherence to a general principle induces. They are not men of one idea, and that is the reason of the vitality which is to be discerned in the Anti-Slavery cause. We have been maligned—deceived—betrayed;—thousands have fallen away from us, enraged and disappointed at the stern requisitions of Anti-Slavery principle, and the impracticability of defeating those who rely upon it as a guiding-star; but still the cause is only the more potent for such desertions. Abolitionists! angels are looking down upon you in joyful approval. The eyes of the world are fixed upon you in intense expectation. All tyrants are marshalled against you by the force of a common dread, while the slaves behold you through tears of grateful hope and exultation.

No matter for your characters. No honest man will wish to have a character while Slavery remains triumphant in our land. By and bye you will be rewarded for all this loss and hazard. Nay! I take that back. How richly rewarded are we already!

Ours being such a cause as it is,—grand, fundamental, indispensable;—our principles being such as they are,—general, just, unimpeachable;—our treasures being such as they are,—Christian, peace-judicious; we know that "God himself is with our Captain," and we will go on to the end of war in the fullest confidence, that ere long we see the dawning of day of his great deliverance!

Overwhelming applause, after which the HUTCHINGS burst in with a sublime flood of song, and the whole immense audience rose to their feet with the most enthusiastic expressions of satisfaction and approbation.]

THE OATH TO SUPPORT THE CONSTITUTION.

At the last annual meeting the American Anti-Slavery Society took the ground, by a very large majority, (three to one,) that consistency required of all true lovers of liberty, to refuse to take part in the government of the United States, under its present Constitution, and to do what they could to procure the immediate dissolution of the existing Union between Northern Freedom, (such as it is,) and Southern Slavery. Their reason for the first proposition was, that no office can be held under the Constitution without an oath to support it; which oath, in the opinion of the majority, an abolitionist could not consistently take, as long as the instrument requires of him, acts which he admits to be wicked, and designed to strengthen and perpetuate the slave system. This expression of the opinion of the society on a point of practical Anti-Slavery duty, seems to have been somewhat misapprehended by some of its friends. Some friends thought that it was "intolerant and presumptuous" in the society to state its views of duty in this matter; though it is difficult to perceive how it was more "intolerant and presumptuous" than the opinions it has uttered from year to year, touching the consistency of Abolitionists sustaining pro-slavery churches and political parties; or indeed how the opinion of the majority deserved to be so stigmatized, more than that of the minority, it being taken for granted, that each opinion was honestly entertained. It is the glory and the essence of the American Anti-Slavery Society, that opinions of all sorts, relating to slavery and its abolition, may be expressed upon its platform, none being responsible for them but those who express them. For the temper with which they are expressed, and the language in which they are couched, those who utter them are alone accountable. If the society had declared that none had a right to belong to it, but such as agreed with the sentiments of the majority, its course would indeed have been intolerant, presumptuous, and proscriptive, and would deserve any words of reprobation that could be applied to it. But as the action of the society was the simple expression of its opinion on a certain subject, and as to a particular line of conduct, binding upon nobody but those who hold it, and no more binding after that expression, than before, it appears to me, that its course is obnoxious to no just exception. Indeed, it is not easy to see how it could have helped stating its opinion on a subject of acknowledged importance, when it fairly came up for its consideration. That its opinion was not unanimous, is unfortunate, perhaps, but surely does not effect the right of its free expression. That those of a particular way of thinking happened to be in a large majority may be a misfortune, but it assuredly was not their fault. A majority I apprehend has as great a right, though no greater, to the free utterance of its opinions as the minority. At any rate, such has been the practice of the American Society, ever since it was formed. And indeed it would be hard to perceive its use, if it be not free to express an opinion, to adopt a line of policy, as to which there is not an entire unanimity of opinion among its members.

As to the matter of the oath to support the Constitution of the United States, it seemed to the majority a simple matter of individual duty. It involves no very abstruse points of casuistry and requires no very elaborate argument to set it forth. The question is simply this. Is it morally right for a man to swear to do certain things, which he thinks it wicked to do, and is resolved beforehand never to do? It was admitted, I should observe, by most, I believe by all, the opponents of the measure, that the clauses of the Constitution, which its framers, the Supreme Court, the action of the government, and the consent of the nation, have declared to be inserted for the protection of slavery, have been rightly so understood and interpreted. The majority thought it very clear that a man cannot exonerate himself from the guilt of making a wicked promise, by a mental reservation, or even an imperfect expression, of his deliberate intention, of breaking it. The question is not, whether, when a man has promised to do a wicked thing, the promise is obligatory upon him, for of course it is not; but whether he does not commit an immorality in making the promise, knowing its character; and, whether the circumstance of his telling a lie, at the time of making it, exculpates him from the immorality.

The point was made that an oath of allegiance is understood to be taken with a reservation of things morally wrong. This may be true, but an oath to support the Constitution, is not an oath of allegiance. No oath of allegiance is required under the Constitution. A general oath of allegiance may be taken where the things to be done depend upon the will of the monarch or the parliament, and legal as well as ethical authorities pronounce disobedience to be duty where the requirement is in violation of God's law. But an oath to support the Constitution is a promise to perform certain specified acts fairly recounted and set forth, so that the juror may know what is expected of him. For example, I may bind myself out to service to another man, and engage to do whatever he requires of me. This of course is with the

understanding that he will require nothing immoral. If my employer command me to commit murder or theft, the higher law comes in and proclaims the duty of disobedience. This is a contract analogous to that created by a general oath of allegiance. But if, when I enter into my master's service, he spreads before me a written contract, in which the services to be required of me are recited, and among these I find enumerated, murder, and theft, then the case is precisely parallel with that of a man to whom the oath to support the Constitution is tendered as the preliminary step to office. The question not, whether I sign the contract, I am bound to do murder and theft, in the bond, for of course I am but whether I do not commit a wicked action in giving the promise. And if, after having received the consideration, I refuse to perform the stipulated services, pleading my conscience as my excuse, would not my employer have a just ground of reproaching me with a breach of faith? Would he not have good reason to say, you should have thought of that before you took my money upon false pretenses?

One gentleman affirmed that an oath to do certain specified things, some of which are immoral, may be taken with a good conscience, provided the other party, to whom the oath is taken, understands that the juror excepts those parts from his promise. And he declared that he had himself taken the oath with such a qualification. I can by no means allow that such a promise, under any circumstances, would be otherwise than highly immoral. But admitting that such a mutual understanding would exonerate the promissor from moral guilt, when it can be had, the case does not touch the one in hand, because it is morally impossible that all the parties interested in it, can be made intelligent of the exception. For to whom is the oath to support the Constitution taken? Who are the other parties? The officer who administers the oath? or the spectators who happen to be present? Surely not. The other party are ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES, AND ESPECIALLY ALL THOSE FOR WHOSE PROTECTION THE EXCEPTED CLAUSES WERE INSERTED IN THE CONSTITUTION. The woman who lives in Charleston on the weekly wages of her dozen slaves; the infant that was born this day, and by its birth was invested with a patrimony of human cattle; the slaveholders scattered over the wide South, from the Potomac to the Sabine; these are the other parties, for whose benefit the excepted clauses were incorporated with the Constitution, and whose unanimous consent, or at least whose information is necessary, together with that of all the rest of the people, before the two cases will be alike. These parties would have a just right to complain of a breach of faith, should one who had sworn to do these things for them, and had received the price, then refuse to perform his part of the contract on the plea of the tenderness of his conscience. They might justly say, "Your conscience should have prevented you from entering into this engagement with us, and not have delayed its operation till the moment when the stipulations were to be performed, after you had received the consideration of the contract." How the officer who administered the oath to the gentleman in question, after he had avowed his intention not to be bound by certain clauses of the instrument he swore to support, excused his conduct to himself, I cannot say. Perhaps his statement would have been to this effect. "You appear before me with two contradictory statements. You tell me at one moment that you will not do certain things, which the next moment you solemnly promise to do, and invoke the wrath of

God upon your head if you do them not. The State knows nothing of your private statement. Your oath is all that it knows or recognizes. That it is my business to administer. Your previous statement is so much idle breath, of which I can take no cognizance." Whether such reasoning might satisfy some councillor, or commissioner, or clerk, in Massachusetts, I cannot say. But sure I am, that if that gentlemen should apply for admission to the bar of the Supreme Court at Washington, and when the oath is tendered to him, should make these exceptions, that he would receive a very different treatment. Or if he should present himself, with his credentials, on the floor of the House of Representatives or the Senate, or on the balcony of the Capitol as the President elect, and should then and there proclaim his resolution to disobey those clauses, he would soon find what was the national construction of the obligation of the oath. Indeed, practically, and for national offices, I apprehend the effect of such a course, provided the objections and exceptions were honestly made at the time when the oath is tendered, would be as effectual a bar to promotion as the refusal to take the oath at all. No national officer would administer the oath under such a protest.

Another gentleman thought the oath to support the Constitution was to be placed in the same category with a Custom House oath, which he affirmed was a mere expression of the willingness of the party to suffer the consequences if he were found out! I presume that there was no intention of throwing contempt upon the Constitution by this unsavory simile, but certainly one could hardly be devised, better adapted for the purpose. The comparison between the obligations of the high functionaries of the government, taken before God and all the people, by the oath to support the Constitution, and the juggling equivocation or open perjury of smugglers or runners of contraband goods, may be a just one, but it would surely come with a better grace from the enemy, than from the friend of the Constitution under which they are assumed. I think the gentleman who urged this argument, is mistaken as to the general view taken of custom house oaths. He seemed to think that the community in general thought it no harm to take a custom house oath with the intention of breaking it, if one is only willing to endure the punishment annexed to its violation. Of course, if the community were unanimous on the subject, it would not alter the nature of the act, or make it innocent to tell a lie, with a superinduced imprecation, because the party has made up his mind to pay the penalty if he is found out; but I have no reason to believe that such a statement accurately represents the true condition of public morals, indifferent as they are. I profess to know something of the men of business in the latitude of Boston, and I certainly never heard of any such opinion as this being held by them. Smuggling itself, like all offenses which are purely the creation of law, may not be regarded with any great abhorrence, except by those whose interests are immediately affected by it. But the telling a deliberate lie, in the form of an oath, to conceal or promote smuggling is a very different affair, and I am very much mistaken if there is any difference of opinion among fair merchants and honorable gentlemen, as to its discreditable and immoral nature.

It was said at the time, and has been repeated since, that this measure was one set on foot by non-resistants, and is designed to promote their peculiar views. This is palpably untrue, as some of the most prominent of its advocates are very far from being non-resistants, and have no objection to the Constitution of the United States, excepting its pro-slavery character. But were there a class of men in the community, as the non-resistants have been falsely accused of being, desirous of bringing anarchy and misrule upon the country, they could not devise doctrines more directly calculated to accomplish their purpose, than those upon which I have just animadverted. If one man may take the oath to support the Constitution, and except such parts as he deems wrong, another man may, of course, do the same. If the North may take the oath, with the reservation of so much as sustains Slavery, the South may take it with the reservation of so much as sustains Liberty. They who maintain this position are foreclosed, as long as they hold it, from blaming the slaveholders for having trampled on the Constitution; for they have only acted on the very principle thus vindicated by Abolitionists. If

a New England man may take the oath to support the Constitution, and yet regard the clauses relating to the recapture of slaves, and the suppression of servile war, not binding upon him; a Georgian surely may take it, believing that the word citizen does not mean negro, and that the Constitution never intended to secure the rights

of citizenship of the black race, and act accordingly. A Carolinian, on the same principle, may take the oath with the understanding that the right of petition ought not to be used for the injury of southern property, and refuse to receive Anti-Slavery petitions, on conscientious grounds. There is a southern, as well as a northern aspect of the Constitution. If the position can be maintained, that a northern man can honestly take the oath to support the Constitution, while he intends to refuse to support such parts of it as he disapproves, then a southern man may do the same; and the outcry that abolitionists have been raising of late years about the violations of the Constitution by the slaveholders, is all vain and ridiculous. They have been acting upon this very principle, and if it be sufficient for our justification, it certainly is enough for theirs.

But there are other clauses besides those relating to slavery, which may be thought immoral by some who may like the official advantages, and the political power, which can only be approached through this oath. On the same principle, a Peace man may take the oath, excepting the war clauses, and in time of invasion refuse to do the things provided in the Constitution for the common defense. A Free Trade man may take the oath, denying the moral right of Congress to regulate commerce, and Charleston may yet be proclaimed a free port of entry upon this very principle. And so on through all the provisions of the Constitution. Thus the Constitution, instead of being a fixed, determinate rule of action, embodying the will of the whole people, becomes but another name for the opinions and caprices of every separate individual. This is "no-governmentism" with a vengeance—when each man may decide how much of the supreme law of the land, which he has sworn to support, he will obey! This is the very quintessence of jacobinism—the double distilled extract of radicalism. John Tyler needs no other justification than this, if it be admitted in any case, when he has annexed Texas to us in despite of the Constitution as we understand it. This principle, if carried out, would not merely tend to anarchy, it would be anarchy itself. It would leave every man free to do whatever seemed right in his own eyes. If the Constitution be liable to be thus interpreted and executed, it is high time that the people establish another, which has some definite and settled meaning.

It appears to me that the doctrine, that a man may rightfully promise to do certain things which he is determined, at the time of making the promise, never to do, is as profligate and immoral as any that was ever promulgated by Machiavel himself. It strikes at the very root, not only of civil government, but of human society. If carried out, it would destroy all faith in contracts, the very foundation of the social compact. No man would know what his neighbor meant by the terms of the agreement he had made with him. For if it be right for a man to promise what he does not mean to perform, to all the people of the land, it must be right to do the same to a single individual. Of course I do not mean to say that the persons who maintained these opinions at the Annual Meeting, were profligate and immoral persons; but merely that the opinion thus maintained on this point, (and which I cannot think they had well considered,) is of an immoral and profligate tendency.

The majority of the Society, at that meeting, were of the opinion that a man cannot rightfully enter into a contract, with the terms of which he does not mean to comply. They thought that the only honest course for one to take, who regards some of the requisitions of a contract immoral, is to decline assenting to it, when offered to him for his signature;—not to refuse to perform its stipulations, after he has received the consideration. These opinions may be far-fetched and extravagant, and deserving the contempt of "practical men," as was intimated on that occasion, but they seemed to the Society to be the mere alphabet of the simplest morality. They may be mistaken—but such was their opinion, and they

expressed it. Their offending, in this matter, hath this tent, no more. They believed the Constitution to be what it had always been held to be by the courts and the nation, a compact, some of the conditions of which are intended to protect slavery. These conditions, they thought, good faith required to be performed by those who swear to support it, and derive official advantages under it. If their consciences will not allow them to perform the conditions, they should not enter into the agreement. These being their deliberate convictions, not formed hastily, but after a discussion of two years' duration, the Society thought that duty to the slave, and to themselves, required of them to refuse to act under the Constitution as it now stands; to demand THE IMMEDIATE DISSOLUTION OF THE EXISTING SLAVEHOLDING UNION, AND THE INSTANT ABROGATION OF THE PRESENT SLAVEHOLDING CONSTITUTION; AND TO CALL UPON THE PEOPLE FORTHWITH TO FORM A MORE PERFECT UNION, AND TO ESTABLISH A NEW CONSTITUTION, FREE FROM THE TAIN OF SLAVERY. Self-respect, duty to the slave, good faith to the slaveholder, and justice to the nation, indicated this course as the only fair, just, and tenable one they could pursue. They have taken up their position, intelligently and deliberately, and they will maintain it to the uttermost.—G.

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Here is a rousing poetical appeal, conceived in the right spirit, uttered in the right form, made at the right time, and addressed to the right people. Down with this pro-slavery Union!

From the Liberty Bell.

THE WORTH OF THE UNION.
BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

Brave heart of granite firmness,
That to our Northland gives
The bounding tide of valor's blood,—
The pulse whereon she lives;—
Why beats that pulse so feebly,
That was wont to leap so high?
Why bend so low, thou stubborn neck,
To the Southron's chivalry?

Sons of the brave New-England!
Ye are plundered, ye are whipt,
Ye are shot, and hanged, and fettered;
Yet how dumb and lily-lipped
Are your brothers, are your fathers,
Are the rulers of your land,—
Nay, linking with the murderer's,
Their own heart and their hand!

Brothers of the Northland!
What means that hueless lip?
Have ye no blood to crimson aught
But the Southron's knife and whip?—
No drop in all your fluttering hearts
That pallid cheek to tinge?—
Or why so very lily-like
Do ye nod, and duck, and cringe?

Ha! children of the Meekness,
Is it Peace ye love so well,
Whose boast is in your warrior sires,
And the rights for which they fell,
That ye have borne thus tamely
The insolence of those
Whose bounty lives in *thievery*,
Whose chivalry is *blows*?
See, now, those rights are trampled
By Slavery's iron hoof,
And the honor of your Mothers
This day is put to proof;
Ye are but base-born cowards,
Begot by drivelling slaves,
If yet so meanly ye endure
The whip that o'er ye waves.

Have ye not borne enough, and more,
The menace and the blow?
Or will ye crouch again, and lick
The foot that spurned ye so?
How many a Northman's blood must feed
The Southron's famished sod,
And reeking from the blighted plains,
Appeal from Man to God;—
How many a Hall of Freedom,
In horrid sacrifice,
'Mid the howl of Slavery's hell-dogs,
Go blazing to the skies;—
How many a trembling matron
Watch o'er her hunted son,
In whom the taint of Liberty
Has brought the loud pack on,—
Ere ye find your blanching Manhood,
And rise upon their track;
And with strong heart and hand once more
At their peril bid them back?

Calmly ye saw your symbol Bird
On another's dove-cote stoop,
And bear away his fluttering prey,
At one destroying swoop;
Ye saw him tear the Baby
From the shrieking Mother's breast,
Fleshing his beak in its soft cheek;
And still, your hands could rest.
Now his impartial hunger
Demands another prey,
And from your own warm hearth-fires,
He plucks your sons away.
Their blood, of Man unheeded,
O'er Heaven's high wall doth climb,
To plead against the robber-land,
Where mercy is a crime.

From far Florida hear ye not
The gride of the prison door?
And the heavy clank of dungeon-chains
From blood-stained Baltimore?
These are the bolts and manacles
New-England's children earn,
When their generous souls, with pity,
For their bleeding brothers yearn.
Low pining in his noisome vault,
With burning heart and brain,
Shall the pale and dying captive
Appeal to you in vain?
Then must the damp-mouthed dungeon,
More pitiful than ye,
With its putrid breath of poison,
Bid the prisoned soul be free.

Now by our Human Nature,
Wrung to its last extremes
Of tyrant wrong, and servile fear,
Of suffering love, and vengeance drear,—
And by the nightmare dreams
Of gorged Oppression's bloated fiend,
With human blood replete,
Startled by terrors from above,
And mines beneath his feet,—
And by your plundered households,
And your brothers' murder-shrieks,—
By your redly-blazing temples,
Whose every fire-tongue speaks;
By Alton's deafening death-cry,
And Cincinnati's shame,—
By Pennsylvania's glowing Hall—
Her Freedom's funeral-flame,—
By all the Southern dungeons
That hold your crimeless sons,—
And the despairing bondman's prayers
And burning malisons,—
Be roused from shameless slumbering!
The hand is at your throat,
That from the Black man's forehead
The crown of Manhood smote.

Now speak!—or, dumb forever,
Trail on your clanking chain,
And give your white cheek to the brand,
And creep around your plundered land
On pliant knee and coward hand,
In Slavery's spaniel-train!
Put on your ancient valor,
And rise, if yet ye can,
Till the haughty Tyrant trembles
Before the upright Man;
And from Canadian forests,
O'er all our rugged hills,
On to Virginia's mountains,
One voice like thunder thrills,—
Down with the bloody Union!
Mighty alone to spoil!
Wrench off its anaconda-folds,
Or perish in their coil!
Pluck down that fustian banner,
Whose stars gleam redly there,
Like demon-eyes, wide-blighting all
Beneath their savage glare;
And rend its streaks of crimson,
Types of the hungry lash,
That ploughs its livid furrows deep
On woman's naked flesh!
'No Union with SLAVERHOLDERS!'
Down with the blood-streaked flag!
Trample the gore-writ Compact
With Slavery's wrinkled hag!
We snap the bond which held us;
And, to remotest time,
Stand severed from the robber-land,
Where mercy is a crime!
Plainfield, Connecticut.

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THE STRANGER IN LOWELL.—No. 13.

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A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts."—Emerson's *Essays*, Second Series, iv. p. 162.

A few days since, I was walking with a friend who unfortunately for himself, seldom meets with anything in the world of realities worthy of comparison with the ideal of his fancy—which, like the bird in the Arabian tale, glides perpetually before him, always near, yet never overtaken. I felt my arm suddenly pressed. "Did you see that lady, who has just passed us?" he inquired. I turned and threw back a glance. "I see her!" I replied, "a good figure, and quite a graceful step—what of her?" "Why, she is almost beautiful,—in fact very nearly perfect," said my friend. "I have seen her several times before, and were it not for a chin slightly out of proportion, I should be obliged to confess that there is at least one handsome woman in the city." "And but one, I suppose," said I laughingly. "That I am sure of," said he, I have been to all the churches, from the Catholic to the Mormon, and on all the Corporations, and there is not a handsome woman here,—although she whom we have just passed comes nearer the standard than any other."

Just as if there were any standard of beauty,—a fixed, arbitrary model of form and feature, and color! The beauty which my friend seemed in search of, was that of proportion and coloring—mechanical exactness—a due combination of soft curves, and obtuse angles—of warm carnation, and marble purity! Such a man for aught I can see might love a graven image, like the girl of Florence, who pined into a shadow for the Apollo Belvidere, looking coldly on her with his stony eyes, from his niche in the Vatican. One thing is certain; he will never find his faultless piece of artistical perfection, by searching for it amidst flesh and blood realities. Nature does not, as far as I can perceive, work with square and compass or lay on her colors by the rules of royal artists, or the dunces of the academies. She eschews regular outlines. She does not shape her forms by a common model. Not one of Eve's numerous progeny in all respects resembles her who culled the flowers of Eden,

"Herself the fairest flower."

It is in the infinite variety and picturesque inequality of Nature, that her great charm and uncloying beauty consists. Look at her primitive woods—scattered trees with moist sward and bright mosses at their roots—great clumps of green shadow, where limb, entwists with limb, and the nestle of one leaf stirs an hundred others—stretching up steep hill-sides, flooding with green beauty the vallies, or arching over with leaves the sharp ravines,—every tree and shrub unlike its neighbor in size and proportion—the old, and storm-broken leaning on the young and vigorous—intricate, and confused, without order or method! Who would exchange this for artificial French gardens, where every tree stands stiff and regular, clipped and trimmed into unvarying conformity, like so many grenadiers under review? Who wants eternal sunshine, or shadow? Who would fix forever the loveliest cloud-work of an autumn sunset—or hang over him an everlasting moonlight? If the stream had no quiet eddying place, could we so admire its cascade over the rocks? Were there no clouds, could we so hail the sky shining through them in its still, calm purity? Who shall venture to ask our kind Mother Nature to remove from our sight any one of her forms or colors? Who shall decide which is beautiful, or otherwise, in itself considered?

There are too many like my fastidious friend, who go through the world "from Dan to Beersheba, finding all barren"—who have always some fault or other to find with Nature and Providence, seeming to consider themselves especially ill-used because the one does not always coincide with their taste, nor the other with their narrow notions of personal

convenience. In one of his early poems Coleridge has beautifully expressed a truth, which is not the less important because it is not generally admitted. I have not in my mind at this moment the entire passage, but the idea is briefly this: that the mind gives to all things their coloring—their gloom—or gladness; that the pleasure we derive from external Nature is primarily from ourselves:

—“From the mind itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous mist,
Enveloping the earth.”

The real difficulty of these life-long hunters after the Beautiful, exists in their own spirits. They set up certain models of perfection in their imaginations, and then go about the world in the vain expectation of finding them actually wrought out according to pattern—very unreasonably calculating that Nature will suspend her everlasting laws for the purpose of creating faultless prodigies for their especial gratification.

The authors of “Gaities and Gravities” give it as their opinion that no object of sight is regarded by us as a simple, disconnected form, but that an instantaneous reflection as to its history, purpose, or associations, converts it into a concrete one—a process, they shrewdly remark, which no thinking being can prevent, and which can only be avoided by the unmeaning and stolid stare of “a goose on the common or a cow on the green.” The senses and the faculties of the understanding are so blended with, and dependent upon each other, that not one of them can exercise its office alone, and without the modification of some extrinsic interference or suggestion. Grateful or unpleasant associations cluster around all which sense takes cognizance of—the beauty which we discern in an external object is often but the reflection of our own minds.

What is Beauty, after all? Ask the lover, who kneels in homage to one who has no attractions for others. The cold on-looker wonders that he can call that unclassic combination of features, and that awkward form beautiful. Yet so it is. He sees like Desdemonia her “visage in her mind,” or her affections. A light from within shines through the external uncomeliness, softens, irradiates and glorifies it. That which to others seems common-place and unworthy of note, is to him in the words of Spenser,

“A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face
The lineaments of Gospel books.”

“Handsome is that handsome does—Hold up your heads, girls!” was the language of Mrs. Primrose in the play, when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. Would that all my female readers who are sorrowing foolishly because they are not in all respects like Dubufe’s Eve, or that statue of the Medician Venus, “which enchants the world,” could be persuaded to listen to her. What is good looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle, generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you, and my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you. Never mind the ugly picture which your glass may throw back to you. That mirror has no heart. But quite another visage is yours on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace “which passeth show,” rests over it, softening and mellowing its features, just as the full, calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness. “Hold up your heads, girls!” I repeat after Mrs. Primrose. Why should you not?—Every mother’s daughter of you can be beautiful. You can envelope yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels. Beautiful to Ledyard stiffening in the cold of

a Northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered to his necessities with kindness and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the home-sick heart of Park seemed the dark maids of Sego as they sung their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed; and sought to comfort the white stranger, who had “no mother to bring him milk and no wife to grind him corn.” Oh! talk as we may, of beauty as a thing to be chiseled from marble or wrought out on canvass,—speculate as we may upon its colors and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction, after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind;—looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness. Quite the ugliest face I ever saw was that of a woman whom the world calls beautiful. Through its “silver veil” the evil and ungentle passions looked out, hideous and hateful. On the other hand, there are faces which the multitude at first glance, pronounce homely—unattractive and such as nature fashions by the gross,” which I always recognize with a warm heart-thrill; not for the world would I have one feature changed; they please me as they are; they are hallowed by kind memories; they are beautiful through their associations; nor are they any the less welcome, that with my admiration of them “the stranger intermeddled not.”

From the Montreal Herald.

We had in our possession on Saturday the identical pair of bibles presented by the immortal Burns to the dearest object of his affections, Highland Mary, on the banks of the winding Ayr, when he spent with her “one day of parting love.” They are in remarkable good preservation, and belong to a descendant of the family of Mary’s mother, Mrs. Campbell, whose property they became on the death of her daughter, and subsequently Mrs. Anderson, Mary’s only surviving sister, acquired them. The circumstance of the bible being in two volumes, seemed at one time to threaten its dismemberment, Mrs. Anderson having presented a volume to each of her two daughters; but on their approaching marriage, their brother William prevailed on them to dispose of the sacred volumes to him. On the first blank leaf of the first volume is written, in the handwriting of the immortal bard, “And ye shall not swear by my name falsely—I am the Lord. Levit. 19th chap. 12th verse;” and on the corresponding leaf of the second volume, “Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths. Math. 5th ch., 33d verse.” On the second blank leaf of each volume, there are the remains of “Robert Burns, Mossgiel,” in his handwriting, beneath which is drawn a masonic emblem. At the end of the first volume there is a lock of Highland Mary’s hair.

There is a mournful interest attached to these sacred volumes—sacred from their contents, and sacred from having been a pledge of love from the most gifted of Scotland’s bards to the artless object of his affections, from whom he was separating, no more to meet on this side the grave.—The life of Burns was full of romance, but there is not one circumstance in it all so romantic and full of interest as those which attended and followed the gift of these volumes. He was young when he wooed and won the affections of Mary, whom he describes as “a warm-hearted charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love.” The attachment was mutual, and forms the subject of many of his earlier lyrics, as well as of the productions of his later years, which shows that it was very deep rooted. Before he was known to fame, steeped in poverty to the very dregs, and meditating an escape to the West Indies from the remorseless fangs of a hard-hearted creditor, he addressed to his “dear girl” the song which begins:

“Will you go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia’s shore,
Will you go to the Indies, my Mary,
And cross the Atlantic’s roar?”

But neither Burns nor his Mary were doomed to “cross the Atlantic’s roar,” nor to realize those dreams of mutual bliss which passion or enthusiasm had engendered in their youthful imaginations. Burns was called to Edinburgh, there to commence his career of fame, which was to terminate in chill poverty, dreary disappointment and dark despair—while Mary’s happier lot, after a transient gleam of the sunshine of life, was to be removed to a better and a happier world. Her death shed a sadness over his whole future life, and a spirit of subdued grief and tenderness was displayed whenever she was the subject of his conversation or writing. Witness as follows:

“Ye banks an braes an’ streams around
The castle o’ Montgomerie,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumble;
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
An’ there they langest tarry,
For there I took the last farewell
O’ my sweet Highland Mary!”

In a note appended to this song, Burns says,—“This was a composition of mine in my earlier life, before I was known at all to the world. My Highland lassie was a warm-hearted, charming young creature, as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long trial of the most ardent reciprocal affection, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell before she would embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness.”

It was at this romantic and interesting meeting on the banks of the Ayr that the bibles before us were presented to Mary; and he must have a heart of stone indeed who can gaze on them without his imagination calling up feelings in his bosom too big for utterance. On that spot they exchanged bibles, and plighted their faith to each other, the stream dividing them, and the sacred book grasped by both over its purling waters. This was the only token of affection each had to give the other, and the wealth of the Indies could not have procured a better or more appropriate one.

In Lockhart’s Life of Burns, we are informed that several years after the death of Mary, on the anniversary of the day which brought him the melancholy intelligence, he appeared, as the twilight advanced, (in the language of his widow) “very sad about something;” and though the evening was a cold and keen one, in September, he wandered into his barn yard, from which the entreaties of his wife could not, for some time, recall him. To these entreaties he always promised obedience, but these promises were but the lip-kindnesses of affection, no sooner made than forgotten, for his eye was fixed on heaven, and his unceasing stride indicated that his heart was also there. Mrs. Burns’ last approach to the barn yard found him stretched on a mass of straw looking abstractedly on a planet which, in a clear starry sky, “shone like another moon,” and having prevailed on him to return into the house, instantly wrote, as they still stand, the following sublime verses, “To Mary in Heaven,” which have thrilled through many breasts, and drawn tears from many eyes, and which will live the noblest of the lyrics of Burns, while sublimity and pathos have a responding charm in the hearts of Scotsmen.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with less’ning ray,
That lov’st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher’st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest!
See’st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear’st thou the groans that rend his breast!

That sacred hour can I forget!
Can I forget the hallow’d grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we ’twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
O’erhung with wild woods, thick’ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
’Twin’d am’rous round the raptur’d scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev’ry spray,
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim’d the speed of winged day.

Sti’l o’er these scenes my mem’ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest!
See’st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear’st thou the groans that rend his breast!

From a friend’s Portfolio.

“FOR BEHOLD THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU.”

BY H. W. OF PORTLAND.

Pilgrim to the heavenly city,
Groping wildered on thy way;
Look not to the outward landmark,
List not what the blind guides say.

For long years thou hast been seeking
Some new idol found each day;
All that dazzled, all that glittered,
Lured thee from the path away.

On the outward world relying,
Earthly treasures thou wouldst heap;
Titled friends and lofty honors
Lull thy higher hopes to sleep.

Thou art stored with worldly wisdom,
All the lore of books is thine;
And within thy stately mansion,
Brightly sparkle wit and wine.

Richly droop the silken curtains,
Round those high and mirrored halls;
And on the mossy Persian carpets,
Silently thy proud step fall.

Not the gentlest wind of heaven
Dares too roughly fan thy brow,
Nor the morning’s blessed sunbeams
Tinge thy cheek with ruddy glow.

Yet midst all these outward riches,
Has thy heart no void confessed—
Whispering, though each wish be granted,
Still, oh still I am not blessed?

And when happy, careless children,
Lured thee with their winning ways—
Thou hast sired in vain contrition,
Give me back those golden days.

Hadst thou stooped to learn their lesson,
Truthful preachers—they had told,
Thou thy kingdom hadst forsaken,
Thou hast thy own birthright sold.

Thou art heir to vast possessions,
Up, and boldly claim thine own:
Seize the crown—that waits thy wearing—
Leap at once into thy throne.

Look not to some cloudy mansion,
’Mong the planets far away—
Trust not to the distant future,
Let thy Heaven begin to-day.
When thy struggling soul hath conquered,—
When the path lies fair and clear—
When thou art prepared for Heaven,
Thou wilt find that Heaven is here.

'The Rev. C. T. Torrey, imprisoned about a year and a half since in Baltimore, for the crime of abducting slaves, is suffering under consumption. He is allowed to see no one, although almost any one can see him by looking through the bars of his prison.—He will undoubtedly die there.'

Dying! in that sunless prison, in that lone and grated cell,
Where, engirt by walls of darkness, night forever seems to dwell!

Dying! in that fearful loneliness, all unsoothed his hours of pain,

And of all the friends he numbereth, none his fainting head sustains!

Dying! yet the wife who loves him, may not cheer him with her care,

Nor fulfil her vow of wifehood, half his weary lot to bear!

Dying in the clasp of fetters, not within the arms of love—

Dying prisoner in the slave land, not New-England's sky above!

Slowly creep the ghost-like moments of his cell beclouded day,

And the hours of breathless darkness, leaden-footed, pass away;

O'er his pulse a torpor stealeth, pallor broodeth on his face,

And the angel death approacheth, in a slow and solemn pace.

Not with crime his soul is darkened, guilt ne'er stained that shackled hand,

Nor for aught that God condemneth, doth he bear the felon's brand;

But for acts of love and pity, deeds for Freedom and for Right,

For his 'God-speed' to the bondsman, flying from oppression's might;

For obedience to the precept which shall bind mankind in one—

'Do whatever unto others, thou wouldst unto thee have done!'

For beholding in the chattel the bright image of his God,

Though defaced, and marred, and blighted, and by Slavery's heel out-trod.

For assenting to the doctrine, not in word, but very deed,

That 'all men are free and equal,' as the Nation saith, in creed;

For belief that ties fraternal bind in one the race of man;—

'Tis for this he bears the fetter, and the 'shackle's crimson span.'

But his hour of freedom cometh, when his thralldom will be done,

When his mission will be ended, and his martyr crown be won;

For the Lord will send his angel, as he did in days of yore,

To unloose the fretting fetter, and unlock the prison door.

Guard him as ye will, ye keepers, not the thunder of your gun,

Nor your sword of fitful gleaming, can forbid the deed be done:

Though undrawn the bolts of iron, though cemented close the wall,

Death will free the tortured spirit from the prison's bitter thrall.

Ye may spurn the prayers of freemen, as they for their brother plead,

Ye may turn in haughty scorning, when a wife doth intercede;

But the writ of manumission, signed by death, in dread array,

That will brook no cold denial, that ye cannot but obey.

Fall River, Mass.

THE SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

We come! we come, that have been held
In burning chains so long;
We're up! and on we come, a host
Full fifty thousand strong.
The chains we've snapped that held us round
The wine-vat and the still;
Snapped by a blow—nay, by a word,
That mighty word, I will!

We come from Belial's palaces,
The tippling shops and bar;
And, as we march, those gates of hell
Feel their foundation jar.
The very ground, that oft has held,
All night, our throbbing head,
Knows that we're up—no more to fall
And tremble at our tread.

From dirty den, from gutter foul,
From watch-house and from prison,
Where they, who gave the poisonous glass,
Had thrown us, have we risen;
From garret high have hurried down,
From cellar stived and damp
Come up; till alley, lane and street
Echo our earthquake tramp.

And on—and on—a swelling host
Of temperance men we come,
Contemning and defying all
The powers and priests of rum:
A host redeemed, who've drawn the sword,
And sharpened up its edge,
And hewn our way, through hostile ranks
To the tee-total pledge.

To God be thanks, who pours us out
Cold water from his hills,
In crystal spring, and babbling brooks,
In lakes, and sparkling rills.
From these to quench our thirst we come,
With freeman's shout and song,
A host already numbering more
Than fifty thousand strong

PIERPONT.

The First of August in Concord.

CONCORD, (Mass.) Aug. 16th, 1844.

FRIEND GARRISON:

After reading the long array of numbers, and banners, and processions, and bells, and cannon, which formed part of the Hingham celebration, I felt how can Concord celebration be portrayed, without some of these adventitious circumstances to set it off. Here was no procession, no banner, save a little one which once upon a time we had printed for the Boston Fair, bearing the motto, 'The Spirit of '76 yet lives in the Women of Concord,' and which hung out of the way, in one of the lobbies of the Court House, the ladies being too modest to bring it boldly forward. Fit emblem, however, it was of the anti-slavery of Concord, which is hid out of the way, in the hearts of a few poor women, not omitting one or two men who have made themselves as women by adopting this cause. Then as to cannon, did we not use them all up at the great battle we fought here for liberty in good old '76? And as to church bells, some of the bolder sort made a rush to the Unitarian house at the time for commencing our services, and rung out a few peals from its steeple-top; but they were soon reminded of their audacity, by the key being speedily removed, lest the trespass should be repeated. I marvel that our friends wished it done. They knew well enough that bell was dedicated to a far different purpose from that of calling for a gathering of the friends of the despised and hated of our race. But let that pass—it's no matter. Though none of the great and mighty things which make a noise in the world could be done for our celebration, yet there came from that gathering a still small voice, which will be felt in coming time. Sadly did we raise our eyes to the heavens on the morning of the 1st, and we said it is all of a piece with the whole affair; for we had gone through manifold trials in the prosecution of our undertaking before this morning. Yet we said to each other, 'We shall have a good time to-day'—for we knew that some of the truest and best of the abolitionists would be here, and where two or three of the tried friends of the slave are gathered together, there is always a good time. We went to the Court House with the expectation of seeing hardly any there. On our way, we passed the public house, where we saw many carriages of various sorts; and in the simplicity of our hearts, we asked what had brought so many carriages to town to-day. On entering the Court House, the mystery, to our great joy, was solved; for the House was well filled, mostly with strangers—for but few from Concord came (perhaps the rain prevented). Mr. May commenced by a prayer. Coming from a fervent heart as it did, we felt it found access to the ears of Jehovah, and brought us down a blessing. Then we had a song—not from the Hutchinsons. I hope they will pardon us for saying, that during that and many other songs, we did not once think of them. The songs came forth from hearts swelling and burning with devotion to the cause of the slave; of course, there could be no better music. After the singing, the President, Dr. Farnsworth, introduced the orator of the occasion. He rose, and we soon felt that the spirit of liberty had possession of him. Those who have heard Mr. Emerson have, we doubt not, noticed that peculiarly spiritual appearance, which he sometimes presents, and at times for moments makes us feel as if a pure spirit was speaking. This day it seemed as if the spirit of liberty had left the British Isles, where she has so long been nestling under the wings of monarchy, with a queen for a nursing mother, and revisited once more her old resting-place. She was filled with pathos; for all seemed as though they must weep when she began to speak in her finest tones. She told of British wrongs and British redress. She told of the noble few, who commenced the redress. She told of the great ones—great as to station, but greater as to soul—who devoted themselves to the slaves' emancipation—and gave a running history of the cause, until its completion. She then returned to Massachusetts, and in tones of indignation, related the wrongs of some of our free-born citizens, who were sold into perpetual slavery in the southern part of our boasted republic; and we so weak, so pusillanimous, so much slaves ourselves, that we uttered no stern rebukes of such enormities. We hoped she would have spoken in equally strong tones of rebuke, of injuries

done daily to thousands of free-born Americans in other States, whose rights are as dear to the heart in which justice dwells, as the rights of the citizens of Massachusetts; but perhaps she found no words—perhaps a feeling of sickening despair seized her, and she feared longer to stay, lest her pure garments should be stained, were she to lead us through the awful chambers of iniquity and wrong which she must unfold. So back she fled, and left her poor devotees to open and cleanse these Augean stables, if perchance they may be able, and once more make this polluted land a residence for her who has so long been banished hence. After the oration was concluded, the collation was announced. We went down, but some of us could see nothing upon the table but the flowers, which said to us, 'God is love, God is love;' and then we felt that this world of injustice and wrong would be righted, was beginning to be righted; we felt strengthened. But many of us could not eat; many came and

The closing sentence costs:

"AN ADDRESS delivered in the Court House at Concord, on the 1st of August, 1844, by R. W. EMERSON. Boston: Monroe & Co."

In the midst of the difficulties and trials of his position as the advocate of an unpopular but necessary truth, the abolitionist finds much to console and strengthen him in the noble companionship of heroic-hearted laborers in the same great cause. To say nothing of the brilliant and glorious company of philanthropists on the other side of the Atlantic, we can number on our side some of the worthiest and purest spirits,—men and women, who, apart from their unpopular humanity, are universally regarded as the leading minds of the country. Need we speak of Channing and Emmons, the giant theologians of our time, of Follen, of the Sedgewicks, Bryant, Leggett, Longfellow, Lowell and Pierpont? Who will shrink from the name of abolitionist, when it is so gracefully and cheerfully worn by such women as Lydia Maria Child and Lucretia Mott? For ourselves, we have made no sacrifice of time, health, labor and reputation in this cause which has not been abundantly compensated by the opportunity it has afforded us of enjoying the companionship and sympathy of such co-laborers. Shame on the abolitionist who talks of his sufferings and hardships! The cause is its own "exceeding great reward." Not despondency, but cheerfulness and thankfulness of heart become us. Let us rather bless God that we have been permitted to take a part in this noble controversy—that from our lips the poor and down-trodden have heard the Gospel of Humanity.

In addition to the long list of gifted and generous spirits who have consecrated their talents to the anti-slavery cause, we have now to welcome one whose name as a scholar, and a profound and earnest thinker, has found its way over the world. With a glow of heart, with silently invoked blessings, we have read the address whose title is at the head of this article. We had previously, we confess, felt half indignant that, while we were struggling against the popular current, mobbed, hunted, denounced from the legislative forum, cursed from the pulpit, sneered at by wealth and fashion and shallow aristocracy, such a man as Ralph Waldo Emerson should be brooding over his pleasant philosophies, writing his quaint and beautiful essays, in his retirement on the banks of the Concord, unconcerned and "calm as a summer's morning." We were ready to expostulate with him in the language of Wordsworth's ballad:

"Why, William, on this old grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day—
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?"

How could he sit there, thus silent? Did no ripple of the world's agitation break the quiet of old Concord? Garrison's fierce trumpet blast—Lovejoy's heroic death—the women of Boston beset by aristocratic mobs—Birney's shattered printing-presses sinking in the Ohio—that sublime old man of Quincy contending single-handed with the Slave-Power in

Congress—Channing's Prophet-utterances among the Berkshire mountains—Pierpont's Tyrtæan words,—not even these seemed to startle the philosophic dreamer, or disturb the calm organ-flow of his beautiful abstractions. Yet this pamphlet is an evidence that he has in some measure felt them all. A thousand influences of this kind have prepared him for the utterance of his good word for Liberty. With our whole heart we welcome him into our dusty and toil-worn ranks, where every man does battle with whatsoever weapon his hands find—where the extremes of individualism and unity meet and harmonize. Let him there find his own place, and assail the common enemy in his own way.

The address before us is practical and earnest—strong, iron-linked Saxon words, uttered with manly heartiness. God bless him for it! He will never regret it; and in the time which is coming to him, as to all, when the poor honors of literature, and the shallow and heartless admissions of unappreciating criticism, will seem, like the life of the regal voluptuary, "*vanity of vanities*," this earnest and honest Word for outraged Humanity and unaccepted Truth will be the good angel of his memory.

We have neither space nor leisure to notice this week one or two portions of this address which, if we rightly understand them, do not comport with our own views. We would rather look on its general excellencies; and in making a selection from it, choose a passage which will meet with a hearty response from every true son of the Pilgrim State. The orator is speaking of the imprisonment of northern colored citizens in slaveholding ports:

"Gentlemen, I thought the deck of a Massachusetts ship was as much the territory of Massachusetts, as the floor on which we stand. It should be as sacred as the temple of God. The poorest fishing-smack, that floats under the shadow of an iceberg in the north-seas, or hunts the whale in the southern ocean, should be encompassed by her laws with comfort and protection, as much as within the arms of Cape Ann and Cape Cod. And this kidnapping is suffered within our own land and federation, whilst the fourth article of the Constitution of the United States ordains in terms, that, 'The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.' If such a damnable outrage can be committed on the person of a citizen with impunity, let the Governor break the broad seal of the State; he bears the sword in vain. The Governor of Massachusetts is a trifier: the State-house in Boston is a play-house: the General Court is a dishonored body: if they make laws which they cannot execute. The great-hearted Puritans have left no posterity. The rich men may walk in State street, but they walk without honor; and the farmers may brag their democracy in the country, but they are disgraced men. If the State has no power to defend its own people in its own shipping, because it has delegated that power to the Federal Government, has it no representation in the Federal Government? Are those men dumb?"

"Gentlemen, I am loath to say harsh things, and perhaps I know too little of politics for the smallest weight to attach to any censure of mine,—but I am at a loss how to characterize the tameness and silence of the two senators and the ten representatives of the State at Washington. To what purpose, have

we clothed each of those representatives with the power of seventy thousand persons, and each senator with near half a million, if they are to sit dumb at their desks, and see their constituents captured and sold;—perhaps to gentlemen sitting by them in the hall? There is a scandalous rumor that has been swelling louder of late years,—perhaps it is wholly false,—that members are bullied into silence by southern gentlemen. It is so easy to omit to speak or even to be absent when delicate things are to be handled. I may as well say what all men feel, that whilst our very amiable and innocent representatives and senators at Washington, are accomplished lawyers and merchants, and very eloquent at dinners and at caucusses, there is a disastrous want of men from New England. I would gladly make exceptions, and you will not suffer me to forget one eloquent old man, in whose veins the blood of Massachusetts rolls, and who singly has defended the freedom of speech, and the rights of the free, against the usurpation of the slave-holder. But the reader of Congressional debates, in New England, is perplexed to see with what admirable sweetness and patience the majority of the free States, are schooled and rid-

den by the minority of slave-holders. What if we should send thither representatives who were a particle less amiable and less innocent? I entreat you, sirs, let not this stain attach, let not this misery accumulate any longer. If the managers of our political parties are too prudent and too cold;—if, most unhappily, the ambitious class of young men and political men have found out, that these neglected victims are poor and without weight; that they have no graceful hospitalities to offer; no valuable business to throw into any man's hands, no strong vote to cast at the elections; and therefore may with impunity in their chains or to the chance of chains, THEN THE CITIZENS IN THEIR PRIMARY CAPACITY TAKE UP THEIR CAUSE ON THIS VERY GROUND, and say to the government of the State, and of the Union, that government exists to defend the weak and the poor and the injured party; the rich and the strong can better take care of themselves."

By Whittier

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We have rarely read a more painfully interesting sketch than the following from the Worcester "Christian Citizen." It discloses a fact which Massachusetts men should not forget. Our whole State—every square rod of it—Faneuil Hall—Dorchester Heights—Bunker Hill, Lexington, and Concord included—is MORTGAGED TO SLAVERY.—Eds. Standard.

All Mortgaged! *Eliza Barrett*

A boy was born and bred in New England, the sentiment must be inevitable, that it is a "free country." The language of every-day life teems with that capital idea. It is the first idea that infancy is taught, and the last one forgotten by old age. Freedom, Liberty, Free Institutions, Free Soil, &c., are terms of costly water in the jewelry of our patriotism.

How pleasant it is to think—be it true or false—that cold, hard-soiled, pure-skyed New England is, indeed, a free land! that in her long struggle for freedom, she expunged from her soil every crimson spot, every lineament of human slavery, and severed every ligament that connected her with that inhuman institution! And so we thought. We got out of our cradle with that idea. It was in our heart when we first looked up at the blue sky, and listened to the birds that were swimming in its bosom.

In our heart, like thoughts of music, when the spring winds came, and the spring voices twittered in the tree tops; when the swallow and the lark and all the summer birds sang for joy, and the meadow-stream chimed in its silvery treble, deftly singing to the daisies. When every thing was alive with the rapture of freedom, we thought, among other bright and boyish vagaries, that this land was free—free as the air; otherwise we would not have slid down hill on it, or rolled up a snow foot, or have done anything of the kind by way of sport. And we were told that it was free. Old men that wore queues, and hubbed about on crutches, came and sat by our father's fire-side, and showed great scars on their flesh, and told how much it cost to make this land free. And on a hot summer day of every year, the people stuck up a long pole in the middle of the village green; and they tied to the top a large piece of striped cloth; and they rung the bell in the steeple; and they shot off a hollow log of cast-iron; and the hills and woods trembled at the noise, and father said, and everybody said it was because this land was free. It was our boyhood's thought, and, of all our young fancies, we loved it best; for there was an element of religion in it. We have clung fondly to the patriotic illusion, and should have hugged it to our bosom through life, but for an incident that suddenly broke up the dream.

While meditating one Sabbath evening, a few weeks ago, upon the blessing of this free, gospel land, and on the liberty wherewith God here sets his children free, a neighbor opened the door, and whispered cautiously in our ear, that a young, sable fugitive from slavery had knocked at his door, and he had given him a place by his fire. "A slave in New England!" exclaimed we, as we took down our hat;—"is it possible that slaves can breathe here and not be free?"

There were many of us that gathered around that young man; and few of us all had ever seen a slave. There were mothers in the group that had sons of the same age as that of the boy; and tears came into their eyes as he spoke of his widowed slave mother; and there were young sisters, with Sunday-school

their hands, that surrounded him, and looked in his face with strange and tearful earnestness, as he spoke of the sister he had left in bondage. He had been "hunted like a partridge upon the mountains," and his voice trembled as he spoke. His pursuers had traced him from one place to another; his feet were bruised and swollen from the chase; he was faint and weary, and he looked around upon us imploringly for protection. Starting at every sound from without, he told, with a tremulous voice, the story of his captivity, and re-capture; for thrice he fled from slavery, and twice had he been delivered up to his pursuers. He was checkered over with the marks of the scourge, for his master had prescribed a hundred lashes to cure him of his passion for freedom. A worse fate awaited him, if he failed in his third attempt to be free; and he walked to the window, and softly asked the nearest way to Canada.—Canada and heaven, he said, were the only two places that the slave sighed for, and he tied up his clouted shoes to go. He laid his hand on the latch, and his eyes asked if he might go. We knew what was in his heart, and he what was in our own, when the children came near and asked their parents why the negro boy might not live in Massachusetts, and why he should go so far to find a home. And we looked in each other's faces and said not a word, for our hearts were troubled at their questions.

Some one asked for "the bond," and it was read; and there, among great swelling words about liberty, we found it written, that there was not an acre nor an

inch of ground within the limits of the great American republic which was not mortgaged to slavery. And when the reader came to that passage in the bond, his voice fell, lest the children should hear it, and ask more questions. He passed the instrument around, and we saw it was written—"too fairly writ"—that there was not a foot of soil in New England—not a spot consecrated to learning, liberty or religion—not a square inch on Bunker Hill, or any other hill, nor cleft, nor crag, nor cavern in her mountain sides, nor nook in her dells, nor lair in her forests, nor a hearth, nor a cabin door, which did not bear the bloody endorsement in favor of slavery. "It was in the bond"—the bond of our Union, "ordained to establish justice, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity"—it was in that anomalous instrument that the slave-hunter and his hounds might seize upon his trembling victim on the holiest spot of land of the free.

It was a bright night. The heavens were full of eyes looking down upon the earth; and we wished that they were closed for half an hour; that the clouds would come over the moon; for the man-hunters had come. They had tracked the young fugitive, and were lying in wait to seize him, even on the hearth of a freeman. We shall never forget that hour. We had attired the young slave in a female garb, and put his hand within the arm of one of our number. A passing cloud obscured the moon, and the two issued into the street. Softly and silently we followed them at a distance, and our hearts were heavy within us, that Massachusetts had no law that could extend protection to that young human being, or permit him to be protected without law. It was a strange feeling to walk the streets of Worcester as if treading on the enemies' ground; to avoid the houses and faces of our neighbors and friends, as if they were all slaveholders and in pursuit of the fugitive; as if here, in the heart of the Old Bay State, there was something felonious in that deed of mercy that would obliterate the track of the innocent image of God flying for life and liberty before his relentless pursuer. We passed close by the old Burial Ground, where slumbered many a hero of "Seventy-Six."—There, within a stone's throw, was the grave of Capt. Peter Slater, one of the "Indians" who threw the taxed tea into Boston harbor. It was a moment of humiliation and indignant grief, when, passing by his monument, we compared the taxes on tea and sugar of his day with that despotic land-tax, that slave-breeding incumbrance, that Shylock mortgage which the founders of our Constitution imposed upon every square inch of New England, in the terms of "the bond."

We have now neither time nor space to tell the story of that young fugitive. We wish he might tell it himself upon every hearth-stone in New England. We wish no human heart a needless unpleasant emotion; but we would that every child in this "land of the free" might see a slave,—a being that owns a God, yet owned, and bound, and beat, and sold by man. We would have the rising generation well instructed in the terms of "the bond," and a few personal illustrations of the condition which it "secures" might be of service in defining their path of duty. They will soon enter upon this goodly heritage; and shall we give it over into their hands encumbered with this iniquitous entailment in favor of slavery? No! if there be wealth enough in all New England's jewels—in the cabinet of her great deeds of virtue and patriotism—let us lift this bloody mortgage from one square acre of her soil, whereon the hunted slave may say, "I thank my God that I too am at last a man!" When, trembling and panting, he struck his foot on that consecrated spot, the chase should cease, though his master and his dogs were at his heels. That English acre in New England should be another Canada for the fugitive bondman. He should carry a handful of its soil in his bosom as a certificate, honored throughout the world, that he was FREE.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM C. T. TORREY TO J. M. McKIM.

My DEAR McKIM,—Yours, dated October 30, and mailed November 16, reached me to-day. To-morrow I am to be carted over to Court for trial. My trial will not, I suppose, be urged before Friday, possibly, not till Monday next. But it is *probable* this is the last letter you will receive from me, for years. So strong is the web of perjury around me, that I have *no real hope* of acquittal, especially as the trial is to be suddenly pushed on, after a formal agreement once made to defer it till next term.

I will thank you to acknowledge the receipt for me, of the six dollars you enclosed, from the friends whom I never saw, but to whom I am grateful for their kindness. My imprisonment in the Penitentiary will entirely prevent the trial before the Supreme Court. I consider, therefore, that nearly every useful purpose of my imprisonment, to the cause, is lost. I know there will be "indignation" meetings, speeches, and resolves; that my name, for a while, will give point to row and then an eloquent sentence. But, as to any *serious* effort for my relief, it will be like "Big Ben," in Bucks county. When the three hundred and fifty dollars, to rescue him, were wanted, he was discovered to be a *bad man*.^{*} He was good food for agitation, but no object of practical benevolence. Don't say I am unjust, or bitter: I am neither. But I estimate human nature *as it is*. It is true, I have many, MANY friends. I have slanderers, I have enemies enough, but, go where you will, where I am known, and you will find some of the very best men and women in the world, who are warmly attached to me. I thank God for it; and their prayers may secure me an abundant supply of the spirit of Jesus Christ in my prison. Still, I expect to be forgotten, by most persons. Even those who love me, will be absorbed in new cares, new duties.

Happily, God is multiplying similar cases to such an extent that Abolitionists will not be able to refuse any longer, to discuss or embrace *better principles* on the points involved, than those now current among the mass of them. They must learn the *duty* of making wise plans, and executing them for the personal rescue of the poor of the land from bondage: just as we would do if our own family relatives, were the bondsmen. I intended to write something on this subject, for the Press, but I shall not have time now. Perhaps I shall make out a sketch before I close.

My bodily health is better. I sleep pretty well, have good appetite, and digest *light food* well. My *neuralgia*, however, continues, with frequent and severe pain. My strength is increasing, slowly, though a very little exertion sends me to bed. With your arm, perhaps, I could walk from No. 31, to Chesnut street, if I had the chance! I am afraid Maryland will not make money by my weaving silk, for a long while to come!

At all events, my *physical* comforts will not be diminished by the change to the Penitentiary. Ah—the "*reformed*" system of prison discipline, with its horrible secret scourgings, shower baths, and six days starvings, (which no man wholly escapes)—these ARE charming prospects ahead! I tell you, McKim, more than one-third of those who are in our reformed prisons two years and more, leave them so impaired in both bodily and mental health, as to be but one short remove from imbecility of mind and actual sickness of body. It is only by frequent pardons that the per centage of insanity and death in these "*reformed*" prisons, is kept so low, as it appears in the reports. The silence, the enforced mental

inaction, the prevention of all activity of the affections, the social nature; there directly, and powerfully, tend to overthrow the mind, to make it imbecile—while the physical cruelties are enough to break down any nervous or feeble frame. I have been gradually gathering facts on that subject, for years, and did hope, this winter, to prepare an elaborate essay on it for the press. What a host of intentions a prison shuts up!

Am I happy? Yes, on the whole—these ten days my dear wife has cheered my poor cell with her smiles—for she will not let me see her shed any tears, lest it make me unhappy. Nor will she speak save cheerfully. "The woman is THE GLORY of the man." But, in prospect of being shut out from all the world, from all society, I am not unhappy—for the presence and spirit of our blessed

Saviour are not withheld from me. The most painful emotions I feel in regard to it, are, that I am to be condemned to a *useless* existence: no activity for the good of others or my own. I shall be thirty-one years old, the day after the morrow, the 21st. The most useful part of life I must spend in prison. But God did not need me, in His service, in freedom, and therefore it is I am in prison. When Peter was wanted, the Angel came and opened his prison-doors: but when he had done his work, he was not rescued from the cross. Perhaps God will yet make my prison the day star of hope to the slaves of Maryland and Virginia. I shall not be very unhappy, in solitude—that most awful of all solitudes, compulsory silence from year to year—so long as God gives me his love and his spirit. Those who are free must labor the more diligently for the suffering slave.

From the Boston Courier.
LINES

On the death of Rev. Charles T. Torrey, by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.—Read at Faneuil Hall, on the Evening of May 18, 1846.

Woe worth the hour when it is a crime
To plead the poor dumb bondman's cause,
When all that makes the heart sublime,
The glorious throbs that conquer time,
Are traitors to our cruel laws!

He strove among God's suffering poor
One gleam of brotherhood to send;
The dungeon oped its hungry door
To give the truth one martyr more,
Then shut—and here behold the end!

O, mother-state! when this was done,
No pitying throe thy bosom gave;
Silent thou saw'st the death-shroud spun,
And now thou givest to thy son
The stranger's charity—a grave.

Must it be thus, forever? No!
The hand of God sows not in vain;
Long sleeps the darkling seed below,
The seasons come, and change, and go,
And all the fields are deep with grain.

Although our brother lie asleep,
Man's heart still struggles, still aspires;
His grave shall quiver yet, while deep
Through the brave Bay State's pulses leap
Her ancient energies and fires.

When hours like this the senses' gush
Have stilled and left the spirit room,
It hears amid the eternal hush,
The swooping pinions' dreadful rush,
That bring the vengeance and the doom.

Not man's brute vengeance such as rends,
What rivets man to man, apart,—
God doth not so bring round his ends,
But waits the ripened time and sends
Sweet mercy to the oppressor's heart.

Doyle's Standard.

From the Dublin Nation.

PATIENCE.

Be patient, Oh, be patient! put your ear against the earth;
Listen there how noiselessly the germ of the seed has birth;
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands up in the day!

Be patient, Oh, be patient! the germs of mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth, must underground be wrought;

But as sure as ever there's a Power that makes the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with LIBERTY, the blade-time shall be here.

Be patient, Oh, be patient! go and watch the wheat-ears grow!

So imperceptibly, that ye can mark nor change, nor throe;

Day after day,—day after day, till the ear is fully grown;
And then, again, day after day, till the ripened field is brown.

Be patient, Oh, be patient! though yet our hopes are green,

The harvest-fields of Freedom shall be crowned with the sunny sheen:

Be ripening! be ripening! mature your silent way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire, on Freedom's harvest-day!

Walker and Torrey; Burr, Thompson and Work.

Resolutions of sympathy by the represented philanthropy of England.

27 NEW BROAD STREET, LONDON.

At a meeting of the committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, held at No. 27 New Broad street, on Friday, Oct. 4, 1844,

George Stacy, Esq. in the chair.

It was resolved, unanimously, That considering the enormous wickedness of American slavery, whether viewed in relation to the iniquity of its principles, which deprives nearly three millions of human beings of their personal rights; or to the atrocity of its practice, which subjects them to the deepest degradation and misery; this committee feel it to be their duty, publicly and warmly to express their sympathy with those devoted friends of humanity, Messrs Work, Burr and Thompson, who are now suffering a lengthened imprisonment among felons, in one of the jails of the State of Missouri, for having attempted to aid some of their enslaved countrymen in their escape from bondage; and to assure these Christian philanthropists that they consider the cause for which they are now incarcerated, as honorable to them as men and as Christians; and the laws under which they have been condemned, as utterly disgraceful to a civilized community, and in the highest degree repugnant to the spirit and precepts of the gospel.

It was resolved unanimously, That considering the enormous wickedness of American slavery, whether viewed in relation to the iniquity of its principles, which deprives nearly three millions of human beings of their personal rights; or to the atrocity of its practice, which subjects them to the deepest degradation and misery; this committee feel it to be their duty, publicly and warmly, to express their sympathy with those devoted friends of humanity, the Rev Charles T. Torrey and Capt. Jonathan Walker, who are now incarcerated in the prison of Maryland and West Florida, for having aided, or attempted to aid some of their countrymen in their escape from bondage; and to assure these Christian philanthropists that they consider the cause for which they may hereafter be called to suffer, as men and Christians; and the laws under which they are to be arraigned, as utterly disgraceful to a civilized community, and in the highest degree repugnant to the spirit and precepts of the gospel.

On behalf of the committee,

THOMAS CLARKSON, President.

JOHN SCOBLE, Secretary.

Oct. 8, 1844.

Arrest of Jonathan Walker.

PENSACOLA, Aug. 31, 1844.

To the Editor of the Liberator:

SIR—I send you a correct statement of the arrest of Jonathan Walker in this vicinity, a few weeks ago. I have seen some papers which gave a very incorrect account of it, especially the Pensacola Gazette, which abounds in lies and unfounded remarks, prejudicial to the said Walker.

Mr. Walker is a native of Massachusetts, and has a family in Harwich. He went to Mobile last fall, passenger in a schooner from Chatham, to work at his trade, being a shipwright, and took a boat with him to use if he should want it, or to sell. He did not succeed in selling his boat; and on the 2d of June, left in her for Pensacola, with an intention of raising a sunken wreck in Pensacola bay; but the owner and Walker could not agree as to terms. Not finding a sale for his boat, after being there several days, he made an arrangement with some men to take them to New Providence, providing they would risk themselves in an open boat. They made up their minds to go; and on the night of the 22d, they came on board, (seven in number,) and went to sea. The first five or six days, they had constant head winds, and squally, blustering weather. They followed the coast round towards Cape Florida, generally keeping in with the land, and went on shore several times to get water and cook some victuals; but as they drew nearer towards the Cape, were prevented landing by the abundance of mosquitoes. When within 40 or 50 miles of the Cape where they intended to stop for water, &c. they discovered at daylight on the morning of the 29th July, a sloop close by, standing for them, and in a short time she was alongside the boat. The captain inquired where from and where bound to; and was answered, from St. Joseph's, bound to Cape Florida. [They went to St. Joseph's after leaving Pensacola, intending to stop at the Cape for water.] The sloop sailed much faster than the boat, and took them in tow, saying she was bound the same way. At the same time they managed to get four of the passengers on board the sloop, and by some means found out they were fugitive slaves. The sloop was then put about, and run to the westward a few miles, and came to anchor in company with two other sloops. They were all wrecking vessels, belonging to Key West. The sloop Eliza Catherine, Capt. Roberts, (for this was the vessel that had taken the boat in tow,) remained there during the day, and at night got under way, and ran for Key West, where she arrived the next day. Walker was taken before a magistrate, and required to give bail in one thousand dollars. Not being able to do it, he was taken to jail. The passengers were put on board the sloop Reform, and sent to Pensacola.

Here I will remark, that Walker was somewhat unwell two days before leaving Pensacola, and continued to grow worse for 6 or 7 days after; so that he twice despaired of life; but his disease abated a little. But when taken by the sloop, and carried to Key West, he was so weak that it took two men to support him from the wharf to the jail, which was but a short distance. He was kept in jail four days, and then put on board the steam-boat General Taylor, (in the government service, doing nothing.) Here Walker received the most inhuman treatment. He was put down the hole, and had to lie among filth and rubbish, both hands and feet being in irons; and when the boat was underway, he was nearly suffocated by the steam. He was on board seven days, during which time she went to Pensacola. There he was taken from the steam-boat, and carried 8 miles in a small boat, and rain storm, to the city. On landing, he was met by a large concourse of men and boys. The street leading to the courthouse was also thronged. Some threats and black-guardism were dealt out, but no violence used. He was taken to the court house. Court then being in session, his trunk and bundle were examined. Not finding anything in them as evidence, he was required to give bail in ten thousand dollars; and not being able to do it, was taken to jail, put in a room by himself, and a large chair, 12 or 14 feet long, attached to his ankle by a shackle weighing 5 or 6 lbs., where he now remains.

The Court will sit the first Monday in November, when he will have his trial, if nothing previous takes

place to prevent it. Although in a strange jail, the Judge did not think it safe, without placing a guard over him, night and day, to prevent the violence of a mob!

Walker lived in Pensacola from the year 1837 to 1842, and sustained a good character, (which, I hope, will be of service to him on his trial.) He was generally known to be anti-slavery. The punishments prescribed by the laws of the Territory are, I am informed, fine, imprisonment, branding, and put in the pillory! Mr. Walker is not allowed private correspondence.

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE LIBERATOR.

MRS. WORK'S LETTER.

This letter was laid aside some time since for publication, but was crowded out. Many of our readers probably have not seen it.

THEOPOLIS, Ill. Aug. 13, 1844.

DEAR SIR: I received your kind letter this afternoon, and I will improve the first opportunity to answer it, for I truly believe I have found a friend in a stranger; and a friend in need is a friend indeed. Many a stranger has sympathized with me whom I never saw, and never expect to see, this side the grave; but I trust I shall meet them in Heaven, where we shall tune our harps and sing hallelujah to the Lamb.

When my husband went away, I and my children were dependent upon him for our daily bread; my health was not good when he went away. Myself and youngest child a little girl eighteen months old, were forty miles from home at the time he went, which was on Monday, and I got home the next Friday, with my little girl sick in my arms, and found my youngest son quite sick. As soon as I got into the house, my eldest son, of the age of nine years, said to me, "Mother; where is father? he went away on Monday, and we have not seen him since." Judge what were my feelings at that moment. I was at home but a few moments before I heard he was in Palmyra jail, in Missouri. In two weeks I went over to see him, and saw him upon an average once a week while he was in jail, which was more than eight weeks. I do not know how they could live so long there in so small a place. I have been to Jefferson twice, and expect to go (if the Lord spares my life, and gives me strength and means, again next November, when the Legislature sits, and plead with them for the release of my husband. But I will drop this subject and write upon the one you wished me to.

We have a small house, which I have called our own, but how long I can do so I know not, for the Sheriff came out yesterday morning and handed me a writ, to appear at the Court House the third Monday in September, to answer to a certain bill of complaint. Where it will end I know not. It is for the Lawyer's fee in Missouri. I am owing some cash debts; one, which is the most, (except the Lawyer's fee,) is about twenty dollars; it was thirty-nine, but some friends in Connecticut sent me some money some time ago, and I paid the other part. The man I owe it to lives somewhere in the eastern States; he has sent out twice to have it sued, but if he will have patience I will pay him all. If it had not been for kind friends, I do not know

where I should have been now. No living being but myself knows the troubles and trials I have passed through for the last three years. I am a woman of sorrow, and acquainted with grief. My health has been growing poorer and poorer ever since my husband went away, though I am able to attend to my work. I wash for three students and take in a little sewing. They pay me in work again, or let me have orders; but I cannot always get the most needful articles with them, such as groceries and flour. I am willing to do what I can to get a living, but my family requires a good deal of my time. I am troubled to get a sufficiency of flour: we live mostly on the coarse article. Perhaps you do not know what that is; the superfine is taken out of the wheat, and then the fine, and this I use is the next. I do not say this to complain, for I should be glad to get enough even of that. I have had but a very little meat in my house for a good while. A friend sent me a few pounds of pork the other day, which I thankfully received. I have seen the time since my husband went away, that I would have been glad of bran to make bread of. It has got to be an old story, his being in prison. There is but little said or done about it. You wish me to tell you what will make my family comfortable. It is hard for me to tell. I have learned to get along with little. My master knows what we need, and has sent me help more than once when I was ready to despair. I must trust in the Lord for a supply, (for he is kind—and your kindness shows it,) for the remainder of the summer, and the coming fall and

winter. You may think I look a great ways a head. I do not know that I shall live till that time, but I remember the winter that has gone by, and what we suffered. I can bear cold and hunger much better than I can see my children bear it. Many a time have we shivered over a few embers; and I have waded through the snow for wood and to take care of my cow, till my clothes were frozen near a quarter of a yard deep. Many a time last winter did I travel miles through the snow to find my cow. For want of food she wandered off, and I do not know but she will have to do the same the coming winter. You may think I tell you a great deal, but the one half I have not told you.

If the friends can spare bed clothing, or winter clothes or shoes, or any such thing, or clothing of any kind, I should be very glad, for I think I could exchange some of them for food, and some of them I want. I know money is very scarce. One of the teachers has gone east, and I heard that himself or his agent was going to Vermont to get something, if he could, for the institution here. If you and the friends could, without robbing yourselves, send me a small box by this man, I think the Lord will reward you. It is a great favor to ask, and I will not urge it. If you shall see fit to send a box, will you put in a paper containing the names of the donors. It would be a comfort to me to read them over.

I am glad to hear you speak so much about Freedom. If you were as near a slave State as I am, you would want to give in two votes to a man. I live two miles from the Mississippi river, which divides Illinois from Missouri. I have four children. I have buried one since my husband went to prison. I have a little son added to my family since he went away. His name is Alanson. He is in his third year. People that come here ask him where his father is. He tells them he is in the penitencia. They ask him what they shall do to the men who put him there. He says, pay them about the penitence of their sins: that is, pray about their repenting of their sins. I think my husband's being taken was the cause of my little girl's death. She would be in her cradle from morning to night, and call for her father, till she pined away and died. The day but one before she died she called for paper, and said she wanted to write to father. The night before she died, (I was watching with her—it was past midnight—no one in the house but my children, and they asleep. It was a very cold night, and I had no wood cut for a fire, and I was shaking with the cold,) she went into a fit, and I held her in my arms. I should think ten minutes that she did not breathe. I awakened my eldest child and sent for a neighbor. She did not breathe when the neighbor came. After she had been there awhile, Ellen came partly out the fit, and went into another, which she never came out of. O! I thought if my husband had been here at the time, what would I have given! But no, it could not be. There is a world which we are looking forward to, where sorrowing and sighing will be done away, and where the wicked will cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest. Perhaps you have not been called to wade through the furnace of affliction; but with me I sometimes think it has been heated one seven times hotter than before. But the Lord's will, not mine be done.

My husband wishes me to go into Missouri and circulate petitions. I have already went three times, and exposed life and health, and I am willing to do it again if I can get him released; but my faith is weak. Kind sir, pray for me and mine.

Yours truly, AURELIA A. WORK.

Captain Walker Branded!

Henry W. Williams, of Boston, has received a letter from Florida, giving the particulars of the trial and sentence of Capt. Walker. This deed was done, be it remembered, in a territory of the United States, and under laws for which all supporters of the Constitution and Government are responsible. That poor Torrey should be condemned to the fate of a felon for years, for an offence against the laws of a slaveholding State, excites no surprise, for a barbarous system must have barbarous laws to sustain it. But not alone are the people of Florida responsible for the condemnation of Walker. There is prating enough throughout the whole North of the love of liberty, and hatred of chattel Slavery in particular, but where, except among Abolitionists, will there be one word of indignation heard, that a native citizen of Massachusetts has been branded with a hot iron in a territory of the United States? But it cannot be so always. That branded hand, may yet make the tyrants tremble, as did the hand that wrote upon the wall at the feast of the King. It cannot be but Massachusetts men will yet feel something of the old spirit stirring within them, when the hardy Cape Cod seaman shall point them to letters burnt

into his flesh by the branding iron of the slaveholders. If the North will care nothing for the slaves, who are scared all over with their instruments of torture, they will at least be moved when these things are done to themselves. Here is the letter, which I copy from the Liberator of last week:

ESCAMBIA COUNTY, 11th mo. 17th, 1844.

Henry W. Williams, Respected Friend.—Being under the impression that there are some persons in your section of the country who are anxious to learn the result of Jonathan Walker's trial at Pensacola, I hasten to inform you that it took place on the 14th, and terminated on the same day. Between 10 and 11, A. M. the prisoner was arraigned before the Court; but, not having any counsel, the Judge appointed Benjamin D. Wright, a member of the bar, to defend him. The District Attorney, who was the prosecuting officer, presented to the Court four indictments against the prisoner—one for aiding and assisting, and one for enticing slaves to run away—and two for stealing slaves. The prisoner was put upon his trial, and found guilty of all four indictments by the Jury, and a verdict rendered as follows.

1st. To be BRANDED IN THE RIGHT HAND with the letters S S.

2d. To stand in the pillory one hour.

3d. To be imprisoned fifteen days.

4th. To pay a fine of one hundred and sixty dollars.

Prisoner Walker was again remanded to jail until the 16th, at 10 A. M. when he was again conducted to Court, and the Judge pronounced the sentence upon him, viz.—To stand one hour in the pillory, (which was in front of the court-house,) and branded in the right hand with the letters S. S.—after which, to be remanded to prison for fifteen days, and there to remain committed until the fine and cost of prosecution should be paid, which cost I have not been able to ascertain.

The first two specifications were executed, and prisoner Walker was again placed in the jail, to undergo the third, but was not put in irons, as before, greatly to his relief.

A few hours after he had been committed, the sheriff came and served three writs upon him, for trespass and damages to the amount of \$106,000—viz.—Byrd C. Willis \$3000; Robert C. Caldwell, \$3000; George Willis, \$100,000!! Upon each of these writs, the prisoner was summoned to appear at the May term, 1845, and answer, &c. The three above named persons are the reputed owners of the slaves named in the indictments. Good order and quietness prevailed through all the proceedings with one exception. When the prisoner had been in the pillory about half an hour, the aforesaid Geo. Willis stepped to the prisoner, from the crowd of spectators, (who were very peaceably beholding the execution of the laws of Florida) and snatched from his head a handkerchief, which the deputy marshal had placed upon it, to screen the prisoner's head from the violent heat of the sun which shone upon it, and took from his pocket two rotten eggs, and hurled them at the prisoner's head, which took effect.

This excited a burst of indignation from many present. I was satisfactorily informed that he had been very solicitous among the boys, offering them a great price for some rotten eggs, and any person that would throw those at the prisoner; but he could not bribe or find any one inhuman or vile enough to do the deed but himself. The prisoner remained silent throughout, except to the officers who had him in charge. He is in good spirits, and thinks that if it is for the best, he shall weather the storm by and by.

AN EYE WITNESS.

Baby Talk.

The editor of the New York Gazette says: It did our heart good to hear a young and happy mother sing to her darling pet after the following manner:—

Where is the baby? Bees its heart—
Where is muzzer's darling boy?
Does it hold its little hands apart,
The dearest, bessest toy?
And so it does; and will its little chin
Grow jest as fat as butter?
And will it poke its little fingers in
Its tummy little mouth, and mutter
Nicey wicey words,
Just like little yaller birds?
And it will; and so it may,
No matter what its pappy, mammy say.
And does it wink its little eyesses,
When its mad, and ups and cries?
And does it squall like chick-a-dee
At every thing it sees?
Well it does! why not, I pray?
Aint it muzzer's darlin every day?
Oh! what's the matter! oh my! oh my!
What makes my sweetest chicken ky?
Oh nasty, ugly pin, to prick it—
Its darlin muzzer's darlin cricket!
There! there! she's thrown it in
The fire—the kuel, icked pin!
There! hush, my honey: go to seep
Rocked in a kadle of a deep!

[Re-published by request.]

SONNETS.

Addressed to an infant born on Saturday last, February 13th, 1836.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

Heaven's long-desired gift! my first-born child!
Pledge of true love! my well-begotten son!
Now do I feel a father's bliss begun,—
A father's hopes and fears,—babe undefiled!
Should'st thou be spared, I could be reconciled
Better to martyrdom,—so may be won
Freedom for all, and servile chains undone.
For if, amid this conflict, fierce and wild,
With the stout foes of God and man, I fall,
Then shalt thou early fill my vacant post,
And, pouring on the winds a trumpet-call,
Charge valiantly Oppression's mighty host:
So captive millions thou shalt disenthral,
And, through the mighty God, of victory boast.

II.

Remember, when thou com'st to riper years,
That unto God, from earliest infancy,
Thy grateful father dedicated thee,
And sought His guidance through this vale of tears.
Fear God—then disregard all other fears;
Be, in His truth, erect, majestic, free;
Abhor Oppression—cling to LIBERTY—
Nor recreant prove though horrid death appears.
I charge thee, in the name of Him who died
On Calvary's cross,—an ignominious fate,—
If thou would'st reign with THE GREAT CRUCIFIED,
Thy reputation and thy life to hate:—
Thus shalt thou save them both, nor be denied
A glittering crown and throne of heavenly state!

III.

Flesh of my flesh! now that I see thy form,
And catch the starry brilliance of thine eyes,
And hear—sweet music! thine infantile cries,
And feel in thee the life-blood beating warm,—
Strange thoughts within me generate and swarm;
Streams of emotion, overflowing, rise;
Such joy thy birth affords, and glad surprise,
O nursing of the sunshine and the storm!
Bear witness, heaven! do I hate slavery less,—
Do I not hate it more, intensely more,—
Now this dear babe I to my bosom press?
My soul is stirred within me—ne'er before
Have horrors filled it with such dire excess,
Nor pangs so deep pierced to its inmost core!

IV.

Bone of my bone! not all Goleonda's gold
Is worth the value of a hair of thine!
Yet is the negro's babe as dear as mine,
Formed in as pure and glorious a mould:
But, ah! inhumanly 'tis seized and sold!
Thou hast a soul immortal and divine,
My priceless jewel!—In a sable shrine,
Lies a bright gem 'bought with a price' untold!
A little lower than th' angelic train,
Art thou created, and a monarch's power,
My potent infant! with a wide domain,
O'er beast, bird, fish and insect, is thy dower:—
A negro's babe with thee was made to reign—
As high in dignity and worth to tower!

V.

O, dearest child of all this populous earth!
Yet no more precious than the meekest slave!
To rescue thee from bondage, I would brave
All dangers, and count life of little worth,
And make of stakes and gibbets scornful mirth.
Am I not periling as much to save,
E'en now, from bonds, a race who freedom crave?
To bless the sable infant from its birth?
Yet I am covered with reproach and scorn,
And branded as a madman through the land!
But, loving thee, FREE ONE, my own first-born,
I feel for all who wear an iron band—
So heaven regard my son when I am gone,
And aid and bless him with a liberal hand!

W. L. G.

From the Countryman.

"THE LONG BRIDGE."—THE ESCAPE.

A thrilling account of the tragical incident on which the following poem is founded, was written by Seth M. Gates, M. C. from New-York, who was an eye-witness, and published in the N. Y. Evangelist. A young female slave escaped, one evening, from the slave prison, which stands midway between the Capitol and the President's House, and ran for the "Long Bridge," which passes from the lower part of the city across the Potomac, to the extensive forests and woodlands of the celebrated Arlington Plain.

Now, rest for the wretched! the long day is past,
And night on yon prison descendeth at last.
Now lock up and bolt! Ha! Jailor, look there!
Who flies like a wild bird escaped from the snare?

A woman, a slave—up, out in pursuit,
While linger some gleams of day!
Let thy call ring out!—now a rabble rout
Is at thy heels—speed away!

A bold race for freedom—on, fugitive, on!
Heaven help but the Right, and thy freedom is won.
How eager she drinks the free air of the plains;
Every limb, every nerve, every fibre she strains:
From Columbia's glorious Capitol,
Columbia's daughter flees
To the sanctuary God has given—
The sheltering forest-trees.

Now she treads the Long Bridge—joy lighteth her eye;
Beyond her the dense wood and darkening sky,—
Wild hopes thrill her heart as she neareth the shore:
Oh, despair! there are men fast advancing before!
Shame, shame on their manhood! they hear, they heed
The cry, her flight to stay,
And like demon forms, with their outstretched arms,
They wait to seize their prey.

She pauses, she turns; Ah, will she flee back?
Like wolves her pursuers houl loud on her track;
She lifteth to Heaven one look of despair—
Her anguish breaks forth in one hurried prayer,—
Hark! her Jailor's yell! like a bloodhound's bay,
On the low night-wind it sweeps!
Now death or the chain! to the stream she turns,
And in she leaps! Oh, God, she leaps!

The dark and the cold, yet merciful wave,
Receives to its bosom the form of the slave:
She rises—earth's scenes on her dim vision gleam,
Yet she struggleth not with the strong rushing stream:
And low are the death-cries her woman's heart gives,
As she floats adown the river,
Faint, and more faint, grows the drowning voice,
And her cries have ceased forever!

Now back, Jailor, back to thy dungeon again,
To swing the red lash and rivet the chain!
The form thou would'st fetter—a valueless clod;
The soul thou would'st barter—returned to its God;
The universe holdeth no realm of night
More drear than her slavery—
More merciless fiends than here stayed her flight—
Joy! the hunted slave is free!

That bond-woman's corse—let Potomac's proud wave
Go bear it along by our Washington's grave,
And heave it high up on that hallowed strand,
To tell of the freedom he won for our land.
A weak woman's corse, by freemen chased down;
Hurrah for our Country, hurrah!
To freedom she leaped through drowning and death—
Hurrah for our Country, hurrah!

SARAH J. CLARKE.

NEW BRIGHTON, Pa. July, 1844.

SLAVEHOLDING CRUELTY.

The following extract is taken from the 'Narrative of the Sufferings of Lewis Clarke, during a Captivity of more than Twenty-Five Years among the Algerines of Kentucky.' It is only a single specimen of the cruelties of the slave system.

During the ten years that I lived with Mrs. Banton, I do not think there were as many days, when she was at home, that I, or some other slave, did not receive some kind of beating or abuse at her hands. It seemed as though she could not live nor sleep, unless some poor back was smarting, some head beating with pain, or some eye filled with tears, around her.

When about nine years old, I was sent in the evening to catch and kill a turkey. They were securely sleeping in a tree—their accustomed resting place for the night. I approached as cautiously as possible, selected the victim I was directed to catch, but just as I grasped him in my hand, my foot slipped, and he made his escape from the tree and fled beyond my reach. I returned with a heavy heart to my mistress, with the story of my misfortune.—She was enraged beyond measure. She determined at once that I should have a whipping of the worst kind, and she was bent upon adding all the aggravations possible. Master had gone to bed drunk, and was now as fast asleep as drunkards ever are. At any rate he was filling the house with the noise of his snoring and with the perfume of his breath. I was ordered to go and call him—wake him up—and ask him to be kind enough to give me fifty good smart lashes. To be whipped is bad enough—to ask for it is worse—to ask a drunken man to whip you is too bad. I would sooner have gone to a nest of rattlesnakes, than to the bed of this drunkard. But go I must. Softly I crept along, and gently shaking his arm, said with a trembling voice, 'Master, Master, Mistress wants you to wake up.' This did not go to the extent of her command, and in a great fury she called out—'What, you wont ask him to whip you, will you?' I then added, 'Mistress wants you to give me fifty lashes.' A bear at the smell of a lamb, was never roused quicker. 'Yes, yes, that I will; I'll give you such a whipping as you never will want again.' And sure enough so he did. He sprang from the bed, seized me by the hair, lashed me with a handful of switches, threw me my whole length upon the floor, kicked and cuffed me worse than he would a dog, and then threw me, with all his strength, out of the door, more dead than alive. There I lay for a long time, scarcely able, and not daring to move, till I could hear no sound of the furies within, and then crept to my couch, longing for death to put an end to my misery. I had no friend in the world to whom I could utter one word of complaint, or to whom I could look for protection.

Mr. Banton owned a blacksmith shop in which he spent some of his time, though he was not a very efficient hand at the forge. One day Mistress told me to go over to the shop, and let Master give me a flogging. I knew the mode of punishing there too well. I would rather die than go. The poor fellow who worked in the shop, a very skilful workman, neglected one day to pay over a half dollar that he had received of a customer for a job of work. This was quite an unpardonable offence. No right is more strictly maintained by slaveholders, than the right they have to every cent of the slave's wages. The slave kept fifty cents of his own wages in his pocket one night. This came to the knowledge of his Master. He called for the money, and it was not spent—it was handed to him; but there was the horrid intention of keeping it. The enraged Master put a handful of nail-roads into the fire, and when they were red hot took them out, and cooled one after another of them in the blood and flesh of the poor slave's back. I knew this was the shop mode of punishment; I would not go, and Mr. Banton came home, and his amiable lady told him the story of my refusal. He broke forth in a great rage, and gave me a most unmerciful beating, adding that if I had come, he would have burned the hot nail-roads into my back.

Mrs. Banton, as is common among slaveholding women, seemed to hate and abuse me all the more, because I had some of the blood of her father in my veins. There are no slaves that are so badly abused, as those that are related to some of the women—or the children of their own husband; it seems as though they never could hate these quite bad enough. My sisters were as white and good looking as any of the young ladies in Kentucky.—It happened once of a time, that a young man called at the house of Mr. Campbell, to see a sister of Mrs. Banton. Seeing one of my sisters in the house and pretty well dressed, with a strong family look, he thought it was Miss Campbell, and with that supposition addressed some conversation to her

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1846 Friday

which he had intended for the private ear of Miss C. The mistake was noised abroad and occasioned some amusement to young people. Mrs. Banton heard, it made her cauldron of wrath sizzling hot—every thing that diverted and amused other people seemed to enrage her. There are hot springs in Kentucky: she was just like one of them, only chuck-full of boiling poison.

She must wreak her vengeance for this innocent mistake of the young man, upon me. 'She would fix me so that nobody should ever think I was white.' Accordingly, in a burning hot day, she made me take off every rag of clothes, go out into the garden and pick herbs for hours—in order to burn me black. When I went out, she threw cold water on me so that the sun might take effect upon me: when I came in, she gave me a severe beating on my blistered back.

After I had lived with Mr. B. three or four years, I was put to spinning hemp, flax and tow, on an old fashioned foot wheel. There were four or five slaves at this business a good part of the time. We were kept at our work from daylight to dark in the summer, from long before day to 9 or 10 o'clock in the evening in winter. Mrs. B. for the most part was near, or kept continually passing in and out to see that each of us performed as much work as she thought we ought to do. Being young and sick at heart all the time, it was very hard work to go through the day and evening, and not suffer exceedingly for want of more sleep. Very often too, I was compelled to work beyond the ordinary hour to finish the appointed task of the day. Sometimes I found it impossible not to drop asleep at the wheel.

On these occasions Mrs. B. had her peculiar contrivances for keeping us awake. She would sometimes sit by the hour with a dipper of vinegar and salt, and throw it in my eyes to keep them open.—My hair was pulled till there was no longer any pain from that source. And I can now suffer myself to be lifted by the hair of the head, without experiencing the least pain.

She very often kept me from getting water to satisfy my thirst, and in one instance kept me for two entire days without a particle of food.

But all my severe labor, bitter and cruel punishments for these ten years of captivity, with this worse than Arab family, all these were nothing to the sufferings experienced by being separated from my mother, brother and sisters. The same things, with them near to sympathize with me, to hear my story of sorrow, would have been comparatively tolerable.

They were distant only about thirty miles, and yet in ten long, lonely years of childhood, I was only permitted to see them three times.

My mother occasionally found an opportunity to send me some token of remembrance and affection, a sugar plum, or an apple, but I scarcely ever ate them—they were laid up and handled and wept over till they wasted away in my hand.

My thoughts continually by day and my dreams by night were of mother and home, and the horror experienced in the morning, when I awoke and beheld it was a dream, is beyond the power of language to describe.

BERTHA.

BY MISS BARRETT.

We are so unlike each other,
Thou and I; that none could guess
We were children of one mother,
But for mutual tenderness.
Thou art rose-lined from the cold,
And meant, verily, to hold
Life's pure pleasures manifold.

I am pale as crocus grows
Close beside a rose-tree's root!
Whoso'er would reach the rose,
Treads the crocus under foot—
I, like May-bloom on thorn-tree—
Thou, like merry summer bee!
Fit that I be plucked for thee.

Colder grow my hands and feet—
When I wear the shroud I made,
Let the folds lie straight and neat,
And the rosemary be spread,—
That if any friend should come,
(To see thee, sweet!) all the room
May be lifted out of gloom.

And, dear Bertha, let me keep
On my hand this little ring,
Which at nights, when others sleep,
I can still see glittering.
Let me wear it out of sight,
In the grave, where it will light
All the Dark un-day and night.

On that grave, drop not a tear!
Else, though fathom-deep the place,
Through the woollen shroud I wear,
I shall feel it on my face.
Rather smile there, blessed one,
Thinking of me in the sun—
Or forget me—smiling on!

Art thou near me? nearer? so!
Kiss me close upon the eyes;—
That the earthly light may go
Sweetly as it used to rise,—
When I watched the morning grey
Strike, betwixt the hills, the way
He was sure to come that day.

So,—no more vain words be said!
The hosannas nearer roll—
Mother, smile now on thy Dead,—
I am dead strong in my soul!
Mystic dove alit on cross,
Guide the poor bird of the snows
Through the snow-wind above loss!

Jesus, Victim, comprehending
Love's divine self-abnegation,—
Cleanse my love in its self-spending,
And absord the poor libation!
Wind my thread of life up higher,
Up through angels' hands of fire!—
I aspire, while I expire!

From the Emancipator.

TEXAS.

BY WM. B. TAFFAN.

Admit her to the Union? Yes!
If our democracy can bow
To kings, and is prepared to kiss
The loathsome hem of tyrants now;
From principles that years have tried,
If thus we fall, no longer men,
And to our fathers' deeds of pride
Are recreant—why, admit her, then!

If names that moved us, move no more,
And we, degenerate, are ashamed
Of fields once wrapt in flame and gore,
And deem those spirits to be blamed;
If Bunker Hill flings up reproach,
And Lexington's the mock of men,—
Bid them 'God speed' who would encroach
On justice—and admit her, then!
If Hancock, Adams, Warren, were
Deluded fools that chased a dream
And Washington ambitious, where
The patriot's sword was wont to gleam;
If all the bright green spots that mark
The veteran's bed, by stream and glen,
Hide traitors,—on their memories, dark
Deep curses rest—admit her, then!

If Slavery's foul and damning spot
Must here increase, like Ahab's cloud,
Blackening the firmament, till not
One star shall blaze upon the proud;
If thus, a spectacle of scorn
To nations, we're content,—let men
Lift up the consummated horn
Of infamy—admit her, then!

But if the loud, indignant cry
Heard round the world, has power; if soon
Must hateful error droop and die,
And truth stand out to burning noon;
If down time's ages lives our land,
The best, the last retreat for men,
Her flag by Freedom's breezes fanned,—
Ye'll not—ye can't admit her, then!

Now is the time, and now's the hour;
Through our Republic's breadth and length,
From hall and cot, and town and tower,
Let answer go in Virtue's strength;
And peal far round the startling cry—
We, whose old fathers struck the blow,
We, who for freedom dare to die—
In million voices thunder, NO!

From the Liberty Bell.
TO THE MINISTERS OF THE FREE CHURCH OF
SCOTLAND.

*On their accepting the contributions of slaveholders,
and defending their doing so by speeches palliating
slavery.*

BY J. OSWALD MURRAY.

So ye will take the vile accursed gold,
The price of human wrongs and human tears,
And then, with canting sophistry, uphold
The treachery, to our ears!

And ye will stretch the hand to Southern lords,
Lords of the whip and fetter, and of Man;
The cry of kindred blood, more deep than words,
Ye'll stifle, if ye can!

Ye, who so lately struck for Freedom's sake,
So soon become Iscariots to the cause!
Recreant when Manhood, Freedom is at stake,
All for a little dross!

Even Pharisaic hypocrites of old
Cast from the Temple's sacred treasury
The price of blood, the stained, ill-gotten gold,
The cursed Judas-fee.

But ye, the priests of better, clearer times,
Priests of a church that calls itself the Free,
Can travel eagerly to distant climes,
To share with slavery!

Have ye forgot the deep, condign disgrace
Ages have heaped upon the traitor's name,
That ye so willingly assume his place,
And rush to share his shame?

Leave ye, henceforth, the Hero who declared,
'Unto the least of these it is to me';
To follow thus the faithless wretch who dared
The blackest treachery!

Then in man's memory be your names abhorred!
The finger of disgrace on you be turned!
The infamy of him who sold his Lord,
Your coward souls have earned.

Lo! in the crannies of your churches, men
Will see the slave's blood with the mortar mixed;
On every page of your dim Bibles then
Shall gory stains be fixed:

And in the pauses of each saintly song,
The music of his groans shall greet your ears;
And through your long-drawn prayers shall sound the
strong
Down-dropping of his tears!

And in your churches, on nights dark and lonely,
Slave-women's shrieks shall quiver in the air;
And men shall flee their hated pews, and only
Slaves like yourselves sit there.
Glasgow, Scotland.

From a friend's. 1811.
"FOR BEHOLD THE KING OF GLORY
WITHIN Y."

BY H. W. OF FOR. ND.

Pilgrim to the heavenly cit;
Groping wildered on the way;
Seek not for the outward landmark,
List not what the blind guides say.

For long years thou hast been seeking
Some new idol found each day;
All that dazzled, all that glistened,
Lured thee from the truth away.

On the outward world relying,
Earthly treasures thou wouldst keep;
Titled friends and lofty honors
Lull thy higher hopes to sleep.

Thou art stored with worldly wisdom,
All the lore of books is thine;
And within thy stately mansion,
Brightly sparkle wit and wine.

Richly droop the silken curtains,
Round the high and mirrored halls;
And on mossy Russian carpets,
Silently thy proud foot falls.

Not the gentlest winds of heaven
Dare too roughly fan thy brow,
Nor the morning's blessed sunbeams
Tinge thy cheek with ruddy glow.

Yet with all these outward riches,
Has thy heart no void confessed—
Whispering, though each wish be granted,
Still, oh still I am not blessed!

And when happy, careless children,
Lure thee with their winning ways—
Thou hast sighed in vain contrition,
Give me back those golden days.

Hadst thou stooped to learn this lesson,
Faithful teachers—they had told
Thou thy kingdom hadst forsaken,
Thou hast thy own birthright sold.

Thou art heir to vast possessions,
Up, and boldly claim thine own;
Seize thy crown—that waits thy wearing—
Leap at once into thy throne.

Look not to some cloudy mansion,
Midst the planets far away—
Trust not to the distant future,
Let thy Heaven begin to-day.

When the struggling soul hath conquered,—
When the path lies fair and clear—
When thou art prepared for Heaven,
Thou wilt find that Heaven is here.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

AN EVENING PARTY AT M. NECKER'S IN 1790.

The destruction of the Bastille, attended as it was by political consequences, marked the era of a great change in the society of Paris, to which I had been a short while before introduced. Notwithstanding the occurrence of disorder amongst the populace, there was a general feeling of satisfaction with the change. The Parisians, gay, fickle, and voluptuous at that time, as they have ever since been, had begun to mingle together without regard to castes and classes, and it had been customary to meet, at all great parties, the men eminent for talent and public services, as well as those whose distinction lay in mere rank. It was universally acknowledged by such of the nobility themselves as had remained after the first emigration, that this was a great improvement.

The parties given at the house of M. Necker, where his daughter, Madame de Stael, presided, were of the highest brilliancy, being attended by a great number of persons of distinction, both foreign and French, as well as by the principal men of science and literature of the time, and all those who had come into notice in consequence of the recent political movements. The political party of which I am now to speak, was given to celebrate the anniversary of the return of the great minister to Paris—an event still looked back to as auspicious to France. On this occasion there were assembled the whole *élite* of the day, fresh from assisting at the Federation on the Champs de Mars. Conducted thither by my tutor, Condorcet, I had no sooner entered the splendid drawing rooms, than I found myself in the midst of all who were then busied in forming the national history. Count Mirabeau, Monseigneur Perigord, (Talleyrand,) Gregoire Bishop of Blois, Alexander Lameth, Adrian Duport, and several others, conversing animatedly together.

The venerable astronomer, Lalande, Barthelemy, author of the travels of Anacharsis, the illustrious mathematician Lagrange, Marmontel, so well known by his tales, with Monge, and the Marquis of Fontvieille, (the infamous St. Just,) were grouped around Madame de Stael and the Marchioness La Tour-du-Pin. The Comte Lanjuinais and M. Malesherbes, Camille Jourdan, Barnave and Target, were in warm conversation with the Duc La Rochefoucault Liancourt. My countryman, the celebrated Alfieri, was reciting some of his poetry to a group of ladies, with the air and gestures of a maniac. At an extremity of the room, towards the gardens, was a group apparently in conversation on serious topics, and composed of M. Necker himself, Motmorin, with some other ministers, and the Marquis La Fayette, with some of his staff officers of the National Guard.

The handsome Viscount Montmorency—the favorite of our hostess—the Marquis La Tour-du-Pin, the Marshal Beauvan, M. M. Dupuis, Volney, the dramatist Cefauherest, and the painter David, were

admiring an original painting of Raphael, which hung opposite the entrance of the front drawing-room, and David was the spokesman of the party.

However, Madame De Stael, dressed as a Greek heroine, and seated on a magnificent ottoman almost in the centre of the room, formed decidedly the principal part of attraction, both as being our hostess, and the acknowledged lioness-in-chief of the Faubourg St. Germain.

With my venerated conductor I joined the party of Necker and La Fayette; but very few minutes had elapsed when the usher announced Madame la Vicomtesse Beauharnois, who, being then separated from her husband, was accompanied by Messieurs Killerman and Jourdan, and by her beautiful little son, Eugene, then about eight years of age. Soon after, the highly-scented and highly-affected Madame de Genlis, with the Duc de Chartres, (now king of the French,) also, Madame Campan, and other ladies and gentlemen of the Court, and of the Palais Royal, were introduced; and about ten o'clock the party formed not only a fine *coup de œil*, but a truly extraordinary assembly of remarkable men and women.

The different groups now began to mingle together, to converse loudly and facetiously. Wit and raillery were often made use of by the fair, and hilarity and good-humor pervaded the whole society, while a profusion of all sorts of refreshments and delicacies were circulated amongst the guests without interruption. But one thing was rather painfully remarkable, that, with the exception of the American and Swiss diplomatists, none of the foreign ambassadors honored the party with their presence.

About eleven o'clock the hum and confusion of the assembly were succeeded by order; the talkative guests resumed their respective seats, and a musical entertainment was commenced by Madame de Stael taking her place at the piano, while Madame de Beauharnois seated herself at the harp, in order to play with our hostess a charming duet of Jommelli. While they were performing their parts with the skill and taste for which they were noted, two rather indifferent looking guests arrived, who, to avoid disturbing the music, took their seats beside the entrance door.

The performance having ended, and both ladies having deservedly received the thanks and compliments of all, a rather shabbily dressed old gentleman, followed by a plainly habited, little, thin, and pale young man, approached the throne of the queen of the party, while all the company, and especially myself, had their eyes fixed upon them. The old man was then unknown to me, but well known to all the assembly; but the little, thin, and pale young man had never been seen before in any society, and, with the exception of Monge and Lagrange, nobody knew him. The old gentleman, who was the celebrated Abbe Raynal, then the leader of the historico-philosophical school of France, presented to Madame de Stael, as a young protégé of his, *M. Napoleon Bonaparte*. All the lions, and lionesses shrugged their shoulders, made a kind of grimace of astonishment at hearing such a plebeian name, and unmindful of the little, thin, and pale young gentleman, each resumed his conversation and amusement.

Raynal and Bonaparte remained beside Madame de Stael, and I soon observed that Madames Beauharnois, La Tour-de-Pin, Campan, and other ladies, not excepting the affected Madame de Genlis, formed a group around them. Condorcet, Alfieri and myself, joined the party. The Abbe spoke of his protégé as a very promising, highly talented, very industrious, and well read young man, and particularly mentioned his extraordinary attainments in mathematics, military science, and historical knowledge. He then informed Madame de Stael that Bonaparte had left the service in consequence of having been ill-treated by his colonel, and that he wished now to re-obtain a commission, because, for the future, merit and skill, and not intrigue and favoritism, would be necessary for gaining rank and honor in France.

Josephine Beauharnois, who had been attentively hearing all, and who at the same time had been minutely examining the countenance of Bonaparte, with that grace and unaffected kindness that was so natural to her, said "M. L'Abbe, I should feel great pleasure indeed, if M. Bonaparte will allow me to introduce and recommend him to the Minister of War, who is one of my most intimate friends." The thin and pale little gentleman very politely accepted the offer; and animated probably by the prospect of a speedy appointment, soon began to show in his conversation, that on the top of this little body, Providence had placed a head that contained a great and extraordinary mind. In a short time the great lions, moved by curiosity, flocked around to hear what was going on.

Mirabeau was one of the curious; and Madame de Stael, as soon as she saw him approaching, said, with a smile, "M. Le Comte, come here, we have

got a little great man; I will introduce him to you, for I know that you are naturally fond of men of genius." The ceremony having been performed, the pale little gentleman shook hands with the great Count de Mirabeau, who, I must say, did not appear as stooping to him, but conducted himself with all due politeness. Now, political chit-chat was introduced, and the future Emperor of France took part in the discussion, and often received much praise for his lively remarks.

When Mirabeau and the Bishop of Autun began to debate with Madame de Stael on the character and talents of Pitt, then Prime Minister of England, and the former styled him "a statesman of preparations," and "a minister who governed more by his threats than his deeds," Bonaparte openly showed his disapprobation of such opinions. But when the Bishop of Autun praised Fox and Sheridan, for having asserted that the French army, by refusing to obey the orders of their superiors, and of the executive, had set a glorious example to all the armies of Europe, because, by so doing, they had shown that men, by becoming soldiers, did not cease to be citizens, Bonaparte said,

"Excuse me, monseigneur, if I dare to interrupt you; but as I am an officer, I beg to speak my mind. It is true that I am a very young man, and it may appear presumptuous in me to address an audience

composed of so many great men; but as, during the last three years, I have paid the most intense attention to our political troubles and phases, and I see with sorrow the present state of our country, I will expose myself to censure rather than pass, unnoticed, principles which are not only unsound, but subversive of all established governments. As much as any of you, I wish to see all abuses, antiquated privileges, and usurped rights and immunities annulled; nay, as I am at the beginning of my career, and without wealthy or powerful friends, it will be my duty and my best policy to support the progress of popular institutions, and to forward improvement in every branch of the public administration.

"But as in the last twelve months, I have witnessed repeated alarming popular disturbances, and seen our best men divided into factions which promise to be irreconcilable, I sincerely believe that now, more than ever, a strict discipline in the army is absolutely necessary for the safety of our constitutional government, and for the maintenance of order. Nay, I apprehend, that if our troops are not compelled strictly to obey the orders of the executive, we shall soon feel the excesses of a democratic torrent, which must render France the most miserable country of the globe. The ministers may be assured, that if, by these, and other means, the growing ignorance of the Parisian canaille is not repressed, and social order rigidly maintained, we shall see not only this capital, but every other city in France, thrown into a state of indescribable anarchy, while the real friends of liberty, the enlightened patriots now working for the weal of France, will sink beneath a set of leaders who, with louder outcries for freedom on their tongues, will be, in reality, only a set of savages, worse than the Neros of old!"

This speech of the hitherto unknown youth, delivered with an air of authority which seemed natural to the speaker, caused a deep sensation. I remember seeing Lalande, Dacretelle and Barthemy, gazing at him with the most profound attention. Necker, St. Just, and Lafayette, looked at each other with an uneasy air. Mirabeau nodded once or twice significantly to Talleyrand and Gregoire, who appeared sheepish, downcast, and displeased. Alfieri notwithstanding his aristocratic pride, and his natural dislike for young men's harangues, paid not only attention to the speaker, but was delighted; and Condorcet nearly made me cry out by the squeezes which he gave my hand at every sentence uttered by the little, thin, pale young gentleman.

When he concluded, Madame de Stael, with her usual gravity, addressed the Abbe Raynal, warmly thanked him for having introduced to her so precocious and so truly wonderful a politician and statesman; and then turning to her father and his colleagues, she said, "I hope, gentlemen, that you will take a warning from what you have heard." In short, the slender youth, who had come to the party a perfect nonentity, became all of a sudden the prime lion and the object of general remark.

But the individual most affected and most pleased of all, was the Abbe Raynal. The countenance of this good old man manifested the rapturous feelings of his mind in witnessing the triumph of his young protégé, who, a few weeks after, through Madame de Beauharnois, obtained a new commission.

Raynal lived to hear of the splendid exploits of Bonaparte at the taking of Toulon, to witness his conquest of the Convention in 1795, to hear of his appointment as Commander-in-chief of the army of the interior, and also of his being named Commander-in-chief of the army in Italy, in February, 1796.

Had he lived a few years longer, he would probably have assisted at his marriage with Madame the Vis-
countesse Josephine de Beauharnois, for the nuptials
took place on the 9th of March, and he died on the
6th, 1796."*

THE MAY QUEEN.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother
dear;

To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-
year;

Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest, merriest
day;

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

II.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so
bright as mine;

There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice, in all the land they say,

So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

III.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break:

But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds, and gar-
lands gay,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

IV.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye I should see,
But Robert leaning on the bridge, beneath the hazel tree?

He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yes-
terday—

But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

V.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.

They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

VI.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be:
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to
me?

There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

VII.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the
Queen;

For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far
away,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

VIII.

The hunesuckle round the porch, has wov'n its wavy
bowers,

And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint, sweet
cuckoo-flowers;

And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps
and hollows gray,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

IX.

The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-
grass,

And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as
they pass;

There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the live-
long day,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

X.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,

And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance
and play,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

XI.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear,

To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-
year;

To-morrow 'ill be, of all the year, the maddest, merriest
day,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.—[SECOND PART.]

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother
dear,

For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,

Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more
of me.

II.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of
mind;

And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never
see

The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

III.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a mer-
ry day;

Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen
of May;

And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chim-
ney-tops.

IV.

There's not a flower on all the hills: the frost is on the
pane:

I only wish to live till the snow drops come again:
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on
high:

I long to see a flower so before the day I die:

V.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,

And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er
the wave,

But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

VI.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,

Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is
still.

VII.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the wa-
ning light

You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;
When from the dark dry wold the summer airs blow cool,
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in
the pool.

VIII.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn
shade,

And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly
laid.

I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you
pass,

With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant
grass.

IX.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me
now;

You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and
brow;

Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
You should not fret for me, mother, you have another
child.

X.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-
place;

Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your
face;

Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you
say,

And he often, often with you when you think I'm far
away.

XI.

Good night, good-night, when I have said good-night for
evermore,

And you see me carried out from the threshold of the
door;

Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing
green:

She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

XII.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary-floor:

Let her take 'em: they are hers: I shall never garden
more;

But tell her, when I'm gone, to trim the rose-bush that I
set

About the parlor-window, and the box of mignonette.

XIII.

Good-night, sweet mother: call me before the day is born.

All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;

But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,

So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the
lamb.

How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snow-drop came, and now the violet's
here.

II.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot
rise,

And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that
blow,

And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

III.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed
sun,

And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be
done!

But still it can't be long, mother, before I find release;

And that good man, the clergyman, he preaches words of
peace.

IV.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair!

And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me
there!

O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!

A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

V.

He show'd me all the mercy, for he taught me all the sin.

Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will
let me in:

Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,

For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

VI.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch
beat,

There came a sweeter token when the night and morning
meet:

But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in
mine,

And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

VII.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was
over all;

The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my
soul.

VIII.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear;

I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;

With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt re-
sign'd,

And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

IX.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,

And then did something speak to me—I know not what
was said;

For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,

And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

X.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It's not for them:
it's mine."

And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.

And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars.

They seem'd to go right up to Heaven and die among the
stars.

XI.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know

The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.

And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.

But, Effie, you must comfort her when I am past away.

XII.

And say to Robert a kind word, and tell him not to fret;

There's many worthier than I, would make him happy
yet.

If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his
wife;

But all those things have ceased to be, with my desire of
life.

XIII.

O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;

He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.

And there I move no longer now, and there his light may
shine—

Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

XIV.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is
done

The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun—

Forever and forever with those just souls and true—

And what is life, that we should moan? why make we
such ado?

XV.

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home—

And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—

To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—

And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are
at rest.

ANECDOTE. Among the rail-road passengers from
Troy to Saratoga, one day last week, were John G.
Whittier of Philadelphia, and a sprig of southern
chivalry in the shape of a slaveholder. Friend John,
in his mild manner of course, put forth some of his
free thoughts in condemnation of slavery. The South-
ron, as if touched by the spear of Ithuriel, looked un-
utterable things, crying out in the 'imperative mode'
of slavery—'You must be careful, sir, what you say—
I am a slaveholder myself!'—to which John instan-
tly replied, 'Thou must be careful what thou sayest,
for I am a Quaker.' This ready change of the Qua-
ker Poet was promptly pocketed by the slaveholder,
under a volley of laughter. The balance of the trip
was well improved by a free interchange of views on
the agitating subject, in which the Southron frankly
acknowledged slavery to be a shame and disgrace.
'Let truth and falsehood grapple. Who ever knew
truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?'
—Voice of Freedom.

LETTER OF W. PHILLIPS TO FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Boston, April 22, 1845.

My Dear Friend:—You remember the old fable of "The Man and the Lion," where the lion complained that he should not be so misrepresented "when the lions wrote history."

I am glad the time has come when the "lions write history." We have been left long enough to gather the character of Slavery from the involuntary evidence of the masters. One might, indeed, rest sufficiently satisfied with what, it is evident, must be, in general, the results of such a relation, without seeking farther to find whether they have followed in every instance. Indeed, those who stare at the half-peck of corn a week, and love to count the lashes on the slave's back, are seldom the "stuff" out of which reformers and Abolitionists are to be made. I remember that, in 1838, many were waiting for the result of the West India experiment, before they could come into our ranks. Those "results" have come long ago; but, alas! few of that number have come with them as converts. A man must be disposed to judge of emancipation by other tests than whether it has increased the produce of sugar,—and to hate Slavery for other reasons than because it starves men and whips women,—before he is ready to lay the first stone of his Anti-Slavery life.

I was glad to learn, in your story, how early the most neglected of God's children waken to a sense of their rights, and of the injustice done them. Experience is a keen teacher; and long before you had mastered your A B C, or knew where the "white sails" of the Chesapeake were bound, you began, I see, to gauge the wretchedness of the slave, not by his hunger and want, not by his lashes and toil, but by the cruel and blighting death which gathers over his soul.

In connection with this, there is one circumstance which makes your recollections peculiarly valuable, and renders your insight the more remarkable. You come from that part of the country where we are told Slavery appears with its fairest features. Let us hear, then, what it is at its best estate—gaze on its bright side, if it has one; and then imagination may task her powers to add dark lines to the picture, as she travels southward to that (for the colored man) Valley of the Shadow of Death, where the Mississippi sweeps along.

Again, we have known you long, and can put the most entire confidence in your truth, candor, and sincerity. Every one who has heard you speak has felt, and, I am confident every one who reads your book will feel, persuaded that you give them a fair specimen of the whole truth. No one-sided portrait,—no wholesale complaints,—but strict justice done, whenever individual kindness has neutralized, for a moment, the deadly system with which it was strangely allied. You have been with us, too, some years, and can fairly compare the twilight of rights, which your race enjoy at the North, with that "noon of night" under which they labor south of Mason and Dixon's line. Tell us whether, after all, the half-free colored man of Massachusetts is worse off than the pampered slave of the rice swamps!

In reading your life, no one can say that we have unfairly picked out some rare specimens of cruelty. We know that the bitter drops, which even you have drained from the cup, are no incidental aggravations, no individual ills, but such as must mingle always and necessarily in the lot of every slave. They are the essential ingredients, not the occasional results, of the system.

After all, I shall read your book with trembling for you. Some years ago, when you were beginning to tell me your real name and birthplace, you may remember I stopped you, and preferred to remain ignorant of all. With the exception of a vague description, so I continued, till the other day, when you read me your memoirs. I hardly knew, at the time, whether to thank you or not for the sight of them, when I reflected that it was still dangerous, in Massachusetts, for honest men to tell their names! They say the fathers, in 1776, signed the Declaration of Independence with the halter about their necks. You, too, publish your declaration of freedom with danger compassing you around. In all the broad lands which the Constitution of the United States overshadows, there is no single spot,—however narrow or desolate,—where a fugitive slave can plant himself and say, "I am safe." The whole armory of Northern law has no shield for you. I am free to say that, in your place, I should throw the MS. into the fire.

You, perhaps, may tell your story in safety, endeared as you are to so many warm hearts by rare gifts, and a still rarer devotion of them to the service of others. But it will be owing only to your labors, and the fearless efforts of those who, trampling the laws and Constitution of the country under their feet, are determined that they will "hide the outcast," and that their hearts shall be, spite of the law, an asylum for the oppressed, if some time or other, the humblest may stand in our streets, and bear witness in safety against the cruelties of which he has been the victim.

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The slaves selected to go to the *Great House Farm*, for the monthly allowance for themselves and their fellow-slaves, were peculiarly enthusiastic. While on their way, they would make the dense old woods, for miles around, reverberate with their wild songs, revealing at once the highest joy and the deepest sadness. They would compose and sing as they went along, consulting neither time nor tune. The thought that came up, came out—if not in the word, in the sound;—and as frequently in the one as in the other. They would sometimes sing the most pathetic sentiment in the most rapturous tone, and the most rapturous sentiment in the most pathetic tone. Into all of their songs they would manage to weave something of the *Great House Farm*. Especially would they do this when leaving home. They would then sing most exultingly the following words:

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This they would sing, as a chorus, to words which to many would seem unmeaning jargon, but which, nevertheless, were full of meaning to themselves. I have sometimes thought that the mere hearing of those songs would do more to impress some minds with the horrible character of slavery, than the reading of whole volumes of philosophy on the subject could do.

I did not, when a slave, understand the deep meaning of those rude and apparently incoherent songs. I was myself within the circle; so that I neither saw nor heard as those without might see and hear. They told a tale of woe which was then altogether beyond my feeble comprehension; they were tones loud, long, and deep; they breathed the prayer and complaint of souls boiling over with the bitterest anguish. Every tone was a testimony against slavery, and a prayer to God for deliverance from chains. The hearing of those wild notes always depressed my spirit, and filled me with ineffable sadness. I have frequently found myself in tears while hearing them. The mere recurrence to those songs, even now, afflicts me;

and while I am writing these lines, an expression of feeling has already found its way down my cheek. To those songs I trace my first glimmering conception of the dehumanizing character of slavery. I can never get rid of that conception. Those songs still follow me, to deepen my hatred of slavery, and quicken my sympathies for my brethren in bonds. If any one wishes to be impressed with the soul-killing effects of slavery, let him go to Colonel Lloyd's plantation, and, on allowance-day, place himself in the deep pine woods, and there let him, in silence, analyze the sounds that shall pass through the chambers of his soul,—and if he is not thus impressed, it will only be because 'there is no flesh in his obdurate heart.'

I have often been utterly astonished, since I came to the North, to find persons who could speak of the singing, among slaves, as evidence of their contentment and happiness. It is impossible to conceive of a greater mistake. Slaves sing most when they are most unhappy. The songs of the slave represent the sorrows of his heart; and he is relieved by them only as an aching heart is relieved by its tears. At least, such is my experience. I have often sung to drown my sorrow, but seldom to express my happiness. Crying for joy, and singing for joy, were alike uncommon to me while in the jaws of slavery. The singing of a man cast away upon a desolate island might be as appropriately considered as evidence of contentment and happiness, as the singing of a slave; the songs of the one and of the other are prompted by the same emotion.

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FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

LETTER OF W. PHILLIPS TO FREDERICK DOUGLASS. BOSTON, April 22, 1845.

My Dear Friend:—You remember the old fable of "The Man and the Lion," where the lion complained that he should not be so misrepresented "when the lions wrote history."

I am glad the time has come when the "lions write history." We have been left long enough to gather the character of Slavery from the involuntary evidence of the masters. One might, indeed, rest sufficiently satisfied with what, it is evident, must be, in general, the results of such a relation, without seeking farther to find whether they have followed in every instance. Indeed, those who stare at the half-peck of corn a week, and love to count the lashes on the slave's back, are seldom the "stuff" out of which reformers and Abolitionists are to be made. I remember that, in 1838, many were waiting for the result of the West India experiment, before they could come into our ranks. Those "results" have come long ago; but, alas! few of that number have come with them as converts. A man must be disposed to judge of emancipation by other tests than whether it has increased the produce of sugar,—and to hate Slavery for other reasons than because it starves men and whips women,—before he is ready to lay the first stone of his Anti-Slavery life.

I was glad to learn, in your story, how early the most neglected of God's children waken to a sense of their rights, and of the injustice done them. Experience is a keen teacher; and long before you had mastered your A B C, or knew where the "white sails" of the Chesapeake were bound, you began, I see, to gauge the wretchedness of the slave, not by his hunger and want, not by his lashes and toil, but by the cruel and blighting death which gathers over his soul.

In connection with this, there is one circumstance which makes your recollections peculiarly valuable, and renders your insight the more remarkable. You come from that part of the country where we are told Slavery appears with its fairest features. Let us hear, then, what it is at its best estate—gaze on its bright side, if it has one; and then imagination may task her powers to add dark lines to the picture, as she travels southward to that (for the colored man) Valley of the Shadow of Death, where the Mississippi sweeps along.

Again, we have known you long, and can put the most entire confidence in your truth, candor, and sincerity. Every one who has heard you speak has felt, and, I am confident every one who reads your book will feel, persuaded that you give them a fair specimen of the whole truth. No one-sided portrait,—no wholesale complaints,—but strict justice done, whenever individual kindness has neutralized, for a moment, the deadly system with which it was strangely allied. You have been with us, too, some years, and can fairly compare the twilight of rights, which your race enjoy at the North, with that "noon of night" under which they labor south of Mason and Dixon's line. Tell us whether, after all, the half-free colored man of Massachusetts is worse off than the pampered slave of the rice swamps!

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From this time I was most narrowly watched. If I was in a separate room any considerable length

of time, I was sure to be suspected of having a book, and was at once called to give an account of myself. All this, however, was too late. The first step had been taken. Mistress, in teaching me the alphabet, had given me the *inch*, and no precaution could prevent me from taking the *ell*.

The plan which I adopted, and the one by which I was most successful, was that of making friends of all the little white boys whom I met in the street. As many of these as I could, I converted into teachers. With their kindly aid, obtained at different times and in different places, I finally succeeded in learning to read. When I was sent of errands, I always took my book with me, and by going one part of my errand quickly, I found time to get a lesson before my return. I used also to carry bread with me, enough of which was always in the house, and to which I was always welcome; for I

was much better off in this regard than many of the poor white children in our neighborhood. This bread I used to bestow upon the hungry little urchins, who, in return, would give me that more valuable bread of knowledge. I am strongly tempted to give the names of two or three of those little boys, as a testimonial of the gratitude and affection I bear them—but prudence forbids;—not that it would injure me, but it might embarrass them; for it is almost an unpardonable offence to teach slaves to read in this Christian country. It is enough to say of the dear little fellows, that they live on Philpot-street, near Durgin and Bailey's ship-yard. I used to talk this matter of slavery over with them. I would sometimes say to them, I wish I could be as free as they would be when they got to be men. 'You will be free as soon as you are twenty-one, but I am a slave for life! Have not I as good a right to be free as you have?' These words used to trouble them; they would express for me the liveliest sympathy, and console me with the hope that something would occur by which I might be free.

I was now about twelve years old, and the thought of being a slave for life began to bear heavily upon my heart. Just about this time, I got hold of a book entitled 'The Columbian Orator.' Every opportunity I got, I used to read this book. Among much of other interesting matter, I found in it a dialogue between a master and his slave. The slave is represented as having run away from his master three times. The dialogue represented the conversation which took place between them, when the slave was retaken the third time. In this dialogue the whole argument in behalf of slavery was brought forward by the master, all of which was disposed of by the slave. The slave was made to say some very smart as well as impressive things in reply to his master—things which had the desired though unexpected effect; for the conversation resulted in the voluntary emancipation of the slave on the part of the master.

In the same book I met with one of Sheridan's mighty speeches on and in behalf of Catholic emancipation. These were choice documents to me. I read them over and over and over again with unabated interest. They gave tongue to interesting thoughts of my own soul, which had frequently flashed through my own mind, and died away for want of utterance. The moral which I gained from the dialogue was the power of truth over the conscience of even a slaveholder. What I got from Sheridan was a bold denunciation of slavery, and a powerful vindication of human rights. The reading of these documents enabled me to utter my thoughts, and to meet the arguments brought forward to sustain slavery; but while they relieved me of one difficulty, they brought on another even more painful than the one of which I was relieved. The more I read, the more I was led to detest and abhor my enslavers. I could regard them in no other light than a band of successful robbers, who had left their homes, and gone to Africa, and stolen us from our homes, and in a strange land reduced us to slavery. I loathed them as being the meanest as well as the most wicked of men. As I read and contemplated the subject, behold! that very discontentment which Master Hugh had predicted would follow my learning to read had already come, to torment and sting my soul to unutterable anguish. As I writhed under it, I would at times feel that learning to read had been a curse rather than a blessing. It had given me a view of my wretched condition without the remedy. It opened my eyes to the horrible pit, but to no ladder upon which to get out. In moments of agony, I envied my fellow-slaves for their stupidity. I have often wished myself a beast. I preferred the condition of the meanest reptile to my own. Any thing, no matter what, to get rid of thinking! It was this everlasting thinking of my condition that tormented me. There was no getting rid of it. It was pressed upon me by every object within sight or hearing, animate or inanimate. The silver trumpet of freedom had roused my soul to eternal wakefulness. Freedom now

appeared, to disappear no more forever. It was heard in every sound, and seen in every thing. It was ever present to torment me with a sense of my wretched condition. I saw nothing without seeing it, I heard nothing without hearing it, and felt nothing without feeling it. It looked from every star, it smiled in every calm, breathed in every wind, and moved in every storm.

NARRATIVE OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

We continue our extracts from this thrilling Narrative. The following picture of the brutal treatment and forlorn situation of the author's 'poor old grandmother' is so vividly drawn, that he whose eye does not moisten in contemplating it must possess extraordinary command over his feelings.

Very soon after my return to Baltimore, my mistress, Lucretia, died, leaving her husband and one child, Amanda; and in a very short time after her death, Master Andrew died. Now all the property of my old master, slaves included, was in the hands of strangers,—strangers who had had nothing to do with accumulating it. Not a slave was left free. All remained slaves from the youngest to the oldest. If any one thing in my experience, more than another, served to deepen my conviction of the infernal character of slavery, and to fill me with unutterable loathing of slaveholders, it was their base ingratitude to my poor old grandmother. She had served my old master faithfully from youth to old age. She had been the source of all his wealth; she had peopled his plantation with slaves; she had become a great grandmother in his service. She had rocked him in infancy, attended him in childhood, served him through life, and at his death wiped from his icy brow the cold death-sweat, and closed his eyes forever. She was nevertheless left a slave—a slave for life—a slave in the hands of strangers; and in their hands she saw her children, her grand-children, and her great-grand-children, divided, like so many sheep, without being gratified with the small privilege of a single word, as to their or her own destiny. And, to cap the climax of their base ingratitude and fiendish barbarity, my grandmother, who was now very old, having outlived my old master and all his children, having seen the beginning and end of all of them, and her present owners finding she was of but little value, her frame already racked with the pains of old age, and complete helplessness fast stealing over her once active limbs, they took her to the woods, built her a little hut, put up a little mud-chimney, and then made her welcome to the privilege of supporting herself there in perfect loneliness; thus virtually turning her out to die! If my poor old grandmother now lives, she lives to suffer in utter loneliness; she lives to remember and mourn over the loss of children, the loss of grandchildren, and the loss of great-grandchildren. They are, in the language of the slave's poet, Whittier,—

'Gone, gone, sold and gone
To the rice swamp dank and lone,
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,
Where the noisome insect stings,
Where the fever-demon strews
Poison with the falling dews,
Where the sickly sunbeams glare
Through the hot and misty air:—
Gone, gone, sold and gone
To the rice swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia hills and waters—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!'

The hearth is desolate. The children, the unconscious children, who once sang and danced in her presence, are gone. She gropes her way, in the darkness of age, for a drink of water. Instead of the voices of her children, she hears by day the moans of the dove, and by night the screams of the hideous owl. All is gloom. The grave is at the door. And now, when weighed down by the pains and aches of old age, when the head inclines to the feet, when the beginning and ending of human existence meet, and helpless infancy and painful old age combine together—at this time, this most needful time, the time for the exercise of that tenderness and affection which children only can exercise towards a declining parent—my poor old grandmother, the devoted mother of twelve children, is left all alone, in yonder little hut, before a few dim embers. She stands—she sits—she staggers—she falls—she groans—she dies—and there are none of her children or grandchildren present, to wipe from her wrinkled brow the cold sweat of death, or to place beneath the sod her fallen remains. Will not a righteous God visit for these things?

The following extract is one of great power. The apostrophe 'to the moving multitude of ships,' seen from the banks of the Chesapeake bay—'Freedom's swift-winged angels, that fly round the world'—partakes largely of the sublime and pathetic:

If at any one time of my life more than another, I was made to drink the bitterest dregs of slavery, that time was during the first six months of my stay with Mr. Covey. We were worked in all weathers. It was never too hot or too cold; it could never rain, blow, hail, or snow, too hard for us to work in the field. Work, work, work, was scarcely more the order of the day than of the night. The longest days were too short for him, and the shortest nights too long for him. I was somewhat unmanageable when I first went there, but a few months of this discipline tamed me. Mr. Covey succeeded in breaking me. I was broken in body, soul, and spirit. My natural elasticity was crushed, my intellect languished, the disposition to read departed, the cheerful spark that lingered about my eye died; the dark night of slavery closed in upon me; and behold a man transformed into a brute!

Sunday was my only leisure time. I spent this in a sort of beast-like stupor, between sleep and wake, under some large tree. At times I would rise up, a flash of energetic freedom would dart through my soul, accompanied with a faint beam of hope, that flickered for a moment, and then vanished. I sank down again, mourning over my wretched condition. I was sometimes prompted to take my life, and that of Covey, but was prevented by a combination of hope and fear. My sufferings on this plantation seem now like a dream, rather than a stern reality.

Our house stood within a few rods of the Chesapeake Bay, whose broad bosom was ever white with sails from every quarter of the habitable globe. Those beautiful vessels, robed in purest white, so delightful to the eye of freemen, were to me so many shrouded ghosts, to terrify and torment me with thoughts of my wretched condition. I have often, in the deep stillness of a summer's Sabbath, stood all alone upon the lofty banks of that noble bay, and traced, with saddened heart and tearful eye, the countless number of sails moving off to the mighty ocean. The sight of these always affected me powerfully. My thoughts would compel utterance; and there, with no audience but the Almighty, I would pour out my soul's complaint, in my rude way, with an apostrophe to the moving multitude of ships:—

'You are loosed from your moorings, and are free; I am fast in my chains, and am a slave! You move merrily before the gentle gale, and I sadly before the bloody whip! You are freedom's swift-winged angels, that fly round the world; I am confined in hands of iron! O that I were free! O that I were on one of your gallant decks, and under your protecting wing! Alas! betwixt me and you, the turbid waters roll. Go on, go on. O that I could also go! Could I but swim! If I could fly! O, why was I born a man, of whom to make a brute! The glad ship is gone; she hides in the dim distance. I am left in the hottest hell of unending slavery. O God, save me! God, deliver me! Let me be free! Is there any God? Why am I a slave? I will run away. I will not stand it. Get caught, or get clear, I'll try it. I had as well die with ague as the fever. I have only one life to lose. I had as well be killed running as die standing. Only think of it; one hundred miles straight north, and I am free! Try it? Yes! God helping me, I will. It cannot be that I shall live and die a slave. I will take to the water. This very

bay shall yet bear me into freedom. The steam-boats steered in a north-east course from North Point. I will do the same; and when I get to the head of the bay, I will turn my canoe adrift, and walk straight through Delaware into Pennsylvania. When I get there, I shall not be required to have a pass; I can travel without being disturbed. Let but the first opportunity offer, and, come what will, I am off. Meanwhile, I will try to bear up under the yoke. I am not the only slave in the world. Why should I fret? I can bear as much as any of them. Besides, I am but a boy, and all boys are bound to some one. It may be that my misery in slavery will only increase my happiness when I get free. There is a better day coming.'

Thus I used to think, and thus I used to speak to myself; goaded almost to madness at one moment, and at the next reconciling myself to my wretched lot.

With what graphic power is the description of the sufferings and perils which await the flying fugitive in every quarter of the country, given below!

At the close of the year 1834, Mr. Freeland again hired me of my master, for the year 1835. But, by this time, I began to want to live upon free land, as well as with Freeland; and I was no longer content, therefore, to live with him or any other slaveholder. I began, with the commencement of the year, to prepare myself for a final struggle, which should de-

cide my late one way or the other. My tendency was upward. I was fast approaching manhood, and year after year had passed, and I was still a slave. These thoughts roused me—I must do something. I therefore resolved that 1835 should not pass without witnessing an attempt, on my part, to secure my liberty. But I was not willing to cherish this determination alone. My fellow-slaves were dear to me. I was anxious to have them participate with me in this, my life-giving determination. I therefore, though with great prudence, commenced early to ascertain their views and feelings in regard to their condition, and to imbue their minds with thoughts of freedom. I bent myself to devising ways and means for our escape, and meanwhile strove, on all fitting occasions, to impress them with the gross fraud and inhumanity of slavery. I went first to Henry, next to John, then to the others. I found in them all, warm hearts and noble spirits. They were ready to hear, and ready to act when a feasible plan should be proposed. This was what I wanted. I talked to them of our want of manhood, if we submitted to our enslavement without at least one noble effort to be free. We met often, and consulted frequently, and told our hopes and fears, recounted the difficulties, real and imagined, which we should be called on to meet. At times we were almost disposed to give up, and try to content ourselves with our wretched lot; at others, we were firm and unbending in our determination to go. Whenever we suggested any plan, there was shrinking—the odds were fearful. Our path was beset with the greatest obstacles; and if we succeeded in gaining the end of it, our right to be free was yet questionable—we were yet liable to be returned to bondage. We could see no spot, this side of the ocean, where we could be free. We knew nothing about Canada. Our knowledge of the north did not extend farther than New-York; and to go there, and be forever harassed with the frightful liability of being returned to slavery—with the certainty of being treated tenfold worse than before—the thought was truly a horrible one, and one which it was not easy to overcome. The case sometimes stood thus: At every gate through which we were to pass, we saw a watchman—at every ferry a guard—on every bridge a sentinel—and in every wood a patrol. We were hemmed in upon every side. Here were the difficulties, real or imagined—the good to be sought, and the evil to be shunned. On the one hand, there stood slavery, a stern reality, glaring frightfully upon us,—its robes already crimsoned with the blood of millions, and even now feasting itself greedily upon our own flesh. On the other hand, away back in the dim distance, under the flickering light of the north star, behind some craggy hill or snow-covered mountain, stood a doubtful freedom—half frozen—beckoning us to come and share its hospitality. This in itself was sometimes enough to stagger us; but when we permitted ourselves to survey the road, we were frequently appalled. Upon either side we saw grim death, assuming the most horrid shapes. Now it was starvation, causing us to eat our own flesh;—now we were contending with the waves, and were drowned;—now we were overtaken, and torn to pieces by the fangs of the terrible bloodhound. We were stung by scorpions, chased by wild beasts, bitten by snakes, and finally, after having nearly reached the desired spot,—after swimming rivers, encountering wild beasts, sleeping in the woods, suffering hunger and nakedness,—we were overtaken by our pursuers, and, in our resistance, we were shot dead upon the spot! I say, this picture sometimes appalled us, and made us

'rather bear those ills we had,
Than fly to others that we knew not of.'

I have been frequently asked how I felt when I found myself in a free State. I have never been able to answer the question with any satisfaction to myself. It was a moment of the highest excitement I ever experienced. I suppose I felt as one may imagine the unarmed mariner to feel when he is rescued by a friendly man-of-war from the pursuit of a pirate. In writing to a dear friend, immediately after my arrival at New-York, I said I felt like one who had escaped a den of hungry lions. This state of mind, however, very soon subsided; and I was again seized with a feeling of great insecurity and loneliness. I was yet liable to be taken back, and subjected to all the tortures of slavery. This in itself was enough to damp the ardor of my enthusiasm. But the loneliness overcame me. There I was in the midst of thousands, and yet a perfect stranger; without home and without friends, in the midst of thousands of my own brethren—children of a common Father; and yet I dared not to unfold to any one of them my sad condition. I was afraid to speak to any one for fear of speaking to the wrong one, and thereby falling into the hands of money-loving kidnappers, whose business it was to

lie in wait for the panting fugitive, as the ferocious beasts of the forest lie in wait for their prey. The motto which I adopted when I started from slavery was this—'Trust no man!' I saw in every white man an enemy, and in almost every colored man cause for distrust. It was a most painful situation; and, to understand it, one must needs experience it, or imagine himself in similar circumstances. Let him be a fugitive slave in a strange land—a land given up to be the hunting-ground for slaveholders, whose inhabitants are legalized kidnappers—where he is every moment subjected to the terrible liability of being seized upon by his fellow-men, as the hideous crocodile seizes upon his prey!—I say, let him place himself in my situation—without home or friends—without money or credit—wanting shelter, and no one to give it—wanting bread, and no money to buy it,—and at the same time let him feel that he is pursued by merciless men-hunters, and in total darkness as to what to do, where to go, or where to stay,—perfectly helpless both as to the means of defence and means of escape,—in the midst of plenty, yet suffering the terrible gnawings of hunger,—in the midst of houses, yet having no home,—among fellow-men, yet feeling as if in the midst of wild beasts, whose greediness to swallow up the trembling and half-famished fugitive is only equalled by that with which the monsters of the deep swallow up the helpless fish upon which they subsist,—I say, let him be placed in this most trying situation,—the situation in which I was placed,—then, and not till then, will he fully appreciate the hardships of, and know how to sympathize with, the toil-worn and whip-scarred fugitive slave.

SLEEPING AND WATCHING.

BY ELIZABETH S. BARRETT.

Sleep on, Baby, on the floor,
Tired of all the playing,—
Sleep with smile the sweeter for
That you dropped away in!
On your curls' full roundness, stand
Golden lights serenely—
One cheek, pushed out by the hand,
Folds the dimple inly:
Little head and little foot
Heavy laid for pleasure,
Underneath the lids half-shut,
Slants the shining azure;—
Open-souled in noonday sun,
So, you lie and slumber!
Nothing evil having done,
Nothing can encumber,
I, who cannot sleep as well,
Shall I sigh to view you?
Or sigh further to foretell
All that may undo you?
Nay, keep smiling, little child,
Ere the sorrow neareth,—
I will smile too! Patience mild
Pleasure's token weareth.
Nay, keep sleeping before loss;
I shall sleep, though losing!
As by cradle, so by cross,
Sure is the reposing.

And God knows, who sees us twain,
Child at childish leisure,
I am near as tired of pain
As you seem of pleasure;—
Very soon too, by His grace
Gently wrapt around me,
Shall I show as calm a face,
Shall I sleep as soundly!
Differing in this, that you
Clasp your playthings, sleeping,
While my hand shall drop the few
Given to my keeping;
Differing in this, that I,
Sleeping, shall be colder,
And in waking presently,
Brighter to beholder!
Differing in this beside,
(Sleeper, have you heard me?
Do you move, and open wide
Eyes of wonder toward me?)
That while I you draw withal
From your slumber, solely,—
Me, from mine, an angel shall,
With reveillie holy!

From the Boston Courier.

THE DEVIL'S WALK IN WASHINGTON.

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"From his brimstone bed, at break of day,
A walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his little snug farm of the earth,
And see how his stock went on."

COLERIDGE.

The Devil was tired of all his old haunts,
And he longed to gang a new way;
So one morning, he said, as he drew on his pant's,
"I'll to Washington to-day!"

He stopped in the principal Avenue,
And shook off the brimstone perfume,
And coiled up his tail; he always knew
What phase it is best to assume.

'Twas cool for him, so he opened his vest,
And gaily he twirled a light cane,
As other fops do, when they sport their best,
And, perhaps, feel a little vain.

He saw two coaches, conveying out
Two duelists, going to fight;
"Aye, aye!" quoth he, "I'll turn me about,
That will be a pleasant sight!"

He afterwards passed the market-place,
Where cattle and men were bought;
And the Devil exclaimed, "Ye angels of grace!
Here's humanity's story, self-taught!"

He stood up to see them buy and sell,
Bidding mortals off under the hammer;
And he chuckled to hear the mothers' yell,
And their children's delightful clamor.

He examined the thumb-screws, the chains, and the las!
And took patterns to carry to Hell;
He watched all the men who took the cash,
And observed that they spent it well.

Some went to the "coffee-house," some to dice,
And some to run horses to death;
Fools call such places "abodes of vice"—
But he grinned, and held his breath.

A mob demolished a house on a hill,
Because its owner drew the latchet;
"Ah!" said he, "so they here make laws with a quill,
And break them with club and hatchet."

The Devil bethought him he would walk
Towards the Capitol, in style;
To hear the nation's guardians talk,
And encourage them with his smile.

So he dressed him in a priestly coat,
That he might not shame his friends,
And went up to see the members vote,
And shape the country's ends.

He heard all the honorable gentlemen
Speak freely of his home,
And swear and argue, and swear again,
That 'twas time a war should come.

One member rose to offer a bill;
The Devil admired his phiz,
For he always likes purple, and always will—
The Devil has reason for this.

The bill, too, he liked, for that provided
That those should be plunged in the wayes,
Who owned the soil, while this was divided
To white men with gangs of slaves.

An orator made a brilliant speech,
And the Devil made him show it,
To compare with one he was led to preach,
Reported by Milton, the Poet.

Just then a Senator's honor was wounded
By something said in debate,
Whereat the chamber with words resounded,
That stunned even the Devil's pate.

He said to himself, "They're too hot for me,
These men of this upper air;
I'll get me back to my sulphur sea,
And be ready to meet them there!"

The name of this eminently gifted lady is as yet unfamiliar to American ears. With a range and variety of genius and acquirement far beyond those of the popular Frederika Bremer, or the fascinating Mary Howitt, she has been hitherto known only as the author of a few exquisite lyrics and some admirable prose articles on the "Greek Christian Poets." She is an invalid—confined entirely to her apartment; and in such an extremely delicate state of health as to be rarely seen by any except her own family. She has already endured six or seven years of such imprisonment, with resignation, serenity, and warm sympathies towards the world from which she has been so long excluded. She is a remarkable student. She reads Plato in the original, the Hebrew and Chaldean tongues are familiar to her; and, to use the words of the author of the "New Spirit of the Age," there is probably not a single good romance of the most romantic kind, in whose marvellous and impossible scenes she has not delighted.

A couple of volumes from her pen, entitled "A Drama of Life, and other Poems," has just been put to the press in England, the proof sheets of which have been sent to a New York publisher. The last number of the Democratic Review contains the opening part of the "Drama of Life," a poem on the Fall of our First Parents—daringly treading the path of Milton, not as a servile imitator, but with much of the same power of imagination, which enabled the blind bard of Paradise to overlook the walls of angel-guarded Eden, to pass the pearl-gates of the City of God, and tread with the Archangel ruined the hot marl of the Place of Pain, arched over by eternal fire. The Review speaks of this poem as the finest which has appeared since Byron's "Manfred."

The Drama opens with a dialogue between Gabriel and Lucifer immediately after the curse had been pronounced upon the sinners; and the guilty pair were flying from the glare of the fiery sword at the entrance of their lost Paradise. This is followed by the song of the Spirits of Eden, sending their mournful and upbraiding notes of farewell after the unhappy fugitives. Our limits will not allow us to make copious extracts, but we cannot forbear copying the following exquisite lament:

CHORUS OF EDEN SPIRITS.

(*Chanting from Paradise, while Adam and Eve fly across the sword-glare.*)

Harken, oh harken! let your souls behind you,
Lean gently moved!
Our voices feel along the Dread to find you,
O lost, beloved!
Through the thick-shielded and strong-marshalled angels,
They press and pierce:
Our requiems follow fast on our evangels;
Voice throbs in verse!
We are but orphaned Spirits left in Eden,
A time ago—
God gave us golden cups; and we were bidden
To feed you so!
But now our right hand hath no cup remaining,
No work to do;
The mystic hydromel is spilt, and staining
The whole earth through;
And all those stains lie clearly round for showing
(Not interfused!)
That brighter colors were the world's foregoing,
Than shall be used.
Harken, oh harken! ye shall harken surely,
For years and years,
The noise beside you, dripping coldly, purely,
Of spirit's tears!
The yearning to a beautiful denied you,
Shall strain your powers:—

Ideal sweetnesses shall over-glide you,
Resumed from ours!
In all your music, our pathetic minor
Your ears shall cross;
And all fair sights shall mind you of diviner,
With sense of loss!
We shall be near, in all your poet-languors
And wild extremes;
What time ye vex the desert with vain angers,
Or light with dreams!
And when upon you, weary after roaming,
Death's seal is put,
By the foregone ye shall discern the coming,
Through eyelids shut.

Puritan Liberality and Consistency.

The following are some of the Old Colony Laws. They show the dimness and bigotry of the past, and should teach us a lesson in regard to the present.

It is not improbable that what is called infidelity and heresy in our own time, will be regarded equally absurd in the light of another century.

Penalty—For profane swearing, 5 shillings.

For going to a Quaker meeting, 10 shillings.

For drunkenness, 5 shillings.

For having a Quaker in the their houses, 40 shillings an hour, for such time as he or she may remain there.

For suffering any person to tipple in their houses at unreasonable hours, 10 shillings.

For speaking in a Quaker meeting, £5.

For importing Quaker books, £5 for each book.

For publishing pernicious lies tending to the damage of the public, or any individual, 10 shillings.

For bringing a Quaker into the colony, £100.

For being a quaker, and not quitting the colony when so ordered, or returning after being sent out, DEATH.

From the Liberty Press.

INTERESTING ESCAPE OF FUGITIVES.

The following is in substance what actually took place lately on our western waters, and is in the main taken from a verbal narrative given in public by Alvan Stewart.

In the spring of 1844, seven slaves, from different plantations in one of the slave States bordering on the Ohio river, banded their hearts and souls together, and pledged each to the other their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," that they would taste freedom or death. For this purpose they met at the still and gloomy hour of midnight, in a rock caverned temple of God, in the forest, at the base of a towering and lofty mountain. They there embraced and wept, and sorrowfully mourned, and moaned over the loss of wives and children, kindred, kind, and country—humbly petitioning the beloved King of the Nazarenes to guide their footsteps in the way of love and mercy, and to the land of blessed freedom. The lone North Star was their faithful friend by night, and the dense wilderness their protection by day, on their lonely and toilsome journey to Queen Victoria's realms.

They were at last, by the aid of men, (not things political, or things ecclesiastical,) seen safe on board a noble American steamer breasting the waves with her bosom bared to the raging billows of the deep. The steamer, heavy laden with merchandise and the productions of almost every clime and every country, together with the precious burden of seven of God's "poor and needy," innocent and inoffensive children, was walking majestically over the waters of the silvery lake of the West, whose boundary on the south was the land and landscapes of the boasted asylum of the oppressed—the land of sham and lip democracy,—and on the north lay the hated, proud and aristocratic realm of old England, yet practically the land of the free and the home of the exile.

Here these seven men, the wrecks of human greatness, with minds and souls darkened and imbruted by Christian white men, to the lowest standard of human beings, are dreaming, as the dawn of day approaches, of their near approach to the soil of freedom, and to the bursting fetters of forty years' galling and anguish. For the moment I leave them still in their dreams, with twilight appearing, and go back to old Kentucky.

Here it was soon discovered that the above slaves were missing, and readily supposed they were on their way to the North. Southern chivalry and pure Patrick Henry democracy were in arms, and glittering steel and burnished brass in the shape of dirks, pistols, and bowie-knives, were put in order, instantaneously, to save their country, and save from a terrible fate the seven men that were rushing to destruction, and getting into the hands of new masters that were worse than hyenas. To them it was a great wonder how, after forty years' kindness and attention, and providing for them houses and homes, and food and apparel, without care, cost or trouble to

them, only to work, and be sold a little occasionally, they could leave such a climate, country, and friends. The good people of the South thought it must not be so, and, "armed and equipped as the law directs," they sallied forth in quest of their prey.

Mountain and morass, dell, lake, and river, were crossed and recrossed, until they reached the waters leading to the lakes. Here in the night, they took passage in a steamboat going up the lakes, determining to leave no exertions untried in the States, or even in Canada, to obtain their prize. They were wending their way over the waters during the remainder of the night, and when "gray morn appeared," good God! is it so? and how "inscrutable they ways and past finding out"—this same steamer had on board the seven slaves just in sight and tasting of freedom, and their hateful and most dreaded pursuers and oppressors.

Reader, what is now the state of your feelings? Where is now your whole man? Where now is your whole soul and body, and sympathy, and pity? What kind of blood runs in your veins? What kind of thoughts rush to your brain and takes possession of your heart? Are you in ecstasy at the success of demons and devils let loose? or are you consuming within, and your soul rocking to and fro for an outlet to let fall a righteous vengeance and retribution upon these base betrayers of God's own children? Methinks I see the whole civilized world stand as upon a throne of justice and crying aloud—"justice shall not sleep forever"—our brethren in bonds shall be redeemed. Avaunt! thou mockers of the widow, and the forlorn, and the helpless! Our hands are reached forth and they shall not return till their work be truly done, and the captive knows not captivity, and until his chains shall rust a rot beneath his feet.

As the rising sun sent his cheering rays of light and heat upon the noble vessel, and the warning bell was arousing its living sleepers into action and activity, a scene too terrible, too appalling, too heart-rending, too withering, was to take place.

The seven slaves looked upon their captors and betrayers, and the slave-catchers looked upon their victims. The oppressors smiled and joyed, and were buoyant with success. The seven "poor and needy"—the seven captives for no wrong—stood before their captors, mute, dumb—overwhelmed—sinking—drooping, and their brain a volcano.

Surrounded by a small army of passengers, all white, at the head of which were their seven captors, with "ball and cartridge"—walled in on every side by a wall of turbulent waters—*hope* took flight, the heart was flooded with distress and dismay—they stood like lambs waiting and ready for the slaughter.

A short, mute, and inward prayer, made to the Saviour, and they gave themselves up as lost. *That prayer* was heard and recorded in Heaven, and answered. Jesus walked upon the face of the waters and sent consolation and balm to the bosoms of the perishing and sinking children, and touched the heart of the Captain in favor of the captives. As the vessel careered its course over the waters, it almost invisibly lurched and neared the British shore. Our dealers in human flesh saw its proximity to the Canadian shore, and loudly called to the Captain to inform him of their great disaster if he touched that dreaded country, and appealed to his honor to see *justice* done them. The Captain with a very knowing wink and nod to these pimps of democracy, said that he knew the wants and wishes of old Virginia and Kentucky, and that *no injustice* should be done any

one by him. They took it as well, and for the
felt satisfied.

The boat still neared the land, and was soon opposite a dock. The captors again called to the Captain and wished, peremptorily, to know what he meant to touch the Canada shore. He appeased them, and said all should be safe, and justice done—and that he knew best where to sail and worked to advantage. When nearly opposite the landing, with all appearance of pause, and the boat under great headway, off went the steam—up went the rudder, and the vessel in a few moments touched the wharf. Our captives were not troubled about baggage in the baggage cabin nor did their feet stand long upon the “plank,” they did they stay to take a formal adieu of their friends and acquaintances. Their hearts leaped from them and their bodies leaped for the shore, and every man of the seven, from a thing like a prince, from a slave “to the noblest work of Chivalry, oaths, dissolving the Union, Kentucky blood, sharp glittering steel, and hollow bravado of percussion caps, availed them not in this time of need in this place, and the Captain assured the polite fellows that he was obliged to stop to get water to make steam, or lay still on the lake, and had to make the whole trip.

MR. THOMPSON read some extracts from Mr. Garrison's journal, and the following beautiful lines inscribed to him by J. G. Whittier, the Quaker Poet of America, in 1832 :

CHAMPION of those who groan beneath
Oppression's iron hand :
In view of penury, hate and death,
I see thee fearless stand.
Still bearing up thy lofty brow,
In the steadfast strength of truth,
In Manhood sealing well the vow
And promise of thy youth.

Go on !—for thou hast chosen well ;
On, in the strength of God !

Long as one human heart shall swell
Beneath the tyrant's rod.
Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,
As thou hast ever spoken,
Until the dead in sin shall hear,—
The fetter's link be broken!

I love thee with a brother's love,
I feel my pulses thrill
To mark thy soar above
The cloud of human ill.
My heart hath leap'd to answer thine,
And echo back thy words,
As leaps the warrior's at the shine
And flash of kindred swords!

They tell me thou art rash and vain—
A searcher after fame—
That thou art striving but to gain
A long-enduring name—
That thou hast nerved the Afric's hand,
And steel'd the Afric's heart,
To shake aloft his vengeful brand,
And rend his chain apart.

Have I not known thee well, and read
Thy mighty purpose long !
And watched the trials which have made
Thy human spirit strong !
And shall the slanderer's demon breath
Aval with one like me,
To dim the sunshine of my faith
And earnest trust in thee !*

Go on—the dagger's point may glare
Amid thy pathway's gloom—
The fate which sternly threatens there
Is glorious martyrdom!
Then onward with a martyr's zeal—
Press on to thy reward—
The hour when man shall only kneel
Before his Father—God.

BREAST THE WAVE, CHRISTIAN.

BREAST the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest ;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest ;
Onward and onward still
Be thine endeavor ;
The rest that remaineth
Will be for ever.

Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee ;
Run the race, Christian,
Heav'n is before thee ;
He who hath promised,
Faltereth never ;
The love of eternity
Flows on for ever.

Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth ;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth ;
Thee from the love of CHRIST
Nothing shall sever ;
Mount when thy work is done :
Praise Him for ever.

BY E. B. BARRETT.

"Do you think of me as I think of you?"
FROM HER FIEM WRITTEN DURING HER VOYAGE TO THE CAPE.

"Do you think of me as I think of you,
My friends, my friends?"—She said it from the sea,
The English minstrel in her minstrelsy;
While, under brighter skies than erst she knew,
Her heart grew dark,—and crept there, as the blind,
To reach, across the waves, friends left behind—
"Do you think of me as I think of you?"

It seemed not much to ask—As I of you?—
We all do ask the same. No eyelids cover
Within the meekest eyes, that question over,—
And little, in the world, the Loving do,
But sit (among the rocks?) and listen for
The echo of their own love evermore—
"Do you think of me as I think of you?"

Love-learned, she had sung of love and love,—
And, like a child, that, sleeping with dropt head
Upon the fairy-book he lately read,
Whatever household noises round him move,
Hears in his dream some elfin turbulence,—
Even so, suggestive to her inward sense,
All sounds of life assumed one tune of love.

And when the glory of her dream withdrew,—
When knightly gestes and courtly pageantries
Were broken in her visionary eyes,
By tears the solemn seas attested true,—
Forgetting that sweet lute beside her hand,
She asked not,—Do you praise me, O my land?—
But,—Think ye of me, friends, as I of you?"

Hers was the hand that played for many a year,
Love's silver phrase for England,—smooth and well!
Would God, her heart's more inward oracle
In that long moment, might confirm her dear!
For when her questioned friends in agony
Made passionate response,—"We think of thee,"—
Her place was in the dust, too deep to hear.

Could she not wait to catch their answering breath?
Was she content—content with ocean's sound,
Which dashed its mocking infinite around
One thirsty for a little love?—beneath
Those stars, content,—where last her song had gone,—
They, mute and cold in radiant life,—as soon
Their singer was to be, in darksome death?*

Bring your vain answers—cry, "We think of thee!"
How think ye of her? warm in long ago
Delights?—or crowned with budding bays? Not so.
None smile and none are crowned where lieth she,—
With all her visions unfulfilled, save one—
Her childhood's—of the palm-trees in the sun—
And lo! their shadow on her sepulchre!

"Do you think of me as I think of you?"
O friends,—O kindred,—O dear brotherhood
Of all the world! what are we, that we should
For covenants of long affection sue?
Why press so near each other, when the touch
Is barred by graves? Not much, and yet too much,
Is this "Think of me as I think of you."

But while on mortal lips I shape anew
A sigh to mortal is-ues,—verily
Above the unshaken stars that see us die,
A vocal pathos rolls! and He who drew
All life from dust, and I for all, tasted death,
B, death and life and love, appealing, saith,
Do you think of me as I think of you?

* Her lyric on the polar star came home with her latest papers.

REPLY TO MESSRS. WHITE, EARLE, AND BOWDITCH.

MY DEAR GAY:—Five years ago I adopted the no-voting position, and reluctantly as this was done, and much as I have often since desired to vote, I have yet seen no argument which would justify me in quitting it. The ingenuity of my friends may prove, satisfactorily to them, how inconsistent I am, may perhaps ask me questions which time only can answer, but they never will convince me that it is my duty to return fugitive slaves, or to swear that I will do so, for the express purpose of breaking my promise.

I am aware that we non-voters are rather singular. But history, from the earliest Christians downwards, is full of instances of men who refused all connection with Government, and all the influence which office could bestow, rather than deny their principles, or aid in doing wrong. Yet I never heard them called either idiots or over-scrupulous. Sir Thomas More need never have mounted the scaffold, had he only consented to take the oath of supremacy. He had only to tell a lie with solemnity, as we are asked to do, and he might not only have saved his life, but, as the trimmers of his day would have told him, doubled his influence. Pitt resigned his place as Prime Minister of England, rather than break faith with the Catholics of Ireland. Should I not resign a petty ballot rather than break faith with the slave? But I was specially glad to find a distinct recognition of the principle upon which we have acted, applied to a different point, in the life of that Patriarch of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise, Granville Sharpe. It is in the last number of the Edinburgh Review. While an underclerk in the War Office, he sympathized with our fathers in their struggle for Independence. "Orders reached his office to ship munitions of war to the revolted colonies. If his hand had entered the account of such a cargo, it would have contracted in his eyes the stain of innocent blood. To avoid that pollution, he resigned his place and his means of subsistence at a period of life when he could no longer hope to find any other lucrative employment." As the thoughtful clerk of the War Office takes his hat down from the peg where it has used to hang for twenty years, methinks I hear Mr. Earle cry out, "Friend Sharpe, you are absurdly scrupulous." "You may innocently aid Government in doing wrong," adds Bowditch. While Liberty Party yelps at his heels, "My dear Sir, you are quite losing your influence!" And indeed it is melancholy to reflect how, from that moment the mighty underclerk of the War Office (t) dwindled into the mere Granville Sharpe of history! the man of whom Mansfield and Hargrave were content to learn law, and Wilberforce, philanthropy.

William A. White proposes to vote for men who shall be pledged not to take office unless the oath to the Constitution is dispensed with, and who shall then go on to perform in their offices only such duties as we, their constituents, approve. He cites, in support of his view, the election of O'Connell to the House of Commons, in 1828, I believe, just one year before the "Oath of Supremacy," which was the objectionable one to the Catholics, was dispensed with. Now, if we stood in the same circumstances as the Catholics did in 1828, the example would be in point. When the public mind is thoroughly revolutionized, and ready for the change, when the billow has reached its height and begins to crest into foam, then such a measure may bring matters to a crisis. But let us first go through, in patience, as O'Connell did, our twenty years of agitation. Waiving all other objections, White's plan seems to me mere playing at politics, and an entire waste of effort. It loses our high position as moral reformers; it subjects us to all that malignant opposition and suspicion of motives which attend the array of parties; and while thus closing up our access to the national conscience, it wastes in fruitless caucussing and party tactics, the time and the effort which should have been directed to efficient agitation.

With my friend Earle, I have no further argument. If I understand his philosophy, it is, that a man's idea of expediency is his sole and highest rule of right,—that the end justifies the means. At least he considers the returning of fugitive slaves, and the promise to return them as acts which are right or wrong according to circumstances. His first letter was based on the supposition that our Constitution requires such return and such pro-

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Commodore (Capt) to George Brown Esq
12-1808

mise, since it was addressed to, and intended for those who so believe, and his second letter in allusion to this very point, holds "that what was wrong to be done under certain circumstances, would become right to be done under other circumstances,"—and again, referring to the same point, that, participating in Government, we may innocently "do that which we should think it sin to do, if we had the absolute control of affairs, but which is no sin as circumstances exist." These sentences must refer to the pro-slavery clauses of the Constitution, or the whole reasoning is irrelevant.

Now, though I agree that in regard to actions indifferent in themselves, circumstances determine our duty; I hold also, that some actions are wrong in themselves, and such, no circumstances can justify. Slaveholding is one of these. Returning fugitive slaves is another. It seems to me, that according to his views, Mr. Earle might consistently become a slaveholder, if, under "existing circumstances," he thought it expedient, and an increase of his influence. On the Anti-Slavery platform I have no fault to find with Mr. Earle. He acts consistently with his creed in supporting the Constitution. The only point remaining between us is a question of fact, whether on the whole the Union does more good than harm. Upon this discussion, I have no wish to enter at present.

With regard to the inconsistencies of which Mr. Earle supposes me guilty in the payment of taxes, &c. those who will take the trouble to read my first letter will see, I think, that he has not touched one of my points: those who will not take that trouble would as little value anything more I could urge.

My friend thinks that few Abolitionists would approve of my reforming Government "by force." If he will look back at my language, he will find I did not propose to employ force. He had asked me how my views were consistent with any form of Government, and I proceeded to show him how in perfect conformity with "the theory of republican institutions" my plan of reform would work itself out,—in conformity with the views of Government held by Locke, Sydney, and the men of '76. I never said I approved of that theory. My only object was to show that taking Governments as the standard writers model them, my views were tenable. My present conviction is, that no Christian is authorized to employ force in the reform of any mere political institutions.

The difficulties thought to lie in the way of finding where and when a majority exists, move me very little. Should the case ever occur, there will be no practical difficulty. But if there were, it is no matter of mine. God, the great conservative power of the Universe, when he established the right, saw to it that it should always be the safest and best. He never laid upon a poor finite worm the staggering load of following out into infinity the complex results of his actions. We may rest on the bosom of infinite wisdom, confident that it is enough for us to do justice, he will see to it that happiness results.

The last sentence of Mr. Earle's second letter, I do not fully understand. If he can show that there are no pro-slavery clauses in the Constitution—or that, there being such, the man who swears to support them does not "assume" any pro-slavery "obligation," I shall cheerfully receive the light, and will endeavor to profit by it, and vote as often as he wishes.

I agree with Dr. Bowditch in feeling "myself bound by my duty to God, and to the slave, to use moral suasion first, and political action afterwards." But as I would not, at Rome, kiss the Pope's slipper, and pretend to be a Catholic in order to gain influence, and exert a wider "moral suasion;" so neither will I pretend to love Slavery at

the ballot-box, to increase my "political influence." When Dr. Bowditch will show me how I can approach that ballot-box without impliedly swearing to return fugitive slaves, I will gladly join him in its use. The man who makes such a promise and means to keep it, is a knave,—he who makes and intends to break it, is a liar.

I fully appreciate the earnest and conscientious sincerity with which Mr. W. L. Bowditch urges his views, and hope time will bring us nearer together. He thinks that, as men and all their works are imperfect, we may innocently "support a Government which, along with many blessings, assists in the perpetration of some wrong." Now, as nobody disputes that we may rightly assist the worst Government in doing good, provided we can do

so without at the same time aiding it in the wrong it perpetrates, he must mean, of course, that it is right to aid and obey a Government in doing wrong, if we think that, on the whole, the Government effects more good than harm. Otherwise his whole argument is irrelevant, for this is the point in dispute; since every office of any consequence under the United States Constitution has some immediate connection with Slavery. Does my friend see to what lengths this principle will carry him? Herod's servants then were right in slaying every child in Bethlehem, from two years old and under, "provided they thought Herod's Government, on the whole, more a blessing than a curse to Judea!" The soldiers of Charles II. were justified in shooting the Covenanters on the moors of Scotland, if they thought his rule was better, on the whole, for England, than anarchy! According to this theory, the moment the magic wand of Government touches our vices, they start up into virtues! But has Government any peculiar character or privilege in this respect? Oh, no—Government is only an association of individuals, and the same rules of morality which govern my conduct in relation to a thousand men, ought to regulate my conduct to any one. Therefore, I may innocently aid a man in doing wrong, if I think that, on the whole, he has more virtues than vices. If he gives bread to the hungry six days in the week, I may rightly help him, on the seventh, in forging bank notes, or murdering his father! The principle goes this length, and every length, or it cannot be proved to exist at all. It ends at last, practically, in the old maxim, that the subject and the soldier have no right to keep any conscience, but have only to obey the rulers they serve: for there are few, if any, Governments this side of Satan's, which could not, in some sense, be said to do more good than harm. Now I candidly confess to my friend, that I had rather be covered over with inconsistencies, in the struggle to keep my hands clean, than settle quietly down on such a principle as his. It is supposing that we may—

"To do a great right, do a little wrong;"

a rule, which the master poet of human nature has rebuked. It is doing evil that good may come—a doctrine, of which an Apostle has pronounced the condemnation.

My friend wishes to know how, with my principles, I can innocently patronize or support a paper, or circulate a book, which advocates anything I do not approve, or think bad. He thinks I ought to consider this as aiding another in doing wrong. At the risk of being tedious, I will tell him. First, premising that I do not consider the mere purchase of a book or paper to be, in any true sense, supporting or patronizing it, (as for instance paying the Liberator \$2.50 per year, which I advise everybody to do.) If I buy of a man a bushel of wheat, I am not responsible if afterward he makes a bad use of the money. Trade is the exchange of equivalents. I do not give a man anything by merely taking something he has, and replacing it with another thing of equal value. By purchasing a musket to shoot bears, I do not become guilty of the murder which my neighbor commits with a musket afterwards bought at the same store. I may thus be the occasion of evil, but am not responsible for it. Many innocent acts occasion evil, and in such case all I am bound to ask myself before doing such innocent act, is, "Shall I occasion, on the whole, more harm or good." There are many cases where doing a duty even, we shall occasion evil and sin in others. To save a slaveholder from drowning, when we know he has made a will freeing his slaves, would put off, perhaps forever, their emancipation, but of course that is not my fault. Further, I may buy an infidel book, to answer it—or a whole edition of them, to burn; either act might, according to circumstances, be right. I am no more responsible for the use the author makes of the money, than I should be had I bought of him so much beef, and he had applied the profits to circulate Tom Paine's works. The money is fairly his. By services rendered me he has earned it. To his own master he standeth or falleth. All I have to see to is, that I do not buy the book, but for a good purpose, and one which is worth the money I give for it. Do not say that by simply taking a paper, I countenance all it says. No one does, or has a right, to consider me as doing that.

Patronage and support I call, sending an author or editor an additional sum for the express purpose of aiding him to continue his labors, for which we ask no equivalent ourselves, except in the general effect of those labors.

88 = 0. 1/2 for manuscript. 1/2 for 6/10. 1/2 for 0. 83
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But whether my friend accepts this distinction or not, I will try to tell him why, in any sense, I support an imperfect man in his labors, who will of course differ from me on many points and advocate them. For this reason. Free discussion in the hands of honest men, at a proper time and place, is always a good, and nothing but a good. If bad men pervert it, that is their fault, not ours. Considering the marriage institution sacred, and the very corner stone of society, I could yet cheerfully aid truth-loving men, at proper times, in discussing its rules and sanctions, &c. This is not only my right, but my duty. Does not experience tell me, that no matter how fully I believed a thing ten years ago, intercourse with men who differed from me, has changed my views and made me wiser. Is it not duty to continue the practice? But if I may innocently seek the society of those who differ from me, may I not buy their conversation when printed? And that which I find good for me, may I not extend to others. If, as Mr. Bowditch says, he thinks that the Liberator in merely discussing the disunion question, does harm, he is wrong, in my opinion, to support it, in any true sense of that word. There are some publications which are not fair discussions, and such, no fancied good can justify us in supporting. Would I patronize a book which, to ninety pages of moral principles, adds ten pages of indecent prints? It seems to me I should sin in so doing. Yet my friends theory would tell me, "Do it, else along with one grain of error, you stifle two grains of truth!"

Mr. Bowditch thinks that if, not being non-resistants, we concede to mankind the right to frame Governments, which must, from the very nature of man, be more or less evil, the right or duty to support them, when framed, necessarily follows. With all deference, I do not think it follows at all. Mankind, that is, any number of them, have a right to set up such forms of worship as they see fit, but when they have done so, does it necessarily follow that I am in duty bound to support any one of them, whether I approve it or not? Government is precisely like any other voluntary association of individuals—a temperance or anti-slavery society, a bank or railroad corporation. I join it, or not, as duty dictates. If a temperance society exists in the village where I am, that love for my race which bids me seek its highest good, commands me to join it. So if a Government is formed in the land where I live, the same feeling bids me to support it, if I innocently can. This is the whole length of my duty to Government. From the necessity of the case, and that constitution of things which God has ordained, it follows that in any specified district, the majority must rule—hence results the duty of the minority to submit. But we must carefully preserve the distinction between submission and obedience—between submission and support. If the majority set up an immoral Government, I obey those laws which seem to me good, because they are good—not because Government commands them, and I submit to all the penalties which my disobedience of the rest brings on me. This is alike the dictate of common sense, and the command of Christianity. And it must be the true doctrine, since any other obliges me to obey the majority if they command me to commit murder, a rule which even the tory Blackstone has denied. For me to do anything I deem wrong, is the same, in quality, as to commit murder.

My friend thinks our spirit "pharisaical." "Shall we, 'weak, sinful men,' he says, 'perhaps even more sinful than the slaveholder, cry out, No Union with Slaveholders.' Such a course is, in his opinion, wanting in brotherly kindness. Were I not fully persuaded of the entire sincerity of my friend, I should pass this suggestion unnoticed. But surely he mistakes our position entirely. Because we refuse to aid a wrong-doer in his sin, we by no means proclaim, or assume, that we think our whole character better than his. It is neither pharisaical to have opinions, nor presumptuous to guide our lives by them. If I have joined with others in doing wrong, is it either presumptuous or unkind, when my eyes are opened, to refuse to go any further with them in their career of guilt? Does love to the thief require me to help him in stealing? Yet this is all we refuse to do. We will extend to the slaveholder all the courtesy he will allow. If he is hungry, we will feed him; if he is in want, both hands shall be stretched out for his aid. We will give him full credit for all the good that he does, and our deep sympathy in all the temptations under whose strength

he falls. But to help him in his sin, to remain partners with him in the slave-trade, is more than he has a right to ask. He would be a strange preacher who should set out to reform his circle by joining in all their sins! It is a principle similar to that which the tipy Duke of Norfolk acted on, when seeing a drunken friend in the gutter, he cried out, "My dear fellow, I can't help you out, but I'll do better, I'll lie down by your side."

Next follows his criticisms on the inconsistencies of non-voters, in petitioning, suing, holding stocks, and paying taxes. This is what logicians call a *reductio ad absurdum*: an attempt to prove our principle unsound by showing that, fairly carried out, it leads to an absurdity. Now, I assert that, granting all Mr. Bowditch asks, he has not saddled us with any absurdity at all. It is perfectly possible to live without petitioning, suing, or holding stocks. Thousands in this country have lived, died, and been buried, without doing either. And does it load us with any absurdity to prove that we shall be obliged to do from principle, what the majority of our fellow-citizens do from choice? We lawyers may think it is an absurdity to say a man can't sue, for, like the Apostle at Ephesus, it touches our "craft," but that don't go far to prove it. Then, as to taxes, doubtless many cases might be imagined, when even my friend would allow it would be our duty to resist the slightest taxation, did Christianity allow it, with "war to the hilt." If such cases may ever arise, why may not this be one? But I refer to my former letter, where I think I have shown that we can consistently do all these things.

My friend thinks that my distinction in relation to suits, that one may acknowledge the power of a ruler without at the same time acknowledging the rightfulness of that power, is unsound, and he challenges me to produce legal authority to the point. Did he never hear why an English subject may swear allegiance to an usurper and yet not be guilty of treason to the true king? Because he may innocently acknowledge the king *de facto* (the king in deed,) without assuming him to be king *de jure* (king by right). I do not say that I approve of the length to which they carried it, but the distinction itself is as old as the time of Edward the First. If my friend, fresh from the books, is not familiar with it, I commend him to a perusal of his Blackstone. The principle is equally applicable to suits. It has been universally acted on and allowed. The Catholic, who shrank from acknowledging the heretical Government of England, always, I believe, sued in her courts.

As I view it at present, I could not hold Government stock, but I see no difficulty as to bank—and other stocks. What are they? A hundred men put their funds together to trade or use. Government steps in and forbids it unless they accept its permission. In doing so, they do not acknowledge its right to exact such submission. The Gospel bids us yield up a coat, if it be taken from us. Does that allow the robber's right? Suppose, then, in some calm hour, we ask it of him again, and with his permission receive it, does that act acknowledge that he had the right to retain it? The cases are parallel.

Mr. Bowditch bids me leave the country. Why? Because, he says, "Society has the right to prescribe the terms, upon the expressed or implied agreement to comply with which a person may reside within its limits." This principle I utterly deny. Where did he find it? All that Society has a right to demand is peaceful submission to its exactions:—consent they have neither the power nor the right to exact or to imply. Twenty men live on a lone island. Nineteen set up a government and say, every man who lives there shall worship idols. The twentieth submits to all their laws, but refuses to commit idolatry. Have they the right to say, "Do so, or quit;" or, to say, "If you stay, we will consider you as impliedly worshipping idols?" Doubtless they have the power, but the majority have no rights, except those which justice sanctions. Will my friend show me the justice of his principle? I was born here. I ask no man's permission to remain. All that any man or body of men have a right to infer from my staying here, is that, in doing this innocent act, I think, that on the whole, I am effecting more good than harm. My friend says I cannot find this right laid down in the books. That will not trouble me. Some old play has a character in it who never ties his neckcloth without a warrant from Mr. Justice Overdo. I claim no relationship to that very scrupulous individual.

I was glad to see that Mr. Bowditch nowhere touches that chord, so much harped upon by our opponents, that we are losing our influence, and becoming less useful. Some may honestly fear such a result. But with most, I suspect arrant selfishness will be seen peeping out from under this scanty covering of a pretended longing to be very useful. It reminds me of the reply of a bed-ridden old lady, ninety-nine years old, to a minister who asked her what he should pray for. "Ask," said she, "that I may be spared while I am useful!"

Allow me in conclusion, to request our opposers to keep distinctly in view the precise point in debate. This is not whether Massachusetts can rightfully trade and make treaties with South Carolina, although she knows that such a course will result in strengthening a wrong-doer. Such are most of the cases which they consider parallel to ours, and for permitting which, they charge us with inconsistency. But the question really is, whether Massachusetts can join hands and strength with South Carolina, for the express and avowed purpose of sustaining Slavery. This she does in the Constitution. For he who swears to support an instrument of twelve clauses, swears to support one as well as another,—and though one only be immoral,—still he swears to do an immoral act. Now, my conviction is, "which fire will not burn out of me," that to return fugitive slaves is a sin—to promise so to do, and not do it, is, if possible, baser still; and that any conjunction of circumstances which makes either necessary, is of the Devil, and not of God.

Yours, truly,
WENDELL PHILIPS.

NAHANT, September 26, 1844.

From the Songs of Innocence.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

BY WILLIAM BLAKE.

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but oh! my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child,
And I am black, as if bereav'd of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap, and kissed me,
And pointing to the east, began to say:—

"Look on the rising sun,—there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away;
And flowers, and trees, and beasts, and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noon-day.

"And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies, and this sun-burnt face,
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learned the heat to bear,
The clouds will vanish, we shall hear His voice,
Saying, 'Come from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.'"

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me;
And thus I say to little English boy,—
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,
I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

From the Anti-Corn Law League.

A LITHOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

'Tis a cold and gloomy winter's day,
Heavy and damp with fog;
And a squalid wretch on the pavement way
Is crouching down like a dog:—
Like a poor and famished dog that, now,
Neither cart nor truck may draw,
That squalid wretch with care-worn brow,
Puts forth his skeleton paw.

On the surface flat of the pavement stone—
Cleansed with his ragged cuff—
He chalks, he chalks, with moan and with groan,
Sketching his work in the rough.

Chalking—chalking—chalking away,
Characters fair, in coloring gay;
A record of misery, talent and want,
With hungry belly and fingers gaunt.

Passengers hurry, hurry along,
With sorrowful hearts, or gay;
Rich and poor—a motley throng—
Pass over the pavement way:
But none, save the needy, slacken their speed
To gaze on the writing there;
None, but the wretched, can tarry, to read
That famished wretch's prayer.

He has chalked and chalked all his chalk away,
Making the very pavement pray;
And shown us how stones may come out in print,
To soften with pity men's hearts of flint.
Mockery!—cruel mockery all!
In a land of mocking and groans,
Where the pamper'd steed feeds high in the stall,
While Christians starve on the stones!

One word!—only one—appears on the stone,
In characters bold and fair;
But, oh! that word is of skin and of bone!—
'Starving' is written there.
Starving, in flourishes chalked on the ground,
Starving in colors so gay,
Like the rich who can revel in luxury round
Our famishing forms of clay.

Starving—starving—starving!
With maddening hunger and cold,
While the holy bishop is carving
His viands on dishes of gold!
Oh, the shivering wretch may hide his head,
And his eyes so hollow and dim,
For life to the fat church livings has fled,
And Death may grapple with him.

Oh, land of mockery, wealth, and woe,
A land of riches and rags,
Where the alien rides in pomp and show,
And the native starves on the flags!
Mockery—mockery—mockery all!
A land of mocking and groans,
Where the pamper'd steed feeds high in the stall,
While Christians starve on the stones!

SPEECH OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Tribune gives, also, from another correspondent, a full and very accurate report of the speech of Ralph Waldo Emerson, at Waltham, on the above heart-cheering occasion, which we with pleasure transfer to our columns:

What is the defence of slavery? What is the irresistible argument by which every plea of humanity and reason has hitherto been borne down?

Is it a doubt of the equity of the negro's cause? By no means. Is it a doubt of the sincerity of the reformer? No; the abolitionists are thought partial, 'credulous, tedious monomaniacs; bitter—but no man doubts their sincerity. Is it a stringent self-interest? No; this acts in certain places. It acts on the seaboard, and in great thoroughfares, where the northern merchant or manufacturer exchanges hospitalities with the southern planter, or trades with him, and loves to exculpate himself from all sympathy with those turbulent abolitionists. But it acts only there—not on the northern people at large. The farmers, for example, in this county, or in this State, feel no pinch of self-interest to court the complacency of the southerner. If Fitchburg stock is good—if we can buy and sell land, and wood, and hay, and corn—if we can sell shoes, and tin-ware, and clocks, and carriages, and chairs—we don't care whether he likes or dislikes it. What, then, is the objection? I think there is but one single argument which has any real weight with the bulk of the northern people, and which lies in one word—a word which I hear pronounced with triumphant emphasis in bar-rooms, in shops, in streets, in kitchens, at musters, and at cattle-shows. The word is *niggers*!—a word which, cried by rowdy boys and rowdy men in the ear of this timid and sceptical generation, is reconed stronger than heaven; it blows away with a jeer all the efforts of philanthropy, all the expostulations of pity, the cries of millions, now for hundreds of years—all are answered by this insulting appellation. 'Oh, the niggers!' and the boys straightway sing Jim Crow and jump Jim Crow in the streets and taverns.

I was glad to see that Mr. Bowditch nowhere touches that chord, so much harped upon by our opponents, that we are losing our influence, and becoming less useful. Some may honestly fear such a result. But with most, I suspect arrant selfishness will be seen peeping out from under this scanty covering of a pretended longing to be very useful. It reminds me of the reply of a bed-ridden old lady, ninety-nine years old, to a minister who asked her what he should pray for. "Ask," said she, "that I may be spared while I am useful!"

Allow me in conclusion, to request our opposers to keep distinctly in view the precise point in debate. This is not whether Massachusetts can rightfully trade and make treaties with South Carolina, although she knows that such a course will result in strengthening a wrong-doer. Such are most of the cases which they consider parallel to ours, and for permitting which, they charge us with inconsistency. But the question really is, whether Massachusetts can join hands and strength with South Carolina, for the express and avowed purpose of sustaining Slavery. This she does in the Constitution. For he who swears to support an instrument of twelve clauses, swears to support one as well as another,—and though one only be immoral,—still he swears to do an immoral act. Now, my conviction is, "which fire will not burn out of me," that to return fugitive slaves is a sin—to promise so to do, and not do it, is, if possible, baser still; and that any conjunction of circumstances which makes either necessary, is of the Devil, and not of God.

Yours, truly,

WENDELL PHILIPS.

NAHANT, September 26, 1844.

From the Songs of Innocence.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

BY WILLIAM BLAKE.

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but oh! my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child,
And I am black, as if bereav'd of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap, and kissed me,
And pointing to the east, began to say:—

"Look on the rising sun,—there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away;
And flowers, and trees, and beasts, and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noon-day.

"And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies, and this sun-burnt face,
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learned the heat to bear,
The clouds will vanish, we shall hear His voice,
Saying, 'Come from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.'

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me;
And thus I say to little English boy,—
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,
I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

From the Anti-Corn Law League.

A LITHOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

'Tis a cold and gloomy winter's day,
Heavy and damp with fog;
And a squalid wretch on the pavement way
Is crouching down like a dog:—
Like a poor and famished dog that, now,
Neither cart nor truck may draw,
That squalid wretch with care-worn brow,
Puts forth his skeleton paw.

On the surface flat of the pavement stone—
Cleansed with his ragged cuff—
He chalks, he chalks, with moan and with groan,
Sketching his work in the rough.

Chalking—chalking—chalking away,
Characters fair, in coloring gay;
A record of misery, talent and want,
With hungry belly and fingers gaunt.

Passengers hurry, hurry along,
With sorrowful hearts, or gay;
Rich and poor—a motley throng—
Pass over the pavement way:
But none, save the needy, slacken their speed
To gaze on the writing there;
None, but the wretched, can tarry, to read
That famished wretch's prayer.

He has chalked and chalked all his chalk away,
Making the very pavement pray;
And shown us how stones may come out in print,
To soften with pity men's hearts of flint.
Mockery!—cruel mockery all!
In a land of mocking and groans,
Where the pamper'd steed feeds high in the stall,
While Christians starve on the stones!

One word!—only one—appears on the stone,
In characters bold and fair;
But, oh! that word is of skin and of bone!—
'Starving' is written there.
Starving, in flourishes chalked on the ground,
Starving in colors so gay,
Like the rich who can revel in luxury round
Our famishing forms of clay.

Starving—starving—starving!
With maddening hunger and cold,
While the holy bishop is carving
His viands on dishes of gold!
Oh, the shivering wretch may hide his head,
And his eyes so hollow and dim,
For life to the fat church livings has fled,
And Death may grapple with him.

Oh, land of mockery, wealth, and woe,
A land of riches and rags,
Where the alien rides in pomp and show,
And the native starves on the flags!
Mockery—mockery—mockery all!
A land of mocking and groans,
Where the pamper'd steed feeds high in the stall,
While Christians starve on the stones!

Q.

SPEECH OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Tribune gives, also, from another correspondent, a full and very accurate report of the speech of Ralph Waldo Emerson, at Waltham, on the above heart-cheering occasion, which we with pleasure transfer to our columns:—

What is the defence of slavery? What is the irresistible argument by which every plea of humanity and reason has hitherto been borne down?

Is it a doubt of the equity of the negro's cause? By no means. Is it a doubt of the sincerity of the reformer? No; the abolitionists are thought partial, credulous, tedious monomaniacs; bitter—but no man doubts their sincerity. Is it a stringent self-interest? No; this acts in certain places. It acts on the seaboard, and in great thoroughfares, where the northern merchant or manufacturer exchanges hospitalities with the southern planter, or trades with him, and loves to exculpate himself from all sympathy with those turbulent abolitionists. But it acts only there—not on the northern people at large. The farmers, for example, in this county, or in this State, feel no pinch of self-interest to court the complacency of the southerner. If Fitchburg stock is good—if we can buy and sell land, and wood, and hay, and corn—if we can sell shoes, and tin-ware, and clocks, and carriages, and chairs—we don't care whether he likes or dislikes it. What, then, is the objection? I think there is but one single argument which has any real weight with the bulk of the northern people, and which lies in one word—a word which I hear pronounced with triumphant emphasis in bar-rooms, in shops, in streets, in kitchens, at musters, and at cattle-shows. The word is *niggers*!—a word which, cried by rowdy boys and rowdy men in the ear of this timid and sceptical generation, is reconed stronger than heaven; it blows away with a jeer all the efforts of philanthropy, all the expostulations of pity, the cries of millions, now for hundreds of years—all are answered by this insulting appellation. 'Oh, the niggers!' and the boys straightway sing Jim Crow and jump Jim Crow in the streets and taverns.

It is the objection of an inferiority of race. They who say it and they who hear it, think it the voice of nature and fate pronouncing against the abolitionist and the philanthropist; that the *ya, ya* of the negro, his laugh, and the imperfect articulation of his organs designate an imperfect race; and that the good will of amiable enthusiasts in his behalf will avail him no more against this sentence of Nature than a pair of oars against the falling ocean at Niagara.

And what is the amount of this conclusion in which the men of New-England acquiesce? It is, that the Creator of the negro has given him up to stand as a victim of a caricature of the white man beside him; to stoop under his pack, and to bleed under his whip. If that be the doctrine, then, I say, if He have given up his cause, He has also given up mine, who feel his wrong, and who in our hearts must curse the Creator who has undone him.

But no, it is not so; the universe is not bankrupt; still stands the old heart firm in its seat, and knows that, come what will, the right is and shall be. Justice is for ever and ever. And what is the reply to this fatal allegation?

I believe there is a sound argument derived from facts collected in the United States and in the West Indies, in reply to this alleged hopeless inferiority of the colored race. But I shall not touch it. I concern myself now with the morals of the system, which seem to scorn a tedious catalogue of particulars on a question so simple as this. The only reply, then, to this poor, sceptical ribaldry is the affirming heart. The sentiment of right, which is the principle of civilization and the reason of reason, fights against this damnable atheism. All the facts in history are fables, and untrustworthy, beside the dictates of the moral sentiment which speaks one and the same voice in all ages. And what says that to the injured negro? If we listen to it, it assures us that in his very wrongs is his strength. The Persians have a proverb: 'Beware of the orphan; for when the orphan sets a crying, the throne of the Almighty is shaken from side to side.' It is certain that if it should come to question, all just men, all intelligent agents, must take the part of the black against the white man. Then I say, never is the planter safe; his house is a den; a just man cannot go there, except to tell him so. Whatever may appear at the moment, however contrasted the fortunes of the black and the white—though the one live in his hereditary mansion-house, and the latter in a shed; though one rides an Arabian horse, and the other is hunted by bloodhounds; though one eats, and the other sweats; one strikes, and the other dies—yet is the planter's an unsafe and unblest condition. Nature fights on the other side; and as power is always stealing from the idle to the busy hand, it seems inevitable that a revolution is preparing at no distant day to set these disjointed matters right.

See further, if you with me are believing and not unbelieving, if you are open to hope and not to despair, in what manner the moral power secures the welfare of the black man.

In the moral creation, it is appointed from everlasting, that the protection of the weak shall be in the illumination of the strong. It is in the order of things the privilege of superiority to give, to bestow, to protect, to love, to serve. This is the office and the source of power. It is power's power to do these things; and, on the other hand, it is the ruin of power to steal, to injure, and to put to death. The hope and the refuge of the weaker individual and the weaker races is here. It will not always be reputable to steal and to oppress. It will not always be possible. Every new step taken in the true order of human life takes out something of good will. Precisely as it is the necessity of grass to grow, of the child to be born, of light to shine, of heat to radiate, and of matter to attract, so is it of man's race and of every race to rise and to refine. 'All things strive to ascend, and ascend in their striving.' And it will be as natural and obvious a step with the increased dominion of right reason over the human race, for the interests of the more amicable and pacific classes to be eagerly defended by the more energetic, as it is now for trade to displace war.

I know that this race have long been victims. They came from being preyed on by the barbarians of Africa, to be preyed on by the barbarians of America. To many of them, no doubt, slavery was a mitigation and a gain. Put the slave under negro drivers, and it is said these are more cruel than the white. Their fate now, as far as it depends on circumstances, depends on the raising of their masters. The masters are ambitious of culture and civility. Elevate, enlighten, civilize the semi-barbarous nations of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama—take away from their debauched society the bowie-knife, the rum-bowl, the dice-box, and the

stews—take out the brute, and infuse a drop of civility and generosity, and you touch those selfish lords with thought and gentleness.

Instead of racers, jockies, duelists, and peacocks, you shall have a race of decent and lawful men, incapacitated to hold slaves and eager to give them liberty. * * * I hold it, then, to be the part of right reason, to hope and to affirm well of the destinies of this portion of the human family, and to accept the humane voices which in our times have espoused their cause, as only the fore-runners of vast majorities in this country and in the race.

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THE MOURNFUL MOTHER,
(OF THE DEAD BLIND.)

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

Dost thou weep, mournful mother,
For thy blind boy in grave?
That no more with each other
Sweet counsel ye can have?
That he, left dark by nature,
Can never more be led
By thee, maternal creature,
Along smooth paths instead?
That thou canst no more show him
The sunshine, by the heat;
The river's silver flowing,
By murmurs at his feet?
The foliage, by its coolness;
The roses, by their smell;
And all creation's loveliness,
By Love's invisible?
Weepest thou to behold not
His meek blind eyes again,—
Closed doorways which were folded,
And prayed against in vain—
And under which, sat smiling
The child-mother evermore,
As one who watcheth, whiling
The time by, at a door?
And weepest thou to feel not
His clinging hand on thine—
Which now, at dream time, will not
Its cold touch disengage?
And weepest thou still after,
Oh, nevermore to mark
His low soft words, made softer
By speaking in the dark?
Weep on, thou mournful mother!
But since to him when living,
Thou wert both sun and moon,
Look o'er his grave, surviving,
From a high sphere alone
Sustain that exaltation—
Expand that tender light;
And hold in mother passion,
Thy Blessed, in thy sight.
See how he went out straightway
From the dark world he knew,—
No twilight in the gateway
To mediate 'twixt the two,—
Into the sudden glory,
Out of the dark he trod,
Departing from before thee
At once to Light and God!
For the first face, beholding
The Christ's in its divine,
For the first place, the golden
And tideless hyaline;
With trees, at lasting summer,
That rook to songful sound,
While angels, the new-comer,
Wrap a still smile around!
Oh, in the blessed psalm now,
His happy voice he tries,—
Spreading a thicker palm-bough,
Than others, o'er his eyes,—
Yet still, in all the singing,
Thinks haply of thy song
Which, in his life's first springing,
Sang to him all night long,—
And wishes it beside him,
With kissing lips that cool
And soft did overglide him,—
To make the sweetness full.
Look up, O mournful mother;
Thy blind boy walks in light!
Ye wait for one another,
Before God's infinite!
But thou art now the darkest,
Thou mother left below,—
Thou, the sole blind,—thou markest,
Content that it be so;—
Until ye two give meeting
Where the great Heaven-gate is,
And he shall lead thy feet in,
As once thou leddest his!
Wait on, thou mournful mother.

THE DEDHAM AND WALTHAM CELEBRATIONS.

The subjoined notice of the Dedham celebration of the 1st, given by a terse and graceful correspondent of the New-York Tribune, we are happy to lay before our readers. We copy it entire, in the absence of Mr. Garrison on an important anti-slavery mission,—success attend him! ejaculates every true abolitionist,—though, were he present, delicacy of feeling might prompt him to suppress that portion of it relating to himself.—Y.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

FIRST OF AUGUST AT DEDHAM.—THEODORE PARKER, GARRISON, & CO.

Boston, August 2, 1845.

I will fulfil my promise of telling you how things strike me here in Massachusetts; and among the most significant features of the time and place is the attention excited by the Anniversary of West India Emancipation—the First of August.

It was to be celebrated, I found, with the utmost enthusiasm, in every county in the State, and in some counties in several places. These movements are in the hands of the abolitionists of the 'Garrison stamp,' as they are called. I took pains to enquire where the great hero and leader of the movement was to be visible, and I found that Dedham was the fortunate spot. So I resisted the eloquence of Emerson and Stetson, who were to be at one of these gatherings in the open air at Waltham, and the temptation of listening to their great orator Wendell Phillips, at Leicester. I eschewed the great Clam-Bake at Fall River on the occasion, and the Pic-Nics at Danvers, and Duxbury, and determined to be on the ground at Dedham.

There I heard Theodore Parker, the Unitarian clergyman who seems to be much devoted to the idea of freedom. He is evidently a learned man and an eloquent speaker. There is, I gathered from his speech, a strong movement going on in the Unitarian body in favor of abolition. He mentioned it as a sign of encouragement to the pledged and 'out and out' abolitionists, and bade them pour on, and never spare their labors in view of such results.

But when Garrison arose, I was impressed as with the presence, not of a great speaker or a great orator, but of a great character—an eminent man. He seems between thirty and forty years old, with an indescribable look of healthy-mindedness, if you will let me invent a round-about phrase. However, the old English writers talk about heavenly-mindedness, so perhaps I need not have apologized. Garrison seemed to have this latter characteristic also. I could not escape the conviction that he was a great, good man. He speaks with great fluency and vigor—not like one talking, but like one doing something. You forget that these are only words that he is pouring out. They seem deeds—blows—orders—prophecies, by turns. He is, or rather I should say was, on this occasion, sublime rather than beautiful in his manner of address. There is such a thoroughness of conviction and such a clear logical method in what he says, that he seldom fails, I am told, to carry an audience along with him, even against their pre-determination.

Jonathan Walker, 'the hero of Pensacola,' as the people here call him, was expected on the occasion, but was detained at the Waltham celebration. He is fairly carried on the waves of the people from one place to another. Each abolitionist feels that he has stood in the breach for them all. I was told that he was a 'Garrisonian abolitionist'—had subscribed to the Liberator from the beginning—took his last departure for the South from the room of the President of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and had three children named William Wilberforce, William Lloyd Garrison, and Maria Child. He is preparing a Narrative of his trial and imprisonment.

I inquired with some care what was a 'Garrisonian abolitionist,' and found the distinctive characteristics were theological tolerance, and moral intolerance. Here, for instance, I heard a rigid Baptist calling a nothingarian brother. The bond of their brotherhood was zealous devotion to the Anti-Slavery cause, and 'No union with Slaveholders.'

I think with Tennyson, that man should not

'Deal in watchwords over much.'

and so took pains to ascertain exactly what this meant. I found it was an expression of strictness in their own moral conduct on the part of abolitionists, and not an exclamation of hatred or unkindness, as I had heard affirmed.

These persons have, most of them, been educated under orthodox influences, and they use the verb 'to fellowship' just as the exclusive sects do, only in a more general sense. They conceive that they sanction slavery by civil or ecclesiastical participation even for an hour. Now, they say is the accep-

...the only word. They would not swear to support the pro-slavery clauses of the Constitution, even for the opportunity to amend it. They argue that there will be no lack of disposition in the throne to obey the power behind the throne. They contend that it annihilates the Anti-Slavery power behind the throne to be so hasty to mount it, at the expense of an oath which they think paralyzes the hand that is raised to take it.

When asked why they do not rather do the slaveholder good than abjure union with him, they reply, 'That's the very reason we abjure. It don't do a man good to fellowship him in iniquity.' They have not the least idea of that most common of all processes in this great country we live in, called 'splitting the difference,' and 'leaving it to arbitration.' They don't know what the word 'compromise' means, except as they infer from the use made of it in law and politics, as in the phrase 'compromises of the Constitution,' that it is something very odious, and means—Slavery.

In short, they must strike the world, and above all, this American world of ours, like what Juvenal calls

Rara avis in terra;

and very like a black swan.

I see, as an observer, the immense power all this gives them. It saps and mines the very foundations of the country; and I do not wonder at the terror it excites in churches and parties. They are like the little garrison in the strong Sicilian fortress that had defended their position with so much valor, that if they did but put a stick over the walls, the besiegers took the alarm and thought it fearfully portentous.

I have gone on to a unconscionable length; but, truth to tell, I was somewhat impressed by all I saw and heard in this foray into Anti-Slavery-dom.

Yours.

THE BRANDED HAND.

Below we give an exact representation of the brand, which was burnt with a hot iron, by an officer of the United States, into the living flesh of a citizen of Massachusetts. It was copied from a Daguerreotype picture belonging to Dr. Bowditch, who kindly loaned the picture for this purpose. Ponder it, fellow-citizens, and as you burn, and blush, and weep, at the disgrace of our country, the indignity done to a worthy neighbor, and the misery of the poor slaves, let the fire burn until your soul is enkindled to the high resolve, that the letters on Jonathan Walker's hand shall be made to read—

SALVATION TO THE SLAVE.



THE BRANDED HAND.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Welcome home again, brave seaman! with thy thoughtful brow and grey,
And the old heroic spirit of our earlier, better day—
With that front of calm endurance, on whose steady nerve, in vain,
Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the fiery shafts of pain!

Is the tyrant's brand upon thee? Did the brutal cravens aim

To make God's truth thy falsehood, His holiest work thy shame?

When, all blood-quenched, from the torture the iron was withdrawn,

How laughed their evil angel the baffled fools to scorn!

They change to wrong, the duty which God hath written out

On the great heart of humanity too legible for doubt!

They, the loathsome mortal lepers, blotched from foot-sole up to crown,

Give to shame what God hath given unto honor and renown!

Why, that brand is highest honor!—than its traces never yet

Upon old armorial hatchments was a prouder blazon set;

And thy unborn generations, as they crowd our rocky strand,

Shall tell with pride the story of their father's BRANDED HAND!

As the templar home was welcomed, bearing back from Syrian wars

The scars of Arab lances, and of Paynim scimitars,

The pallor of the prison and the shackle's crimson span,

So we meet thee, so we greet thee, truest friend of God and man!

He suffered for the ransom of the dear Redeemer's grave,

Thou for His living presence in the bound and bleeding slave;

He for a soil no longer by the feet of angels trod,

Thou for the true Shechinah, the present home of God!

For, while the jurist sitting with the slave-whip o'er him swung,

From the tortured truths of freedom the lie of slavery wrung,

And the solemn priest to Moloch, on each God-deserted shrine,

Broke the bondman's heart for bread, poured the bondman's blood for wine—

While the multitude in blindness to a far off Savior knelt,

And spurned, the while, the temple where a present Savior dwelt;

Thou beheld'st Him in the task field, in the prison shadows dim,

And thy mercy to the bondman, it was mercy unto Him!

In thy lone and long night watches, sky above and wave below,

Thou did'st learn a higher wisdom than the babbling school-men know;

God's stars and silence taught thee as His angels only can,

That, the one, sole sacred thing beneath the cope of heaven is man!

That he, who treads profanely on the scrolls of law and creed,

In the depth of God's great goodness may find mercy in his need;

But woe to him who crushes the SOUL with chain and rod,

And herds with lower natures the awful form of God!

Then lift that manly right hand, bold ploughman of the wave!

Its branded palm shall prophecy 'SALVATION TO THE SLAVE!'

Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whose reads may feel

His heart swell strong within him, his sinews change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our Northern air—

Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love of God look there!

Take it henceforth for your standard—like the Bruce's heart of yore,

In the dark strife closing round ye, let that hand be seen before!

And the tyrants of the slave land shall tremble at that sign,

When it points its finger Southward along the Puritan line

Woe to the State-gorged leeches, and the church's locust band,

When they look from slavery's ramparts on the coming of that hand!

Let us speak to the conscience of one, what will suit the case of the great majority of American women.

You seem to doubt whether it may not be wrong in the eyes of Abolitionists, that you give neither your mind nor your time to the understanding of the statistics of the Anti-Slavery question. They might deem it so, if the devotion of either to that purpose were necessary. But there is no science—no mystery in it. No reading is necessary, no examination required. I think you view the subject too technically, when you suppose it involves a necessity for statistical information. No such thing. Need any one living in the pleasant towns of the free States, surrounded by a reading, writing, and cyphering people, each soul doing exactly what seems good in its own eyes, all easy in circumstances, and united in voluntary, civil, and religious association, for the increase of their comfort and happiness:—need any one, sitting safely with sons and daughters, nieces and nephews, on knee, in the inviolable sanctuary of a free home;—I say, need any one so situated, know more than that there are only a few days journey off, and composing a part of her own nation, two and a half millions of just as deserving people, deprived of all these blessings, brutalized, bought, sold, driven, scourged, violated, murdered,—at the will and mere caprice of others! Ladies may sit still because they can't somehow, quite inexplicably, get to feel an interest in this question:—or because their friends are *lie* with the South by marriage or merchandise—i. e. parties in the outrages—or because they think common human feeling or womanly merey imply something political in the popular and bad sense of the term; or because they love their own children and friends so well, that the sixty children, born every day into Slavery, must die in Slavery too, rather than absorb an iota of effort; but there is no great study needed—no long time required to comprehend the condition of the slaves, and to prove that ladies are verily guilty in sitting quiet while such things are done.

I think you look at the subject in too narrow a point of view. It is not *black* people that the Abolitionists care about:—it is a wronged, insulted, suffering *people*: not a colored man, but outraged humanity; not "a pickaninny," as you heartlessly say in the plenitude of your prejudice, but helpless, oppressed infancy. Our cause is the cause of the weak against the strong, for the preservation of the existence of both; and God do so to us and more as we are faithful to it. We are born into the world for a purpose; and surely self-concentration is not that purpose. We are here to do good as we have opportunity: to save what was lost: to do to others as we would they should do to us. This is our religion, and it is all the religion we have. We believe also, it is *Christianity*. For when we think of the example and injunctions of Christ, we see that to the Christ of the cross, man is never so holy.

"As when braving the proud in defence of the lowly."

We think we understand the feeling which prompted his exclamation, "Inasmuch as ye have done this to the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me!" Our feelings are outraged when a child, a little infant, is taken from its mother and tossed into the hands of the nearest wretch that will be a party to the deed, while the mother is tied, and lashed along to join some wretched coffee which is going to swell up the annual sixty thousand who are sent in the flower of their youth, from Virginia and Maryland only, where they are bred for the purpose, to be used up on the sugar plantations. All these things exist, simply because you, and all the other influential women of the North, suffer it to be so, without one word of remonstrance—one thought of compassion—one flush of generous indignation. You know enough, NOW, my friends, too much for you to know, and yet innocently to remain inactive from this time henceforth, and forever.

This is a duty:—not more ours than yours. As women, American women, moral beings, not to say Christians, intelligent beings, we must declare so as to make it plain to every soul we know, and act so as to prove our declaration sincere, that we are not—cannot be strengtheners of this omnipresent guilt, by sympathy or silent connivance. It is truly an omnipresent iniquity, blighting the fairest characters. It is moral suicide,—

equivalent, Calvinistically speaking, to damnation, to let good and evil pass before one, and make no effort to feel a deeper interest in good than in evil. While it is resurrection and new life to choose the good and cleave to it through good report and through evil report. It is the salvation of the soul when

Freedom's breath
Comes in through ruins—late but not in vain
Making each blighted place all green with life again."

There is no need of overcoming any holy horror one may have of societies—publicity—meetings, or the like. One is not necessarily required to be political—conspicuous—or anything but really opposed, heart and soul and strength, to Slavery. But one *must* do one's duty, and take the consequences. Your position in *society*, is made unequivocal by you. You so conduct that no one can doubt that you are deserving of the highest social rank. It ought to be equally clear what your moral rank is. Is it not your duty to sustain the highest? You know it is. We do not demand that you should go out of your nature and habits, but we think nothing is wanting but depth of feeling on your part, to insure your doing even as we. We do not think that there is anything repugnant to your nature or habits in the principles or measures of the cause. We have seen more fastidious and more exclusive beings than you, repenting as of a sin of the disposition you are cherishing as a virtue, the moment that they really felt that they, as inhabitants of the United States, were responsible for the existence of Slavery. There is the most perfect freedom in the cause. All sorts of people find themselves in mutual co-operation, without constraint or annoyance. If you only really wanted the thing to be done! Ah—there, there alone, lies the difficulty!—

There is an excellent moral in the following exposure of the fashionable hypocrisy which characterizes some "good society" folks.

Domestic Asides,

OR TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.

I really take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner!
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here, and kiss the infant, dears—
(And give it, perhaps, the measles!)

Your charming boys I see are home
From Reverend Mr. Russell's:
'Twas very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new Brussels!)

What, little Clara left at home!
Well, now, I call that shabby:
I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A flabby, dabby, baby!)

And Mr. S., I hope he's well—
Ah! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup—
(The better for our brandy!)

Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You've come, of course, to spend the day—
(Thank Heaven, I hear the carriage!)

What, must you go! next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)

Good bye! good bye! remember all,
Next time you'll take your dinners!
(Now, David, mind! I'm not at home,
In future, to the Skinners!)

Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.
Who that knows N. P. Rogers, can mistake the author
of the two articles which follow?—Ed. Lib.

NEW-ENGLAND CONVENTION.

We had the privilege of attending on this grand occasion. Half a thousand delegates from ten or eleven states represented young anti-slavery there in the metropolis of the North. They truly represented their constituents. They met to give the old red dragon a broad side, and they poured into his soul and blood-smeared hulk, as deadly a fire as Paul Jones did into the British ship, when he sunk her in the night by a single shot. The dragon will die of that fire, if he never had received another. It was mortal—but it will be repeated. Assurance will be made more sure. He will flounder about and kick and beat the sea with his tail—for he is all sorts of a creature) and while he perishes, we will harpoon him and lance him and spear him and knife him.—War to the knife and the knife to the hilt, as they said at Saragosa. Not the Bowie knife—that is his weapon—but a knife sometimes called 'sword of the Spirit.' The Convention sat from Wednesday morning, May 30th, to Friday night following, and was thronged by thousands. It sat most of the time in the Marlboro' chapel, a beautiful new edifice, reared like the Pennsylvania Hall, for free discussion and free hearing of the word of God.

There are no pews in the chapel. The seats are free to all, who want to worship God. 'There are two places,' said a distinguished N. H. judge, 'where men ought to be equal—the church and the churchyard.' Marlboro' will seat, we should think, from 2000 to 3000 persons, and every seat a good one. Behind the pulpit ascends a platform, from which a series of seats ascends to the rear of the building, with steep ascent—the place of the singers. From the rear, on either hand, to front and centre of front extends the gallery—hung lightly and gracefully, and affording, alone, space for an immense congregation. Under this, in fair view from the pulpit, spreads the ground floor—the whole within beautiful and point blank reach of the pulpit, which seems the centre of gravity and of motion, as it were, of the whole interior. It is so planned that mobocracy can't approach it, in force. They can't burn it down, without burning the hotel and hazarding the heart of the city.

The father of Peleg Sprague of Faneuil Hall was chairman of the convention. 'A good cow may have a bad calf'—and what a 'capital calf' must he be, that can't discern the signs of times enough to foresee the evil of publicly and conspicuously and notoriously vindicating southern slaveholding, and assaulting the abolitionists for rousing the nation to suppress it; and shaking the brute mob by the ears to infuriate them and set them on to the friends of the slave!

Some account of the speakers and debates will be attempted hereafter. One day a storm seemed brewing that threatened the harmony, as it is called, of the Convention; but it turned out to be wholesome agitation merely. Anti-slavery harmony fears no storm. It is too deeply rooted to be endangered by tempests which shake only its branches. The rooting is storm proof. Their apparent 'discord' is 'harmony not understood' by the lookers on in Venice. It is the discord of personal independence and fearlessness of results—and the harmony of great principles and eternal truth whereon anti-slavery action will land all honest spirits. We ask no fictitious Union, no sham-harmony, no such harmony as belongs to a slaveholding Union. The Union we want is what will come of free and full agitation and discussion of time honored iniquities. A few worthy brethren protested against some doings of the convention. We honor their independence and fearlessness—but think that they were mistaken and that they will eventually see it, for they are discerning folks—some of them lynx-eyed.

James T. Austin ventured into the Convention. It chanced that Alvan Stewart touched upon the ineffable meanness of man-thieving—and the more ineffable despicability of acting as caterers and vindicators of this light-fingered economy here in the North.—*Herald of Freedom.*

From the Lady's Book.

NOT ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

'To fall on the battle field fighting for my dear country—that would not be hard.'—MS. in Miss Bremer's 'Neighbors.'

O, no, no,—let me lie
Not on a field of battle, when I die!
Let not the iron tread
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmed head;
Nor let the reeking knife,
That I have drawn against a brother's life,
Be in my hand, when death
Thunders along, and tramples me beneath
His heavy squadron's heels,
Or gory fellows of his cannon's wheels.

From such a dying bed,
Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red,
And the bald Eagle brings
The clustered stars upon his wide-spread wings,
To sparkle in my sight,
O, never let my spirit take her flight.

I know that Beauty's eye
Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly,
And brazen helmets dance,
And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance:—

I know that bards have sung,
And people shouted, till the welkin rung,
In honor of the brave,
Who on the battle-field have found a grave;—

I know that, o'er their bones,
Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.
Some of these piles I've seen:—

The one at Lexington, upon the green,
Where the first blood was shed,
That to my country's independence led;

And others, on our shore,
The Battle Monument at Baltimore,
And that on Bunker's Hill.

Ay, and abroad, a few more famous still:—
Thy 'Tomb,' Themistocles,
That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas,

And which the waters kiss
That issue from the gulf of Salamis:—
And thine, too, have I seen,

Thy mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green,
That, like a natural knoll,
Sheep climb and nibble over, as they stroll,

Watched by some turban'd boy,
Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.

Such honors grace the bed,
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,
And hears, as life ebbs out,

The conquered flying, and the conqueror's shout.
But, as his eyes grow dim,
What is a column, or a mound to him?

What, to the parting soul,
The mellow note of bugles? What the roll
Of drums? No—let me die

Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly,
And the soft summer air,
As it goes by me, stirs my thin white hair,

And, from my forehead, dries
The death-damp, as it gathers, and the skies
Seem waiting to receive

My soul to their clear depths!—Or, let me leave
The world, when, round my bed,
Wife, children, weeping friends are gathered,

And the calm voice of prayer
And holy hymning shall my soul prepare
To go and be at rest,
With kindred spirits—spirits who have blessed
The human brotherhood
By labors, cares, and counsels for their good.

And, in my dying hour,
When riches, fame, and honor have no power
To bear the spirit up,
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup,
That all must drink, at last,
O, let me draw refreshment from the past!
Then, let my soul run back,
With peace and joy, along my earthly track,
And see that all the seeds,
That I have scattered there, in virtuous deeds,
Have sprung up, and have given,
Already, fruits of which to taste is heaven!

And, though no grassy mound
Or granite pile say 'tis heroic ground,
Where my remains repose,
Still will I hope—vain hope, perhaps!—that those,
Whom I have striven to bless,—
The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless,—
May stand around my grave,
With the poor prisoner, and the poorer slave,—
And breathe an humble prayer,
That they may die like him, whose bones are mould-
ering there.

Boston, Sept. 1843.

From the Boston Courier.
THE KING OF THE SOUTH.

A Ballad (not in Percy) edited and awfully dedicated to General Quattlebaum.

BY A YANKEE.

The King described.
There lived a King once in the South;
A terrible man was he,
There came not a syllable out of his mouth
But was bigger than big could be;
No dictionary could sate the drought
Of his thirsty dignity.

His Eloquence. His mighty Men.
His talk was of nothing but guns and drums,
And his own unequalled might;
And thought no man worthy to pick up the crumbs
Of his valor in talk or fight;—
The bare thought of his General Quattlebaums
Would put an army to flight.

Is brave in his own eyes. His look hath a certain defiant profanity
in it.
This valorous monarch was small in size,
But nature had given him instead
Such a thundering tongue as would jeopardize
A less electric head;
There was something that seemed to d—n your eyes
In the mildest word he said.

His Ignorance of Ptolemaic Learning. The use of the Sun explain-
ed and justified.
He knew but little of geography,
For he had a kind of notion,
That his kingdom was all the sun could see
In looking from ocean to ocean—
And indeed, that to warm his half a pea,
The sun was kept in motion.

His Throne. His Soliloquy.
He sat on a throne of flesh and bone,
Like his cousin, the King of Dahomey;
And said he, "I feel right when I hear the groan
Of the living black mass before me;
They may writhe and struggle and gasp and moan,
But they cannot overthrow me!"

The existence of other Countries surmised. The People of incre-
dible vulgarity.
Now there was a country northeastward of his,
Though luckily he got no word of it,
Or his eagle armies had swooped ere this
And made a mere chip-bird of it;
They were working folks there, and 't was well for their
bliss
That he could n't deign to have heard of it.

The King rebuketh certain Travellers, and aith his Latin and his
piety, whereof he hath store.
Some travellers had told him there was such a place,
But he would n't believe it was true;
"Not live on their neighbors, and white in the face?
They might as well swear they were blue."
Then he quoted bad Latin, and said a long grace,
And sat down to a cannibal stew.

He licketh his Lips. His mechanical turn.
Now this working people did trade in ships,
And some of them chanced to be brought
Where the mighty monarch sat licking his lips,
In an ecstasy of thought—
For he'd just invented a new kind of whips,
That would feel a man's flesh as they ought.

His Economy. His knowledge of Scriptural Anatomy. His prompt-
ness.
Now he thought he could try them as well on the skins,
Of these low trading folks from the East,
More especially as he beheld in their shins,
The undoubted mark of the beast;
So he turns up his coat-sleeves and straightway begins
To enjoy a true chivalrous feast.

His Politeness. His Philosophy.
"He was sorry to trouble 'em, but then 't was a fact,
That his skill if unused would but keep ill;"
And still, as the lash wound about them and crack'd,
He called them the luckiest people.
"For a man was as useless except to be whack'd,
As a church without a steeple."

The ignorance of the Barbarians, and their ingratitude. An Em-
bassador deputed.
But they, being working folks, never could look on it
In the same kind of chivalrous light,
And, when they got home, they so foolishly took on, it
Was deemed to be proper and right
To send a staid man, who could talk like a book on it,
To open his majesty's sight;

The Daily Press bloweth its Trumpet before him, and has a pious
horror.
A respectable man, who like pure mathematics,
Could convince without giving offence;
Who had nothing to do with your crazy fanatics,
Who had jumped on the wrong side the fence,
Who live in back streets, up in garrets and attics,
To annoy men of sound common sense.

The King's Wrath. His Independence. His Threat.
But the King was indignant; he "wanted to know
What they sent their plebeian down there for,
He would flog whom he liked, whether friend or foe,
Without giving a why or a wherefore;
If they did n't look sharp, he would hang him to show
What the rest of 'em had to prepare for."

General Q. His artifice. He consults his aid de camp. He swear-
eth.
He ordered General Quattlebaum
To march, with his army behind him;
But the General played sick, and could n't come,
And hid were they could not find him;
Till, having made friends with a half-pint of rum,
And hearing the enemy's force, he twirled thumb
And swore that he did n't mind him.

His Prudence. His Cantal.
So he gathered some ten thousand warriors or more,
And, keeping behind 'em himself, he
Drove 'em at last to the very inn's door
Where the "Agent" was laid on the shelf. He
Then sent up "to tell the Ambassador
That, if he warn't gone in a half-hour more,
He would blow him to Pheladelphia!"

The "Agent" pondereth. He thinketh discretion the wife of valor.
His courteous answer.
Not liking this very cheap method of travel,
And caring to make no resistance,
And thinking the skein he had got to unravel
Could be done just as well at a distance,
The Ambassador "thanked him, but preferred to scratch
gravel,
Without his ingenious assistance."

His retreat. The General payeth his army, and exerts his valor
pro aris et focis, yet tempereth it with prudence.
So, pulling up stakes, he gave them the slip
Before they had time to draw trigger;
And the General, down to each finger-tip,
Felt valiantly and bigger;
He treated his men to a gallon of flip,
And, having nobody else to whip,
Went home and whipped a small nigger.
(Explicit pars prima.)

Corrected out wrong misprints

of one line for name of

to those found of house 20 per hour

37 00

5081-87, May 28, 1803

This distinguished writer and poet appeared upon the Anti-Slavery platform at the New-England Convention, and made a speech in vindication of his recusant brethren who stood aloof from the abolition enterprise,—or in other words did what they could to obstruct it. The burden of their defence was, that they wanted *light*. Give them light, said Mr. Pierpont, and they are with you;—we ask but for light. 'Give him but light, and Ajax asks no more.' Now it seems to us that no greater reproof could be administered—a severer sentence of disapprobation be pronounced, than is included in this vindication. Light wanted? and by whom and on what subjects? Why, by the learned and titled clergy—the rabbies—the teachers—the luminaries of the land—the sources of other people's light—the fountains whence all other orbs draw light. They in the dark—the very suns of the time, who will bear the suggestion from an abolitionists as illy as the Pope would bear a hint of his fallibility from a Protestant! The protestant, learned, educated, doctorated divines of the land of liberty, when the 19th century is in its 39th year, in want of light—their 'lamps gone out!' Are they not out of oil? Light on what subject? Why, on the first principles of the New-Testament—on the application of the 'Love thy neighbor as thyself'—on the 'Who is my neighbor?' They want to see their way clear to advocate the immediate abolition, by repentance and reformation, of the most diabolical system of enslaving people in America—of stealing and selling little children—of parents selling their own children, yea, rearing them for sale, as farmers do colts or steers and pigs. Poor, benighted doctors, they want a lantern! We want light, said Rev. J. Pierpont; we long for it as the hart panteth after the water-brook. A most singular illustration of the feeling of these men and their conduct in relation to the sunshine every where abroad on this subject. Why, they could find light by opening their eyelids. They could see if they would look. They can see. They do see. They can't shut their eyes to the light that blazes through the land like sun-rise, or like broad lightning. It strikes through eyelids that are shut and compressed together between eye-brow and cheek-bone. It can't be kept out by any organic obscuration. The hart after the brook!—a poor dog rather, under hydrophobia, falling into convulsions at the sound of a brook-ripple, or the spout of a water trough! A bat at mid-day caught out of his nook of concealment. Let them look to it. They want light to see a way to be rid of slavery without repentance and reformation—in other words, without falling into the ranks of abolitionists—without stooping to follow Garrison.

'And Ajax asks no more.'

Ajax was in a fog when he uttered this, thrown on him, if we remember right, by Apollo the very god of day, to keep him from doing mischief to the friends and worshippers of that divinity. Ajax was a heathen, a warrior; but even the heathen fighting man did not want light to see the character of slavery. He would not have defended child-stealing and women-selling, if Apollo had heaped an Egyptian night on to his head.

It was painful to see John Pierpont, the author of 'A Word from a Petitioner,' groping for light at noon-day. But he will not long grope. He will write himself into day. The sheep of Pennsylvania Hall, one would think, might show him his way.—It is not light that is wanted: it is singleness of eye. If their eye were single, their whole body would be full of light.

Can they doubt of the guilt of slaveholding? Can they doubt of the justice and safety of immediate abolition? Can they doubt the sin of opposing thus? Can they doubt that the abolitionists are, under God, fast bringing it about? Can they think this is not the way, and that there can be any other way under heaven? No—no.—*Id.*

HINGHAM PIC-NIC.

Had the day appointed been a pleasant one, and the celebration of the first of August held on that day instead of the next, there would have been time enough to have given some account of it in last week's paper. It is proverbial that anti-slavery meetings in Plymouth county, and especially in Hingham, are always appointed on rainy days: that it was so on this occasion was unfortunate; if for no other reason than because I am to tell a "twice told tale" to a large proportion of the readers of the Standard. Those who have read it before will pardon the repetition for the sake of those who have not, and these will pardon its incompleteness, because it is too old a story now to consume much time with.

By some who were there it will be remembered only as a day of disasters. With them it began in annoyance, and ended in downright wretchedness. The heat was oppressive; and while the Essex, Suffolk, and Middlesex, delegations were crowded together for an hour, on the wharf, in Boston, awaiting the arrival of the boat, the Plymouth and Norfolk delegations, stood two hours in the streets of Hingham, under the burning sun, anxiously looking for the arrival of their friends. "This is as bad as the Black Hole in Calcutta," said one. "Why, no!" said another, "for we've plenty of fresh air." "Ay!" replied the first, "but the Black Hole was so shady!" But all these annoyances were soon forgotten when the pleasures of the day really commenced, and would not have been remembered had not worse befallen those who came by water, on their return at night.

In Hingham it was a *real* celebration, such as all the people get up for the 4th of July, or some other national gala day. The rising sun was greeted by the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells. The principal streets, and even one of the churches, were adorned with flags hung from the most conspicuous positions. Nor were we allowed to forget that it was not Freedom in our own country that we were commemorating, for zealous Whigs and Democrats were careful to hang out their banners also, with the names of Clay and Frelinghuysen, Polk and Dallas, Polk and Texas, inscribed thereon, that all the people should remember, that treachery to Liberty, was the first requisite in a Candidate for the Chief Magistracy of this great, glorious, and free country. The town was absolutely thronged with people. The neighboring villages all turned out in every possible description of vehicle, from those that carried two, to those that carried twenty, and came literally "an army with banners." Hundreds came from a distance of twenty and thirty miles, in Anti-Slavery procession, and none, in all the country round, that stared at them as they passed, but knew that it was West India Emancipation which called forth all this enthusiasm, and were reminded thereby of our own three millions chattel slaves. The farmer and the mechanic, as they passed from their labors in the field and the workshop, and their wives and daughters as they ran to the windows to watch the passing pageant, read in the long line of carriages, with their waving banners, a lesson in Anti-Slavery. Plymouth County was one great lecture-room that day, and few in it so dull, that were not taught to remember that the chains which still bound the limbs of Americans, had been stricken from the limbs of British subjects.

The various delegations at length got together, and the procession moved. In ranks of from four to seven, it yet was a mile in length. With several bands of music it marched through the village, and wound its slow length along through the green fields to the grove. It was a noble and a cheering sight, these thousands gathered together there, in such a way, and for such a purpose, and one which Massachusetts alone can give. The Chief Marshal, Jairus Lincoln, with his Aids, H. W. Williams, and Nathan Lincoln, did their duty admirably, and kept the different sections of the procession in their proper places. The host was led by nearly fifty young girls,—Hebes they were called, and rightly,—all in white, and

wearing the prettiest possible straw hats, trimmed with wreaths of living flowers and leaves. Very beautiful did these young girls look, and most appropriate was it that they should be the escort, on an occasion which woman's head and woman's heart had done so much to create, and in a cause which appeals, not to men's rough passions, but

to the gentler, and purer, and more loving nature, which belongs to woman. But these were not the only females in the procession, as there were many others,—perhaps half of the whole number,—who took their places in the proper delegations. In one instance two of them acted as guards to a banner, each carrying a tassel. But these, I believe, were amateur Abolitionists for this occasion only. I give here the order of the procession, copied from the Liberator, with a description of the banners:

The Chief Marshal and Aids on horseback.

Legion of Honor, composed of fifty young ladies, dressed uniformly in white, with wreaths of oak leaves.

Hingham banner, of white silk, bearing on one side the motto, "Still achieving—still pursuing," with a most beautiful and appropriate device, expressing success and aspiration, and on the reverse, "Hingham Anti-Slavery Society, formed 1835."

Abolitionists of Hingham.

Marshal of Plymouth County.

Abington banner, with the motto, "No union with Slaveholders, religiously or politically," and a beautiful device representing the Genius of Freedom shrinking from the offered hand of the slave-driver.

Abington Delegation. Banner—motto, "Great is Truth, Great is Liberty, Great is Humanity, and they must and will prevail."

Other towns of Plymouth Co. in Alphabetical order.

Hanson Banner, with a device representing the Eagle of America trampling a prostrate slave, a bloodhound in the act of seizing the victim, and a file of soldiers pointing their muskets at his body, with the motto, "This is American Liberty," and below, "Truth shall set you free."

Hanover and other delegations from Plymouth County. Kingston Banner—device, a kneeling slave—motto, "No union with Slaveholders."

Kingston and other towns.

Banner. Motto, "Our fanaticism: 'All men are created equal—thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

Other Delegations.

Plymouth Banner, representing the landing of the Pilgrims, with the date 1620.

Plymouth and other towns.

Banner. Motto, "God himself is with us for our Captain."

Other towns in Plymouth County.

Essex County.

The gorgeous Banner of the American Anti-Slavery Society, presented at the late N. E. Convention.

Towns in Essex County.

Banner. Motto, "Immediate emancipation the duty of the master, and the right of the slave."

Representatives of Lynn, with banners.

Banner. Device, the Liberty Bell; Motto, "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land."

Delegates, from other towns in Essex county.

Banner. Motto, "Shall a republic which could not bear the bonds of a king, cradle a bondage which a king has abolished?"

Salem and other towns of Essex.

Suffolk Marshal.

Holmes' Boston Band.

Banner. Device, the hour of emancipation; representing a slave at sunrise on the 1st of Aug. 1834, with the chains falling from his limbs, from which they have just been broken.

Motto, "This is the Lord's doing. Slavery abolished in the British West Indies, 1st August, 1834."

Boston Delegates.

Banner. Motto, "The Almighty has no attribute which can take sides with the slaveholder."

Chelsea, with a banner of blue silk, inscribed with the word, "Chelsea," in gold letters.

Norfolk Marshal.

Dorchester Banner. Gold letters on an azure field. Device, a Slaveholder presenting a deed of emancipation to his chattel personal. Motto, "Our watchword, Let the oppressed go free." Beneath the device, "Be just and fear not."

Dorchester and other delegations.

Banner. "The Liberator," with the initials W. L. G. enclosed in an oak wreath, and the motto, "I am in earnest! I will not equivocate! I will not excuse! I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard!" taken from the first No. of the paper.

Milton, with a banner.

Banner. Device—a Cap of Liberty. Motto, "God never made a tyrant nor a slave."

Other towns in Norfolk county.

West Roxbury Banner. Motto—"He hath sent me to preach deliverance to the captive."

Walpole and other delegations.

Weymouth Banner.

"No union with slaveholders."

Weymouth and other towns of Norfolk county.

Delegates from other counties.

At the entrance of the grove was an arch of green boughs, on which were the following inscriptions:

"Welcome all to Freedom's Altar."

"Prayer-strengthened for the trial, come together; Put on the harness for the moral fight; And with the blessing of your Heavenly Father, Maintain the right."

There were several of these arches most skillfully and beautifully made, and on each was an inscription. On the second was the line:

"God made us free! then fetter not a brother's limbs!"

On the next:

"True freedom is to share All the chains our brothers wear."

And on the fourth:

"True freedom is to be Earnest to make others free."

The fifth and last, beneath which the procession passed, was near the tables, and the place of meeting:

"Hail, friend of Truth, thou enterest here, The grove long named Tranquillity— O! let thy soul then breathe sweet peace, Pure love, and true humility."

Immediately after the immense concourse of people had all reached the place of meeting, and order was in some sort obtained, the exercises of the day were commenced by nine cheers and a prayer.

A fitter place for an out-door meeting could not have been chosen. It was near the edge of the wood on the south and west side, shaded almost completely from the sun, but within reach of all the breeze there was a stirring. The ground formed a natural amphitheatre, in the centre of which the rostrum for the speakers and the Hutchinsons, was placed, who were thus within sight and hearing of the whole six or eight thousand by whom they were surrounded. On the hill-sides seats were arranged, which accommodated several thousands. On the top of one of these hills the tables were placed in a hollow-square, and loaded with every variety of food, and adorned with superb bouquets of flowers, and beautiful moss-baskets. These tons of provisions vanished in a marvellously short time before the hungry multitude, when the signal for eating was given. Some,—it is hoped, not Abolitionists—far transcended the bounds of decency in their feeding, and quite forgot that others must go hungry for their gorging. But little time however was consumed in these matters, when the people betook themselves to listening to speeches from Quincy, Pierpont, Douglass, James Freeman Clarke, White, Clapp, the venerable Father Sprague,—whom all welcomed back again, after a long illness, to an Anti-Slavery meeting—Howe, and Russel, of Hingham, and Johnson. The following letters from Mr. Adams and his son, were read at the opening of the meeting:

The sun was setting ere the great mass of the people dispersed, and even then they seemed to go reluctantly.

The Suffolk, Essex, and Middlesex delegations, with the few who came from more distant counties,—for there were some present from fifty and sixty miles inland,—embarked on board the Portland to return to Boston. But a thick fog coming up, she was obliged to anchor for the night. Here were fifteen hundred people crowded together with scarcely room to stand, and without food, or even water. Fatigued as they all were, it was no joking matter, but they made a joke of it, and vied with each other in good humor, and pleasant wit and laughter, all the night long. To the women and children, or the most feeble of them, the berths were given up, while the rest stood up, who had been standing, some of them, all the day. Those who could find any place wheron to rest their weary

limbs were fortunate, though it were no better than three feet of space into which a six-foot friend of ours coiled himself, willing to compound with the cramp and the long legs of some other wight dangling about his head, for a little rest. One youth lay upon the rail, and dreaming probably of his own bed at home, turned over, and woke up six feet under water. Fortunately he was rescued.—Parents were glad of a seat that they might hold their child by turns till morning. A loaf of bread was esteemed a capital pillow, though had its substance been known, the pillow would have been eaten for a "night-cap."—As they had no supper, they talked about breakfast, and resolved themselves into a committee of the whole on the subject, and made many moving speeches thereon, and rung the bell for the passengers to call at the captain's office and purchase their tickets, till somebody dispelled the pleasing illusion by moving that it be "laid on the table." Many, no doubt, suffered much, but on the whole it was a remarkable instance of the pursuit of pleasure under difficulties, and great credit certainly is due them all, for the imperturbable good humor, and even gaiety,

From the German of Oehlenschläger.

TO COLUMBUS DYING.

BY W. H. FURNESS.

Soon with thee will all be over,
Soon the voyage will be begun,
That shall bear thee to discover
Far away a land unknown.

Land, that each alone must visit,
But no tidings bring to men,
For no sailor, once departed,
Ever hath returned again.

No carved wood, no broken branches,
Ever drift from that far wild,
He who on that ocean launches
Meets no corse of angel-child.

All is mystery before thee,
But in peace, and love, and faith,
And with hope attended, sail'st thou
Off upon the ship of Death.

Undismayed, my noble sailor,
Spread, then, spread thy canvass out;
Spirit! on a sea of ether
Soon shalt thou serenely float!

Where the deeps no plummet soundeth,
Fear no hidden brakers there,
And the fanning wing of angels,
Shall thy bark right onward bear.

Quit now, full of heart and comfort,
These Azores—they are of earth;
Where the rosy clouds are parting,
There the Blessed Isles loom forth.

Seest thou now thy San Salvador?
Him, thy Saviour, thou shalt hail,
Where no storms of earth shall reach thee,
Where thy hope shall no more fail.

THE THREE SONS.

BY THE REV. J. MOULTRE, A. M.

(Of the Church of England.)

[Here is a gem of the first water. The melody of the verse, the freshness, sweetness, and simplicity of the sentiments, have but few parallels within the range of our reading. Each of the portraits is perfect. Could there be any thing more life-like? And while we love to dwell upon their infant innocence in all the dew and blossom of its most winning purity, can we fail to admire the tenderness which so touchingly paints each breathing form in the softest hues of a father's gentlest affection?] G.

I.

I have a son, a little son,
A boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness,
A mind of gentle mould.

They tell me that unusual grace
In all his ways appears,
That my child is grave, and wise of heart,
Beyond his childish years.

I cannot say how this may be;
I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness
Is his sweet and serious air.

I know his heart is kind and fond,
I know he loveth me,
But he loveth yet his mother more,
With grateful fervency.

But that which others most admire,
Is the thought that fills his mind,
The food for grave, inspiring speech,
He every where doth find.

Strange questions doth he ask of me,
When we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think,
Or talks as children talk.

Nor cares he much for childish sports,
Dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works,
And aptly mimics all.

His little heart is busy still,
And oftentimes perplex'd,
With thoughts about this world of ours,
And thoughts about the next.

He kneels at his dear mother's knees,
She teaches him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn, then,
Are the words which he will say.

Oh, should my gentle child be spared,
To manhood's years, like me,
A holier and a wiser man
I trust that he will be.

And when I look into his eyes,
And on his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel,
Were I to loose him now.

II.

I have a son, a second son,
A simple child of three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair
His little features be.

I do not think his light blue eye
Is like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow full of childish thought,
As his hath ever been.

But his little heart's a fountain pure,
Of kind and tender feeling,
And his every look's a gleam of light,
Rich depths of love revealing.

When he walks with me, the country folk,
Who pass us in the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy,
He looks so mild and sweet.

A playfellow is he to all,
And yet with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love,
When left to sport alone.

His presence is like sunshine, sent
To gladden home, the earth,
To comfort us in all our griefs,
And sweeten all our mirth.

Should he grow up to riper years,
God grant his heart may prove,
As sweet a home for heavenly grace,
As now for earthly love.

And if, beside his grave, the tears
Our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love
Which we shall lose in him.

III.

I have a son, a third sweet son,
His age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months,
Where he hath gone to dwell.

To us, for fourteen anxious months,
His infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth,
And went to live in heaven.

I cannot tell what form is his,
What looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns
His shining seraph brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul,
The bliss which he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things
Which God will not reveal.

But I know, for God hath told me this,
That he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants are,
Upon a Saviour's breast.

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain,
His bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and pain,
But his is certain peace.

It may be that the tempter's wiles
Their souls from bliss may sever,
But if our own poor faith fail not,
He must be ours forever.

When we think on what our darling is,
And what we still must be;
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss,
And this world's misery;

When we groan beneath this load of sin,
And feel this grief and pain,
Oh, we'd rather lose our other two,
Than have him back again.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

BY MARY HOWITT.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, about thirty miles from Boston, December 10, 1805. His maternal grand-parents were English emigrants, of the name of Lloyd, residents in Lower Canada. His father was Abijah Garrison, the captain of a vessel which traded to the West Indies; he was a man of excellent abilities; a good navigator, and fine poet. All his noble qualities, however, natural and acquired, were negated by an unfortunate passion for liquor, which ruined all his prospects in life, caused him to abscond from his family while his children were quite young, leaving them in a state of utter destitution. The mother thus deserted, and left to struggle with adversity, was one of God's noblest creatures. Her beauty of person was remarkable, and accordant with her character of mind. She was of a tall, majestic figure, singularly graceful in deportment and carriage; her features were fine, and expressive of a high intellectual character; and her hair so luxuriant and rich, that when she unbound it, like that of Godiva of old, it fell around her like a veil. The outward being, however, was but a faint image of the angelic nature within; she was one of those who inspire at once love and reverence; she took high views of life and its duties; and, consequently, when adversity came upon her as an armed man, she was not overcome. Life had lost its sunshine, but not its worth; and, for her own and her children's sake, she combated nobly with poverty and sorrow. Her influence on her children, more especially on her son William, was very great; he venerated her while yet a child; not a word or a precept of her's was ever lost—his young heart treasured up all—unknowing that these in after life should become his great principles of action. To illustrate the conscious and firm character of this admirable woman, we must be permitted to give an anecdote of her whilst yet young. Her parents were of the Episcopal Church, and among the most bigoted of that body. In those days the Baptists were a despised people, and it was reckoned vulgar to be of their community. One day, however, it was made known through the neighbourhood where she lived, that one of these despised sectaries would preach in a barn, and a party of gay young people, one of whom was the lovely and gay Fanny Lloyd, agreed for a frolic to go and hear him. Of those who went to scoff, one remained to pray; this was Fanny Lloyd. Her soul was deeply touched by the meek and holy spirit of the preacher; she wept much during the sermon, and when it was over, the preacher spake kindly to her. From that day a change came over her mind; she would no longer despise and ridicule the Baptists; and before long, announced to her astonished and indignant parents that she found it necessary for the peace of her soul, to become publicly one of that despised body. Nothing could equal the exasperation which followed this avowal. They threatened that if she allowed herself to be baptized, they would turn her out of doors. It was not a matter of choice, but of stern duty with her; she meekly expostulated—she besought them with tears to hear her reasons, but in vain. She could not, however, resist that which she believed to be her duty to God; she was baptized, and had no longer a home under her parents' roof. She then took refuge with an uncle, with whom she resided several years. This early persecution only strengthened her religious opinions; and she remained through life a zealous advocate of those peculiar views for which she had suffered so much.

At the time of her husband's desertion, Mrs. Garrison was left with five children, two of whom died soon afterwards. When her son William was about seven, she found it necessary to remove from Newburyport to Lynn. She was in very low circumstances, and having taken upon herself the profession of a sick-nurse, was induced to remove to Lynn, in the hope of better success in her calling. She took with her her eldest son James, a boy of extraordinary promise—wonderfully gifted like herself, and, like her, remarkable for his handsome person. James was her favourite child, and she looked forward to his being the stay and comfort of her declining years. Her son William, and her only remaining daughter, then quite young, she left at Newburyport, both of them under the care of good people of the Baptist persuasion. William was placed with one of the most excellent of men, although he was poor, and had no better means of gaining a livelihood than by setting the edges of saws, and splitting wood for fuel. This good man was a deacon in his church, and by name, Ezekiel Bartlett. The boy was in the place of son to him; and both he and his wife, who had the utmost veneration for his mother, assumed at once the paternal character to-

wards him. Now and then his own mother came over to see him and his sister; and those visits were joyful holidays of the heart to all parties. If the poor can afford fewer indulgences than the rich, there is perhaps all the greater zest and intensity about that few which may make the balance somewhat even. So was it in the case of these good but poor people.

It was fortunate for the children that in the houses of their protectors they received sound religious and moral instruction; and though in after life, William found many an early-taught dogma to reject, and some sectarian shackles to shake off, yet the good teaching of those years has given a tone to the whole life of the man.

He remained with the kind-hearted deacon until he was eleven, when his mother took him to live with her at Lynn. He had, however, during these years, been to school, had learned to read and write, and in the intervals of learning had helped the good old man to split wood for the inhabitants of the town. During the last six months of his abode here he was put to a grammar school, which appeared to him a magnificent school, and where he was enabled to learn something of arithmetic, grammar, and geography. It is astonishing, however, how little scholastic knowledge is needful for the greatest and best men of the world, and for those who are the soundest benefactors of their race. Greek and Latin, however much they may improve the head, do but little for the heart. William Lloyd Garrison took no degrees in any university.

At eleven years old, to his sorrow, he left the grammar school, and removed to Lynn, to his mother. She had apprenticed her beloved son, James, to the trade of a shoemaker, in Boston; her second son, also, she put to the same business. He was extremely small of his age; so small, indeed, that his apron seemed bigger than himself, and the people laughed, and said he was no larger than a last. We will take this opportunity of saying something of the elder brother, the beauty of whose mind unhappily, was early dimmed. James, when he went to Boston, had the utmost aversion to ardent spirits; but being the youngest apprentice, was sent to fetch into the workshop the liquor for the men. He was laughed at, and subjected to persecution, because he would not drink; the trial, unfortunately, was too great for him; in a few years he drank with the best of them. One temptation led to another; and before his apprenticeship was completed, he ran away and entered the United States' navy, where he led a most irregular life. In the end, his conduct broke his mother's heart. Many a time has she said—"Nothing less than a cannon-ball could kill Fanny Lloyd;" but the misconduct of this beloved son did it. Poor James, even in his fall, had great pride of feeling, and always hoped the day would come when he should return home a reformed and altered man. He was naturally brave, and full of generous sentiments, and was fond of an adventurous life, which he hoped to enjoy on the seas. He enlisted after some time, in a British ship, engaged in the pursuit of pirates, in the West Indies; but such were the horrors practised on board, by inhuman floggings and other modes of punishment, that he and two others, deserted. They concealed themselves in the woods for some time, but were then taken and carried to the Havana, where they were sentenced to receive three hundred lashes each, to be given in sight of the whole fleet. His two companions died under the sentence; he survived, a spirit-crushed man. After he had been gone ten years, and when all supposed him dead, his brother William received a letter from him, written from a hospital, asking if he could bear to come and see him. William visited him. He now hoped to atone for the past; he was repentant, and full of tender affection. Misfortune, however, pursued him to the last, spite of all his better will; for, scarcely had he left the hospital, when he fell in with a gang of ruffians, who made him drunk, stripped him of all he had, and betrayed him again into the navy. The case was one of clear outrage and wrong; and his brother, through the help of some influential man, obtained his liberation; but body and soul were alike subdued, and in less than twelve months he died.

We now return to the little boy William, working at the shoemaking trade, which he very much disliked. His mother, soon after this, removed to Baltimore, in Maryland; and the poor lad grew more and more unhappy, homesick, as it were, pining for the society of his sister, and those dear, good people at Newburyport, from whom he was separated. This being the case, his mother, who had no other wish than the well-being and happiness of her children, consented to his return there. It was a joyful day to old deacon Bartlett and his wife, when he came back to them; he seemed doubly their own child. He made no secret of his dislike to the shoemaking business, so the deacon put him apprentice to a cabinet-maker, in the town of Haverhill, about fourteen

miles from Newburyport. The boy, however, was hard to please; this trade suited him no better than shoemaking; he was very unhappy, and again grew so homesick that the dear, kind old man consented to humour him once more, and bring him back under his roof.

Again he was sent to school, and again he helped the deacon to split fire-wood. In the meantime the old man was thinking anxiously what trade must be found for this boy, who would neither be a shoemaker nor a cabinet-maker. Fortunately, he hit upon the printing business; that, perhaps, might suit him, if nothing else did; and, for the third time, he was put apprentice. There is a proverb which says that the third time pays for all: it was verified here. The boy at once was in his element—this was better even than the grammar school, which he had mourned so at leaving. He wanted nothing which the printing-house could not afford him. In October, 1818, at the age of thirteen, he was made perfectly happy, by finding himself the articled apprentice of Mr. Ephraim W. Allen, editor and proprietor of the *Newburyport Herald*. He was now in his element; he felt an inspiration about the business which seemed to call forth all the powers and energy of his soul; he found, also, through newspapers and journals from every part of the country, that information after which his mind was craving. He had always had, even when quite young, a perfectly ravenous appetite for knowledge of all kinds, especially such as represented itself in a narrative form. A book was at any time irresistible; and in his intervals of wood-cutting and running errands, he was always absorbed in the marvels of some romance or other of the Mrs. Radcliffe school. Now, however, a wider and much higher sphere of knowledge was opened to him, and he availed himself to the utmost of every means which the printing-house afforded for the improvement of his mind. Fortunately for him, Mr. Allen was a man capable of appreciating the character of his studious apprentice, who, at the same time that he seized every opportunity of gathering up information, was steady, industrious, and remarkably apt in the mechanical part of the business. William Garrison was a born printer; and so great is the pleasure he takes even now in the mere manual labour of printing, that, when at home, he devotes two days each week to setting the type for his *Liberator*. The very handling of type, he has been heard to say, is perfectly delightful to him.

The *Newburyport Herald* was a weekly paper, and it was his business to work both at the case and the press. No youth was ever happier than he was at that time. At the age of sixteen, he made his first essay in authorship, in the form of a communication to the paper. It was written in a disguised hand, and the circumstance was known only to himself. It was an humorous article on some subject of local interest, and was signed "An Old Bachelor;" and, though trifling in itself, was an event of deep interest to the young author, whose heart beat strongly when he saw the editor enter the office with the communication in his hand. Several gentlemen of the place happened at that moment to be in the office where he was at work, an object of little interest to them. The editor, who probably had already made himself acquainted with the communication, read it aloud to his friends: all commended it highly, and it was immediately handed to the boy for him to set up. This was excellent; he needed no more encouragement—a perfect *cacoethes scribendi* seized upon him. Week after week, communications flowed in from the now highly-respected A. O. B. (the initials of his first *nom de guerre*); and under

this signature, he wrote for some years, receiving from the editor himself, letters through the newspaper, complimenting him upon his abilities, and requesting "a continuance of favours." No one suspected the printer's hard-working apprentice to be the remarkable correspondent who wrote alike, poetry or prose, but principally political articles of a bold, uncompromising character, which were particularly acceptable in a town where party politics assumed a very violent tone. Even then, he was the great champion for liberty, wherever he saw it struggling against oppression. Wallace and Tall were the heroes of his ardent imagination; and he longed to signalize himself as they had done, in some great outbreak for freedom and mankind. So enthusiastic did he indeed become on the subject of national liberty, that every struggle for it, however remote, fired his very soul; and when the Greeks were combating for their liberty, he could hardly restrain himself from setting off and joining their armies. Indeed, such at this time were his views, that he seriously contemplated entering the Westpoint Academy, the great military school of the United States; but, fortunately, he stayed by the printing-press, and prepared himself still more for the great and noble struggle for humanity, in which he was to become the heaven-appointed and heroic leader.

Whilst a mere printer's boy, he established a debating society among the apprentices, at which they assembled weekly, for the presentation of original articles, and for discussion and debate; all which has been greatly beneficial to him in his after career. This debating society was the means of inducing him to give up his meditated martial expeditions; for it was deeply interesting to him, and without his presence it must infallibly have gone to the ground.

For several years Mr. Allen never detected his unknown correspondent, and his apprentice gloried in his profound secret. It happened, however, that Mr. Allen retired from the editorship for a short time, in consequence of illness, and Mr. Cushing, at that time a barrister, took his place as editor *pro tem*. This gentleman has recently been minister to the Court of China, and is a man of splendid endowments, an eloquent orator, and member of Congress. During his editorship he detected the apprentice Garrison under the signature of A. O. B. but said not one word of his discovery until Mr. Allen's return, when, to the astonishment of all parties, he announced the "respected correspondent" and the industrious apprentice to be identical. Mr. Allen, instead of being annoyed at the trick that had been put up on him so long, at once acknowledged the talent of his young assistant, most kindly encouraged him in every way, and henceforth associated him in the editorship of the paper—being glad, like a wise man, to avail himself of the talent which was so near him; and such, indeed, was the confidence that this excellent man placed in him, that when he was but nineteen, during the absence of Mr. Allen for some time in Alabama, the editorship of the paper, and the entire management of the printing-office, was confided to his care. It was an honourable testimony to the young man's integrity and talent; and he vowed within himself to be worthy of the trust reposed in him. His powers seemed increased by the demand made upon them; he believed nothing beyond his attainment, and was inconceivably happy. At that time sleep seemed hardly requisite for him; he worked all day at the printing-office—not only attending to the editorship, but even taking part in the manual labour—and devoted the whole night to writing and study. His political models were Junius and Fisher Ames, one of the most beautiful and noblest minds of America, and one who died broken-hearted, because his country fell short of the celestial height to which he aspired for her. The character of this great and good man was the youth's admiration, as his essays were his models for composition. He wrote at this time, under the signature of Aristides, a series of Essays on National Affairs for the *Salem Gazette*, which were immediately copied into *Walsh's National Gazette*, the most distinguished literary and scientific paper of America, accompanied by highly eulogistic remarks. This was the greatest triumph the young writer had yet received; and, to enhance it still more, the authorship was attributed to the Hon. Timothy Pickering, one of the greatest minds of his country, and one who takes rank with the most distinguished revolutionary heroes and statesmen of his native land.

In December, 1825, having served upwards of seven years, his apprenticeship terminated, honourably to himself, and after having given the utmost satisfaction to his master. As might be expected, poor old deacon Bartlett had felt the greatest pride in his career; it was a supreme happiness to him that the first gentlemen of the town, and great politicians in the country, took notice of his young *protege*. Nor was it Ezekiel Bartlett alone who rejoiced in his well-being. Through his whole course his mother, the poor sick nurse of Baltimore, was his counsellor and friend. From his letters she was aware of the moral and intellectual advance of her son, and her spirit became his onward and upward companion. Like a guardian angel, she was ever with him; her letters were as talismans about his heart. The mother, at the distance of six hundred miles—the poor woman—the sick-nurse, whose offices of love had not, even for her, the luxury of free gifts—was forming the while the spirit of one of the noblest, purest, truest disciples who ever trod in the footsteps of Him who died for mankind. Blessed be such mothers, for they make the benefactors of the world!

A short time before young Garrison's term of apprenticeship expired, his mother, who had long spoken of her failing health, wrote, begging that she might yet once more see him in the flesh before she died; and his master kindly gave him permission to make this long journey. The mother and the son met; but what a change in the appearance of that mother! When he parted from her she was in her full strength and beauty—now he did not recognize her; sorrow for her unhappy son James had brought her to the brink of the grave. It was a heart-rending

meeting to him; the effect upon her, however, was otherwise, and scarcely had he been five minutes with her when she seemed his own beautiful mother again; for the glorious mind was not dimmed—her noble heart was not chilled—and the countenance again beamed with the light as of youth. His visit seemed to infuse new life into her; and the few days they spent together were days of unclouded happiness—days which left an influence upon his being that time could never efface. Scarcely had he left her, however, when the flame of life, which had for a moment brightened into such clear splendour, again sunk to revive no more, and in six weeks she died. His sister, who had been sent for by his mother, had died also of the yellow fever, twelve months before her own death.

After leaving Mr. Allen, and probably induced to the step by the great success which had attended his writings whilst with that gentleman, he purchased, and mainly through the pecuniary assistance of his friend, Mr. Allen, a newspaper, the name of which he immediately altered to that of the *Free Press*, altering at the same time its politics to those held so conscientiously by himself. This was a great undertaking for so young a man; and if industry and ability could have ensured its success, it must have succeeded. The whole of the editing, and the greater part of the manual labour, were performed by himself alone; he worked through the whole of most nights, and his editorial articles were set up in type without ever being committed to paper. This, great as was the labour, was of infinite service to him, by compelling him to a rapid and clear style of thought. The character of the paper soon attracted the attention of the editorial fraternity; but they, unfortunately, could not alone support the paper. Various adverse circumstances warred against it; agents were dishonest, and the young editor could command no capital to meet losses; in six months, therefore, this first effort of his laudable ambition was given up, and he found himself burdened by what was to him a large amount of debt.

Life had now assumed a gloomier and more earnest character; and the first page of this new chapter opened with a sorrowful leave-taking of his dear kind friends of Newburyport, and the setting out to Boston to seek employment as a journeyman, whose earnings, alas! could no longer be considered his own. To Boston he came, with high and honourable aspirations, but still with a depression of heart which was not lightly to be overcome. It was humiliating to the pride of one who had been a successful editor to solicit work as a journeyman; and then the debt, and the journeyman's small wages, were for ever associated in his mind. He was no longer the free and happy youth that he had been!

In Boston he knew but one person, a printer, who kept a boarding-house; but he fortunately was a kind-hearted man, who cordially received him under his roof, and assiduously sought for employment for him. Several weeks, however, elapsed before any employment was found, and then he was engaged as a journeyman by David Lee Child, the husband of Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, who at that time conducted a tri-weekly paper. Here he laboured with

unremitting assiduity, again working both by night and day, and had at length the happiness of disburdening himself of some of his debts. In the course of 1827 he was engaged on the *National Philanthropist*, a paper devoted to the subject of total abstinence, and the first paper in the world which was the advocate of this cause; and here it was that he became himself, from principle, a tee-totaller. After working upon this paper for some time as a journeyman, it passed into another proprietorship, and he became its editor. Whilst occupying this situation, Providence was gradually leading him through a chain of circumstances to the commencement of that great labour of love in which he should stand forth like his great Master, to preach liberty to the captive—to bind up the broken-hearted, and let the oppressed go free.

A little Quaker, hardly beyond a dwarf in stature, labouring likewise under the infirmity of deafness, Benjamin Lundy by name, was the first man in the United States who devoted his life to the abolition of Slavery. Small as was his outward frame, he possessed a soul of large capacity; he was gifted with great power of endurance, unquenchable zeal, wonderful perseverance, and the utmost disinterestedness of purpose. This man was the editor of a paper called the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, published in Baltimore, and devoted wholly to the abolition of Slavery. Garrison read this paper. Hitherto he had not turned his mind to this subject, but at once the enormity and folly of this great national sin of Slavery, and the outrage practiced through it upon humanity, burst upon his soul, and a new purpose and aim was given to his existence. A burden of human woe was laid upon him, and he vowed henceforth to consecrate his life,

as far as practicable, to the deliverance of his enslaved countrymen. Whilst this new path of duty was opening before him, in 1828, a deputation was sent to him from Bennington, in the State of Vermont, where the fame of his singular devotion and great talent had gone, to request him to go to that town and establish a paper there, mainly with a view to the re-election of John Quincy Adams to the Presidency of the United States. He went there, and started a paper called the *Spirit of the Times*, which, whilst it warmly espoused the cause of Mr. Adams, was mainly devoted to the promotion of peace, temperance, and moral reform, including the abolition of Slavery. Shortly after his coming to Bennington, also, he ventured to call a public meeting for the purpose of sending petitions to Congress for the abolition of Slavery; and in the course of a few weeks had the happiness of sending the most numerous signed petition that had ever been presented to Congress from any State on that subject. This activity in his favourite cause, together with the extraordinary talent exhibited by this young co-worker, attracted the attention of Benjamin Lundy, who immediately made a journey from Baltimore to the Green Mountains to visit him. Personal knowledge only increased his admiration and respect, and he most earnestly requested that he would join hand and heart with him in this great cause, and become joint-editor with him in the management of his paper. In compliance with the good man's earnest wish, and in order, likewise, to find a vent for that tide of Slavery opposition which was vehemently struggling within him, Garrison consented, and in the autumn of 1829 removed to Baltimore; and from that day devoted himself to the cause for which God had so evidently appointed him.

Accordant as Benjamin Lundy and William Lloyd Garrison were on the main question of the impolicy and sinfulness of Slavery, an immense difference soon discovered itself in their views respecting its abolition. Lundy, perhaps influenced by the somewhat timid and *juste milieu* practice of the religious society to which he belonged, and which practice is utterly at variance with the bold uncompromising spirit of its commencement, had been misled by the *ignis fatuus* of "gradual emancipation," which, as has been wittily observed, means "half way between now and never!" Garrison, on the contrary, was convinced, both by reason and reflection, that immediate and unconditional emancipation was the only remedy and atonement for the enormity of Slavery. Here was a marked difference between the men. Lundy, however, who could not himself embrace these broad principles of right, with a liberality which was worthy of him, permitted his new associate to advocate in their paper those doctrines which he held; and the first number of their journal hoisted the banner of what was called "Immediatism," in contradistinction to the old and hitherto considered liberal opinion of "Gradualism." A strong sensation was immediately produced, not only in the Southern but in the Northern States. This was a view of the question which moderate men could not entertain; and Garrison and his paper were considered as fanatical and dangerous. Lundy's character and his former moderation were of no avail; the supporters of the paper fell off on all hands; and the slaveholders, especially those of Maryland, determined to crush the publication under the form of law. The opportunity to do this occurred in the spring of 1830. It happened that a merchant of Newburyport, named Francis Todd, a fellow-townsmen of Garrison's in his early years, sent one of his ships to Baltimore laden with slaves for the Southern market. The fact of this man, whom he had known from childhood, having engaged in this horrible and unchristian traffic, excited in Garrison's breast the utmost indignation. Moreover, as a New England man, he resolved to show to the Southern slaveholders that he was no respecter of persons, and that he was as ready to denounce Northern as Southern participation in the guilt of the slave system. He reprobated in his paper, therefore, the conduct of Mr. Todd, in such terms as he thought his crime merited. He declared that there was no difference in principle between the foreign and domestic traffic in "slaves and the souls of men;" and, therefore, if any man deserved imprisonment for life, for a criminal act, it was Mr. Todd. Mr. Todd, of course, was exasperated; and, stimulated by the slaveholders of Baltimore, brought an action against Garrison for libel. On the trial, Garrison proved, by the custom-house books, that the number of slaves actually conveyed by the vessel exceeded that stated in the paper. But the greater truth the greater the libel. Besides this, the Judge before whom he was tried, one Nicholas Brice, was a man notorious for his pro-slavery principles, and extremely anxious to annihilate Mr. Garrison's dangerous paper. The jury, too, was a packed one, and nothing could be expected but

that he should be convicted of libel,—of seriously damaging the character of a man by charging him with carrying on a traffic which is authorized and protected by law!

A fine was imposed which Garrison was unable to pay. He was taken to prison, and confined in a cell which had just been vacated by a murderer, who had paid the extreme penalty of the law. After he had been upwards of a month in prison, he was liberated through the intervention of a perfect stranger to himself, but one who had become acquainted with his noble character through the paper on which he and Lundy were engaged. Arthur Tappan, a well-known merchant and philanthropist, of New-York, forwarded one hundred dollars, the amount of fine; and the champion of emancipation was again abroad.

During his imprisonment, however, his time was well employed: he wrote an account of his mock trial, which was published, and circulated far and wide throughout the States; and like seeds of fire scattered abroad, it kindled everywhere, even in the Southern States, a spirit of indignation, and called forth the sympathy of every generous heart towards the sufferer. He employed many hours also in making the very walls of his prison-cell the eloquent preachers of liberty. On these white-washed tablets he wrote denunciations of Slavery and its abettors; he proclaimed his own innocence, and called upon all to combat, nay, even to suffer in the great cause of God and man. Of these remarkable inscriptions we will present our readers with two sonnets,—the first intended to comfort and strengthen any future unfortunate occupant of that cell, who might, like himself, be doomed to inhabit it, though guilty of no other crime than that of endeavouring to dethrone tyranny and promote peace and goodwill among men: the other, according to our judgment, is one of the noblest effusions that ever left the pen of the poet.

I.
Prisoner! within these massive walls close pent,
Guiltless of horrid crime or trivial wrong,
Bear nobly up against thy punishment.
And in thy innocence be great and strong!
Perchance thy fault was—love to all mankind;
Thou didst oppose some vile, oppressive law,
Or strive all human fetters to unbind,
Or wouldst not bear the implements of war.
What then? Dost thou so soon repent the deed?
A martyr's crown is richer than a king's!
Think it an honour with thy Lord to bleed,
And glory 'midst the intensest sufferings!
Though beaten—imprisoned—put to open shame—
Time shall embalm and magnify thy name.

II. THE FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

High walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze;
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;
Yet scorn the immortal mind this base control!
No chains can bind it and no cell inclose:
Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!
It leaps from mount to mount—from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
It visits home to hear the fireside tale,
Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hour:—
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And in its watches wears every star!

This remarkable little poem, to the last two lines of which we would particularly call our readers' attention, was the instantaneous outbreak of feeling on his being immured in his cell. The jailer shot the bolts and turned the key, and the prisoner, thrilling with the energy and inspiration of truth and genius, inscribed this manly defiance of judicial tyranny on the walls which enclosed him.

On coming out of prison, the Apostle of freedom found new difficulties in his path; many hearts had grown timid, and no church or hall could be obtained in Baltimore for the delivery of a course of lectures against Slavery. The paper, also, in which he was associated with Lundy could no longer be supported weekly. He retired, therefore, from it, and its original proprietor again resumed its management as a monthly publication.

For some time the American Colonization Society had been exciting great attention in the United States, and Mr. Garrison, before coming to Baltimore, was disposed to look upon it favourably. He believed that its objects were glorious, as represented—the abolition of the foreign slave-trade, and the evangelization of Africa. On mingling, however, with the most worthy and intelligent free coloured people of Baltimore, he discovered that the society in truth vindicated the right of property in human flesh; was in favour of gradual abolition only on condition that the slave should be transported to Africa, from which his ancestors, not himself, were

brought; that it held the ferocious prejudice against a sable complexion to be natural, and, as it asserted, one not in the power of religion to eradicate, because it was the "ordination of Providence." The society, in fact, was only a cunning device of the slaveholders to banish the free coloured people, that the slaves might be held in more perfect bondage.

At this time the society was universally popular. The most eminent statesmen and persons of all political parties gave it their support, and fifteen of the States had officially sanctioned it; besides which, every religious denomination was enlisted in its cause. When the true nature of this society first revealed itself to Garrison, he could scarcely believe his senses. He stood alarmed and astounded at view of the tremendous conflict which was opening before him against disguised cruelty, hypocrisy, and fraud. What was he, argued the weaker spirit within him, that he should arraign such an august association before the bar of public justice? What was he—a young man without station, without influential connections, without wealth, and without any supporters? What could such an one, just liberated, too, from prison, do against the million? So reasoned the human nature of the man; but the strong spirit said—"Raise up thy voice for outraged humanity—unveil the insinuating mischief, and leave all to God!"

Accordingly he went to the North, and for some time found it impossible to obtain a public hearing. In Boston, not a chapel or public hall would open its doors to him. Finding all his attempts to disseminate his doctrines in this way fruitless, he resolved upon presenting himself as the apostle of freedom on the Common—a sort of public park—and under the free canopy of heaven to make the unfettered winds, as it were, his heralds to carry abroad the thunder-tones of his great argument. To our thinking, no fitter temple for the enunciation of his doctrines could have been found; but, however, a circumstance, which contains in itself a reproof and a reproach to professors of that doctrine which proclaims all men to be brothers, at length gave him the shelter and sanction of a roof. The disciples of Thomas Paine, infidels by profession, offered him the free use of their hall, for his advocacy of the rights of man. In an infidel hall, therefore, he first proclaimed "liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound." "I am a believer in Christianity," said he, at the close of his course of lectures, "and Boston is professedly a Christian city; hence, I blush, while I am constrained to acknowledge the superior humanity of what is called infidelity, to the Christianity of the day." This circumstance needs no comment; by their fruits, ye shall know them.

Great as was the force of conviction produced in many minds by these lectures, men of wealth and influence declined to aid Mr. Garrison—for his opinions were too extreme, his reform too radical, and, as yet, the Colonization Society, against which he waged war, was an idol which the so-called liberal and philanthropic worshipped. Nor was there yet any public organ by which he could disseminate his principles. These principles had already ruined several newspapers, and none would now lend their columns to the subject; much less would any capitalist embark his solid dollars in so perilous an enterprise. Garrison, at this moment standing alone, and without the means of commanding a single penny, counted the cost of this great warfare for humanity. He had nothing to lose but his life, and that he was willing to sacrifice, if God so willed. His spirit was as indomitable as his heart was noble, and he resolved, at all hazards, to go on. Still without money, how commence, much less carry on, a paper? His friends shook their heads at his "fanatical schemes." How was the first number of his paper to be brought out, much more sustained?

Thanks, however, to good old Ezekiel Bartlett, he was a printer, and knew how to set types, and work at the press. He had, besides this, a stout, sturdy-souled friend, one Isaac Knapp, whom he had known from childhood, and who, like himself, was a printer. With this man he took counsel, and, when two determined, great-minded men take counsel together, it would be strange if something did not result from it. They were both poor, could not command a sixpence of capital between them, but then they could work!—out of that work great things might be accomplished. There was, also, a third man, a mutual friend of theirs, a foreman in a printing establishment, who might help them, and to him they went. They engaged themselves to him as journeymen, on condition that their labour should cover the expenses of this important paper, which, even before it saw the day, was entitled the *Liberator*.

On the first of January, 1831, the first number of this journal was published. It was an era in the history of emancipation; and though, in the first instance, free coloured people were almost its sole

supporters, it was not many weeks before its bold and noble proprietors were in a condition to purchase a little second-hand type, and an old press, which they set up in a small, obscure upper room, in the old Merchants' Hall. Many a gigantic result has had its obscure beginning in such small, upper rooms. There was a time when the Anti-Corn-law League had no better place of meeting for its half-dozen members—nay, even the very apostles preached and promulgated Christianity itself in "small upper chambers."

For several years the *Liberator* was issued from this humble room, which also, for a considerable portion of that time, served its undaunted, indefatigable proprietors as printing office, counting-house, eating-room, bed-room, &c. There is a moral sublimity in the history of this paper, and a grandeur beyond that of kings in the noble temperance, self-denial, and unconquerable fortitude of the men who conducted it. Sneered at, scoffed at, threatened, persecuted, they still held on; high-hearted champions in the cause of humanity and freedom. Thank God, for such instances as these of the true heroic!

During the time of which we are now writing, Garrison and Knapp lived in the most frugal manner: their diet was principally bread and water; their luxury a little milk. The manual labour of the paper was performed by themselves alone; and, in addition to his share of this, Garrison had also to discharge the duties of editor, which were laborious enough. But, as we said before, the men were heroes, and to the true heroic mood there is neither difficulty nor impediment which cannot be overcome. When they were wearied, and worn down with excessive toil, they remembered the lash-driven slave, and with a cheerful spirit they went along their arduous and rugged path.

Though the *Liberator* made its way but slowly among the white population, it created the utmost exasperation among the slaveholders. A desperate outbreak of the slaves in Virginia was attributed to Garrison and his influence; and scarcely a day passed without his receiving letters, containing challenges to fight him, or the most brutal and fiend-

like threats of abduction, or assassination. Undaunted either by threat or intimidation, he published some of these brutal and vulgar letters in the columns of his paper, that the world might see of what spirit their writers were. The fear and hatred of him increased more and more in the Southern States, and at length threats and insults ceased to be private affairs, for the State of Georgia offered, through its Legislature, a reward of five thousand dollars for his life. His escape was truly miraculous.

On New Year's Day, 1832, just twelve months after the commencement of the *Liberator*, another grain of mustard-seed in the good cause of emancipation was sown, by the formation of the first Anti-Slavery Society in America. This, likewise, was organized by Garrison, and consisted of twelve members—a small, but an apostolic number—among whom were David Lee Child, the husband of Lydia Maria Child, and other men of great influence and high standing. He had also in this year the satisfaction of successfully unmasking the true nature and designs of the so often mentioned Colonization Society, which he was enabled to do from the official documents of their own body. This was at once a great step gained in his own cause. Still, this triumph only regarded America. In England, the Colonization Society was looked upon as the salvation of the slave; it was lauded to the skies, as a new and glorious scheme of Christian philanthropy which was to astonish the world. One Eliot Cresson, a member of the Society of Friends, but an arrant despoiler of the coloured man, was then travelling in this country, holding public meetings, and winning a deal of money and enthusiasm from the breasts and pockets of the people. By his artful statements, and Quaker garb, and mode of speech, he lulled suspicion asleep. Wilberforce, Clarkson, Fowell Buxton, and nearly all the leading Abolitionists of England, at that time were misled by him. William Howitt, however, soon saw through the impostor, and openly denounced him.

Closely occupied as Garrison of necessity was, by his paper at home, and ruinous, almost, as it was for him to leave his post, he still thought it so important that this nefarious scheme and its agent should no longer delude the British public, that, at all risks, he resolved to come over to England for this purpose. In May, 1833, accordingly he came, a stranger, and unauthorized by any influential body, and having here, as in America, to commence a warfare against a countryman, and against a cause which had seized upon the public mind as favourably as it had done at home. Fortunately, however, the false is seldom as bold as the true; and Cresson, who knew perfectly well the real nature of his, and the society's designs, made but a feeble opposition to this

unlooked-for and formidable enemy on new ground; and in three months his career in England was brought to a sudden and inglorious end. He left this country for America, a convicted impostor, and covered with shame and disgrace. Garrison's visit to England, on the contrary, was crowned with success: his simple, earnest manner and demeanour, in which truth and moral greatness were so forcibly impressed, instantly recommended him and the cause to every kindred mind; and shortly before he left this country, he had the satisfaction of receiving a most emphatic protest against the lately triumphant Colonization Society, signed by Wilberforce, Fowell Buxton, Macaulay, Cropper, of Liverpool, George Stephen, William Smith, Lord Suffield, Daniel O'Connell, and others. He had many most interesting and friendly interviews with Wilberforce, shortly before his death, which took place while he remained in England. He lived only a few weeks after he had signed the protest; and Mr. Garrison has been heard to say, that he considers it as one of the melancholy privileges of his life to have attended that good man's funeral in Westminster Abbey. Poor Clarkson, at that time blind, and in a feeble state of health, could not credit the deception which had been practised upon him, and refused to sign the protest. Afterwards, however, having recovered his sight, and being able to read, and judge for himself, he addressed a long letter to Garrison, which was published in 1840, indignantly reprobating the deceptive course pursued by the Colonization Society, through their agent in this country.

During his visit to England, Garrison became acquainted with George Thompson, and impressed by his zeal, moral intrepidity, and wonderful eloquence, besought him to visit the United States, and to become a coadjutor with him, and the little handful of persecuted Abolitionists there—"to come over and help them," as the Apostles would have said.

The report of Garrison's labours in England had crossed the Atlantic before him, and on his arrival in New-York he found placards posted through the city, stating that "the Infamous Garrison" had arrived, and was to be present on a certain evening at a public meeting, "and the friends of order, therefore, in the city"—*alias*, the friends of Slavery—"were invited to assemble and hurry him to the tar-kettle." The whole city was in a state of excitement; the hotels were filled with ruffians from the Southern States, who uttered publicly the most terrific threats against him. No soul interfered in his behalf; on the contrary, the daily papers were filled with inflammatory articles, calculated only the more to inflame the public mind. There is something perfectly sublime in the spectacle of one man, who has no other rule of conduct, under any circumstances, but peace and love, standing alone, as it were, in an infuriated city, putting his life in his hand, trusting all to God, and fearing no man.

When the hour of holding the meeting came, he walked to it, accompanied only by one firm-hearted, true friend, who vowed never to desert him, let the peril be what it might. A furious mob of several thousands surrounded the hall, eager to wreak their vengeance upon him. But he stood in a panoply stronger than steel. He returned uninjured. It was an eventful evening, however, never to be forgotten; one of those occurrences in a life which give a colouring and a force to its after career. Garrison was a firmer and a more determined man from that day; and what was better still, the public mind was irresistibly drawn to the subject, and many, who had hitherto been waverers, now came forward as avowed partisans of emancipation. That cause was worth examining for which good men were ready to die.

A spirit was aroused which the Slavery party had not anticipated, and a national convention of the friends of emancipation was called in Philadelphia. From every part of the free States, delegates assembled; and, amid peril and persecution, the present American Anti-Slavery Society was formed. Garrison drew up its Declaration of Sentiments, and this, like seeds of fire, produced wherever it went, and it went far and wide, the most unparalleled excitement.

If Garrison had sinned before, his sin was now tenfold. On all hands, the principles of thorough-going emancipation spread, and the cause soon after received a powerful ally in the person of George Thompson, who arrived in the autumn of 1834, resolved, like his friend, to use every power which God had given him, to bring into scorn and abhorrence the enormous guilt of Slavery. His accession to the Anti-Slavery cause made an era in its history, and in proportion as that cause spread, and assumed a more formidable aspect, all the more fierce and unsparing grew its adversaries. Like a fiery blast from the tropics was sent forth the curses of the slaveholding States. Emissaries, vowing eternal hatred and immitigable vengeance, were sent

from the South to stop, by any means, this alarming growth of free principles, and, to a certain extent, these efforts were not without their effect. During this year, 1835, almost every Anti-Slavery assembly was broken up by mobocratic violence, and the whole land seemed given up to anarchy. Dispersed, but not disheartened, the friends of the slave and of humanity, took earnest counsel together, resolved to die rather than abandon a cause which they believed to be holy in the sight of heaven.

Thompson and Garrison were the especial objects of popular hatred, evidences of which, enough to appal the bravest heart that ever lived, were of daily occurrence. One morning in September, 1835, for instance, a gallows was found erected before Garrison's door, with two ropes suspended therefrom, and on the cross-bar this inscription—"Judge Lynch's Law." One of the ropes was intended for Thompson, the other for Garrison. Yet, through all this, these men were not daunted nor discouraged; their souls grew only the more earnest as danger and defiance thickened around them. Again we say—Thank God that spirits of this nature are found among men; they sanctify and ennoble humanity; and, were it not for such as these, we might despair of every good cause which has to be rescued from the hands of the wicked and the strong!

In the following month occurred that memorable mob outrage in Boston, which has left a stain on that otherwise noble and enlightened city. Some little detail of this we must be permitted to give, as it marks, in many ways, the characters of the two parties. There had existed, for some time, in Boston, a Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, the members of which were of almost every variety of religious opinion, and amongst them some of the most intellectual, enlightened, and estimable women of the city. These women—exemplary mothers, wives, and daughters—had been among the most active co-operators in the Anti-Slavery movement. The times and the temper of the times were such, that none unprepared to maintain their principles at any cost of slander and abuse, nay, even of life itself, would have dared to join its ranks. These women were of that class; steadfast to what they believed their duty to God and humanity. The head of this little band, which has vindicated so nobly their right of meeting and free discussion, was Maria Weston Chapman, of whom Harriet Martineau says—"she is a woman of rare intellectual accomplishments, full of reading, and with strong and well-exercised powers of thought. She is beautiful as the day, tall in her person, and noble in her carriage, with a voice as sweet as a silver bell, and speech as clear and sparkling as a running brook." This noble creature, at the head of her band of glorious women, had announced a meeting of their own body, on a Wednesday afternoon. This announcement having been made from the pulpits of some of the Anti-Slavery preachers, various newspapers of the city took up the subject, and put forth violent articles for the purpose of inflaming the worst passions of the Slavery-loving portion of the community. The shop-keepers, also, in the immediate vicinity of the hall in which the meeting was to be held, petitioned the town authorities to prevent it, lest evil should happen to them and their wares. Placards were posted up, stating, that "that infamous scoundrel, Thompson, would hold forth that day, and that this was a good opportunity for the friends of the Union to snake him out, and that a purse of one hundred dollars should be the reward of him who would first drag him off to the tar-kettle." Such was the spirit of the day.

It was the general belief that the lives of the ladies would be in danger, and when they applied to the Mayor for protection at their lawful meeting, they were told that "they were troublesome." Troublesome, however, they were compelled to be, for their consciences obliged them to assert their liberty of meeting and free discussion. Mrs. Chapman, however, sent to every member a warning of the danger that awaited her, leaving it then to the discretion of all, whether they would attend or not.

A mob of many thousands, all in the garb of gentlemen, presented themselves before the hall, and even filled it before the time of meeting. "Five-and-twenty ladies," says Harriet Martineau, "reached the place of meeting, by presenting themselves three-quarters of an hour before the time fixed; five more struggled up the stairs, and a hundred were turned back by the mob," with the most ungentlemanly violence. Thirty women were in the hall, which, being engaged for a private meeting, was now filled with a frantic rabble. Spite of this, however, the business of the meeting began. Mrs. Chapman read an appropriate portion of Scripture, and put up a fervent prayer to God for direction and succour, and for the forgiveness of enemies. The clear, calm tones of her voice were heard amid hisses, threats, and curses, and the rudest insults. In the midst of this the Mayor entered in the greatest

agitation. He declared himself unable to disperse the mob, or in any way to obtain peace. He earnestly besought Mrs. Chapman to adjourn the meeting. The meeting, therefore, was adjourned, and the women, attended by the city authorities, left the hall, and passed through the mob, as best they might.

Garrison, who had come to this meeting merely to escort his young wife, but who had no intention of taking any part of its business, was seen by the mob, who, disappointed at not finding Thompson, at that moment the more immediate object of their vengeance, resolved now to seize upon him instead. He was hunted out of the hall; the cry, "Out with him! Lynch him!" was raised; the room in which he had taken refuge was violently broken into, and hundreds rushed upon him with a fury which seemed as it could only be appeased by blood. His non-resistant principles were now put to the test. One of his friends rushed forward armed in his defence. "My dear brother," said this good Christian hero, "you know not what spirit you are of. This is the trial of our faith. Shall we give blow for blow, and draw sword against sword? God forbid! If my life be taken, the cause of emancipation will not suffer. God reigns, and his omnipotence will at length be victorious!"

He at length fell into the hands of the mob; they hurried him to a window, with the intention of hurling him from it; but, at that very moment, one voice from amid the crowd, exclaimed—"Do not let us kill him outright!" so he was spared. A rope was then put round his body, that he might more easily be dragged along the street. A minute or two afterwards, his young wife, who knew him to be in the hands of the mob, looked out from a window, and saw him. "He was," says an eye-witness, "in the extremest danger. His hat was lost, his clothes were almost torn from his body: brickbats and stones were hurled at him, as they hustled him along towards the tar-kettle, which was preparing in a neighbouring street; not a voice, not a hand, was raised to save him. The only words which escaped from the white lips of his wife were—"I think my husband will not deny his principles; I am sure my husband will not deny his principles!"

The infuriated crowd dragged him onward; they were like a pack of wolves around their prey. In the midst of their yells and cries, a strong, authoritative voice said—"He shall not be hurt! remember, he is an American!" These unlooked-for words excited some sympathy. "No, he shall not be hurt!" responded from one and another, and he was hurried on to the Mayor's office, where it was evidently their intention to deposit him. But this was not the will of the many, and again the most violent efforts were made to gain possession of his person. His clothes were now literally torn from him, and, as it seemed, nothing less than life would satisfy them. Those who witnessed this disgraceful scene, assert that nothing could exceed the divine calmness, and steadfast courage of this brave man. His countenance at the time was like that of an apostolic martyr; there was something awfully beautiful in its serenity. He himself declared that it seemed to him a blessed privilege to suffer thus in the cause of Christ. Death did not present a repulsive feature. The promises of God sustained his soul, so that it was not only devoid of fear, but ready to sing aloud for joy! That is the spirit of the true martyr.

He was at length deposited in the Mayor's office, whence, being reclothed by the kindness of various individuals who stripped themselves to cover him, he was conveyed to prison by order of the Mayor, who, reasoning like a poor-spirited man, thought that, by treating him as a malefactor, he should pacify the mob. The mob, however, was not so easily to be pacified; another and more serious attempt was made to drag him from the hands of the city police. Escape with life, seemed impossible. The crowd was perfectly rabid with rage and disappointment, and it was only by the mercy of Heaven that he was saved, and that the city of Boston was preserved from the eternal stain of his pure blood.

At length he was lodged in prison, where, with a good conscience and a cheerful mind, he sat down in peace. In the course of the evening, his friends came to sympathize and rejoice with him, through the grated windows of his prison. On the walls of his cell he inscribed, as usual, some memorable words, of which the following are a part—"William Lloyd Garrison was put into this cell on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21, 1835, to save him from the violence of a respectable and influential mob, who sought to destroy him for preaching the abominable and dangerous doctrine that all men are created equal, and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God."

The next day, after an examination for mere form's sake, he was released from prison, but, at the earnest entreaties of the city authorities, left Boston for a time.

MEMOIR OF THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

At the moment when ill-will and discord seemed about to be fomented between the Old and New World, four young Americans have come before us like heralds of peace and good-fellowship. They have been cordially welcomed in England, as all advocates of human advancement ought ever to be; and it is not saying too much when we assert that they have done their part towards strengthening in the public mind a spirit of forbearance and peace. The Hutchinson Family are exactly what Americans—the children of a young, bold republic—ought to be; full of fresh, original character; free from conventionalities, whether of society or opinion; vigorous in intellect, ardent in spirit; and combining, with all the simplicity and tenderness of the child, the wisdom and the expansive views of the man. Their singing is a perfect illustration of their own nature and character, deriving its great power and its greatest charm from the absence of all art. It owes nothing to trick or artifice of any kind; every word is distinctly enunciated, and the true natural expression is given to every sentiment; and the listener feels, that while the most exquisite and pure taste and skill are employed, that which really charms him most is, a revelation of the singer's own lofty and unspoiled nature, and that it is great and effective, because it is the expression of truth.

The character of their music is peculiar and original, not exactly resembling either the part-songs of the Germans or our English glees, which are much more artificially constructed. There is a charming nationality about it, and a spirit of psalmody about it which is easily explained when the peculiarities of their life and training are understood. Many of the pieces they sing are not songs, in the ordinary sense of the words, but poems of a high order; as, for instance, Longfellow's Excelsior, Hood's Bridge of Sighs, the Pampers Funeral, Tennyson's May Queen, &c. Their voices are soprano, counter-tenor, tenor, and bass, are extremely fine and well trained, and besides the effect of long practice in singing together, have that beautiful affinity which belongs to family voices, and which renders the whole so exquisitely harmonious.

These interesting young people belong peculiarly to the present age, and their songs bear upon the questions agitated at this time, whether in the old or new world—peace, temperance, the abolition of slavery, the cause of the poor and the oppressed—which are all advocated by eloquent strains of music, appealing to the inmost heart. Some people think that in this working-day world of ours, music has little to do with topics so grave as these, and that its principal business is to enliven our hearts and dispel our cares, and for such as these the Hutchinsons have an infinite variety of comic and national songs, full of fun and humor, and as fresh as life in the Far-West.

Judson, John, Asa, and Abby, are the four youngest of the twelve now living, out of sixteen children of the Hutchinson family. Their maternal grandfather, by name Leavitt, lived in Mt. Vernon in New Hampshire, and was a builder by trade. He built many houses in Boston, but he most prided himself upon being the builder of many churches and meeting-houses in divers towns and villages in the State. He was a stout republican, zealous in the cause of his native land, and one of the firmest supporters of her liberty against the aggressions of the mother country. In character he was deeply religious, and being possessed of great natural musical talent, was extremely fond of psalmody and church music. His two youngest daughters, Sarah and Mary, inherited from him this gift in a still more remarkable manner, and their singing in churches and meeting-houses was celebrated far and wide. Nothing could be more simple and primitive than the life they led; they spun and wove their own family clothes; practiced their songs over the wheel and the loom, and on Sundays or meeting-days sung in the church or the meeting-house.

Mary, when she was singing one day in a village choir, stole the heart of a young man from Amherst, in the same State. This was Jesse Hutchinson, the son of a farmer, a very religious man, and a deacon of the Presbyterian church. This youth, also, like her, had been from his boyhood remarkable for his musical talent. He had a brother, also, gifted like himself, and they, too, were celebrated through the whole country for their musical powers. But, though their father was a rigid Presbyterian, and a deacon of the church, his sons were famed for their fun and merriment, which they brought every where with them. They went with their violins from village to village, and wherever they went they were welcome, not only because of the gay and merry songs which they sung, but because their violins were a summons to a general dance, which always lasted till daybreak. From some cause, how-

ever, a great change came over his mind; he considered this life of gaiety to be sinful, and regarding his violin as an incentive to it, cut the offending "merry bit of wood" in two, and made it up into tobacco boxes, and from that time permitted himself only to practice church music. It was soon after this change and about four and forty years ago, when in his best homespun suit, and his hair tied in a queue behind, with a black ribbon, and a broad beaver on his head, he presented himself to a beautiful young singer in the character of a lover. She was then sixteen; too young to be married, she said, and was hard to persuade. Her father, who thought very highly of the young man, who had borne a most excellent character, and who was come of so excellent stock, pleaded for him; but she would not consent, and leaving him in the parlor, she went to bed. He sat up alone all night in the room, and the next morning when she went in, there she found him; but she was still resolute, and he set off to Salem, thinking that time and absence might operate in his favor; and he was right. On his return, she was glad to see him, and though still young, consented to be married. These were the parents of the Hutchinson Family, "the good old-fashioned singers," as the family song says, "who still can make the air resound."

On his son's marriage, old Deacon Hutchinson gave up his house and farm to the young couple, and retired to a small house near them; and Sarah, whose voice and character were like those of an angel, went with her sister to her new home. A word or two must be permitted here on this most heavenly-minded young woman, who, being one that the gods loved died young; and that principally because, though her life was so short, her spirit seemed always to be present in the family, exercising, as it were, a purifying and ennobling influence on all.

Jesse Hutchinson and his young wife were the first Baptists in Milford, and were the introducers of their peculiar religious opinions in the neighborhood; they frequently opened a large barn as a meeting-house, and endured no little persecution.

In those days carriages were not used, except by the wealthy; and these excellent people who had fourteen miles to go to their meeting-house, rode on horseback, in the old fashioned way of saddle and pillion, she often with a child on her lap. The country round their home was hilly and woody, and of a peaceful, pleasant character; and their life within doors was singularly happy and united. It was a home of affection, comfort and prosperity; and here fourteen children (thirteen of whom were sons) were born. Sorrow, however, will enter, even in the most blessed of earthly homes. The angelic minded Sarah died, and so did the eldest child, when only six years old. The child like all the rest of the family had a wonderful fine voice, and was remarkably beautiful. He was always up first in the morning, and was heard through the house singing like a lark. His death was very affecting. His father and uncle were at a saw-mill at some distance, where he was sent each day with their dinners. While they sat and ate, the little fellow amused himself by playing among the sawn boards which were reared up to dry; one day the wind rose and blew down the boards upon him, which caused his death.

Years went on; the elder children grew up to man's estate, and the place was too straight for them; the parents and younger children, therefore, removed to one of the valleys below, on the bank of the Souhegan river, to a place called Burnham Farm; and thenceforth the former family residence took the name of Old Home Farm. At this new home the two younger children, Asa and Abby were born.

The father of the Hutchinsons has all his life been in principles a non-resistant, and has carried out his principles so far into practice as never to sue a man for debt. He is an abolitionist, and a decided liberal in politics; and has, as might be expected, suffered greatly for the maintenance of his opinions. He is described by those who know him, as a man of noble and independent character, full of kindness, and remarkable for hospitality, even in a country where hospitality is not so rare a virtue as with us. But the guests he most warmly welcomes are the poor and friendless; these he entertains bountifully, and then speeds on their way. From their mother, who likewise is a person of much boldness and decision of character, combined with great tenderness and affection, they learned singing as children; she had fine taste, as well as natural power; and afterwards the younger branches of the family were trained by two of the elder brothers, who devoted part of their time to this purpose.

It was with great reluctance that her father, notwithstanding his own musical talent, would consent to his children singing in public; accordingly, some years ago, he made a deed of gift to his sons of the Old Home Farm, on condition that they should all stay at home, cultivate it, and devote themselves to a quiet country life. Recollecting his own youth, and with all the old Presbyterian horror of fiddling and profane music, he would not consent to money being spent on such recreations. The first violin in the family

was Judson's; that very one on which he now accompanies himself so charmingly, in that sweetest and saddest of all pathetic songs, "The Emigrant's Lament," or which supplies such comic meaning to many a comic song, as "Down East," "Calomel," &c. To purchase this violin, Judson worked hard on the Old Home Farm, cultivating garden vegetables on his own account, until he had sufficient for his purpose. After this, of course, another difficulty occurred, and this was to reconcile his father to it.

Before the violin was purchased, they sometimes, when at work in the corn-fields, supplied the want by a simple rustic instrument formed from the corn-stalk, called in their country the corn-stalk fiddle; and Asa, who was always fond of the violoncello, used to keep time in the village choir on Sundays by rubbing his forehead against the back of the old wooden pew, by which he could produce somewhat the effect of that instrument. It may not be amiss to mention here that their vocal practice was mostly in the fields—"the happiest place on earth," as one of them has said, "to sing in," excepting when in an evening they returned from the fields, and all joined in one chorus—father, mother, sisters, and brothers—in singing some good old fashioned tunes, which they had heard from infancy, which are ever new, and never to be forgotten. But to return to the violin, which Judson worked for so hard.

He practised on his violin secretly, and in the meantime John also possessed himself of one.—Whether the one emboldened the other or not we cannot say, but it so happened one day the two brothers played "Washington's March" within their father's hearing, though at that time unknown to them. To their great astonishment, but to their infinite relief, he made no objection to the violins, which now came forth into open day-light, and his consent was soon after obtained to their devoting themselves to their art.—They now organized their little community into bands; four of whom were always to remain at home to work on the farm, whilst the others were out on their musical tours. They commenced singing in public in 1841. At this very time, besides the four in England, another quartet—Joshua, Caleb, Zephaniah, and Rhoda, are traveling in America. It has been beautifully and appropriately said of this interesting family, that they have one quartet in heaven, one in the Old World, and one in the New, and one remaining to work on the Old Home Farm. The necessity, however, that there seemed to be for a fifth brother to accompany the quartet to England, to take the management of the business department, has left, at this moment, but three on the farm; and in speaking of those in England, we must not omit to mention this fifth brother, Jesse, of whom the public know nothing. He is considered by the quartet themselves as superior to them in talent, and is also the author of several songs which they have made familiar to the public; for instance, "Get off the Track," "The Slave's Appeal," "The Old Granite State," &c. Like all the rest of the family, he has his own individual calling at home, and is by trade a printer. The whole family are extremely attached to this brother, and it has been beautifully said by some of them, when speaking of him—"When Jesse comes into the house, it is as if he brought fresh breezes from the hills with him." This is delightful also, and gives a charming idea of the family spirit—"As soon as he was seen, while yet but a printer's apprentice, coming towards his home on a Saturday night, by the little footpath that crosses the hills, all would set up a shout of joy—even the very dog barked for joy of his coming; or when his voice was heard, singing as he came near, the sound thrilled to every heart!"—There is, it is said, an extraordinary enthusiasm about him which carries all hearts along with him; and at Temperance and Anti-Slavery meetings in his native country, his eloquence and force of character are irresistible.

Our readers are acquainted with the beautiful and pious custom of the Thanksgiving day, which originating from the Puritans, in celebration of the arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers in a land of liberty and peace, is now become as much a social as a national festival. The American farmer holds his Thanksgiving day at the close of the harvest, when he has enriched himself with the bounty of the year, and his heart naturally overflows with gratitude to the Giver of all good. Happy families celebrate it, perhaps on some especial day of domestic blessing, when all their members meet to rejoice together. In the Hutchinson Family this festival is held in December, on the birth-day of the old grandfather, Leavitt, now turned ninety, when four generations assemble around him, to the number, on the least occa-

sion, of forty-four persons. The last general meeting of the family was, however, one of deep sorrow, and removing one beloved brother from earth, completed the quartet in heaven.

The four younger members of the family returned home from a tour of five hundred miles, to celebrate the annual day of rejoicing, and found their brother Benjamin, a young man nobly gifted like themselves slightly unwell. Serious symptoms succeeded, and the greatest alarm spread through the family; it was typhus fever, and from the first he foretold his death. Before many days the sister's husband sickened of the same complaint, and terror and dismay fell on the whole house. One day Benjamin heard the dinner-bell ring, and said, "Let me rise and make myself ready, for that bell is for the Thanksgiving dinner. Are they all come?"—"When you are better," replied one of his brothers, "we will have our Thanksgiving dinner;—we will assemble then together, and be very joyful!"

The usual day of Thanksgiving came, and the two young men lay on the bed of death. The whole family were assembled, and Benjamin called them one by one to his bedside, and shaking hands with them, and blessing them took his leave of them all.

Such are the circumstances under which have been formed the characters of the Hutchinson Family. Once knowing these, we are no longer surprised in finding the like in persons who pursue a profession which is apt to wear away the marks of original nature and simplicity, and to leave instead traces of art and conventionalism. But in them the qualities which grew up on the "Old Home Farm," in the "Old Granite State," are too firmly and hereditarily grounded to be obliterated by any after circumstances. They have the durability of the granite with the cordial spirit of home. You feel at once, in coming in contact with them, that they are true spirits.—There is a freshness, a reality, a domestic truth about them that come upon you like the freedom of the forest, the greenness of the field, the elastic breath of the country. In the midst of the throng of the city, and while administering to the pleasures of the fashionable, the spirit of the old, religious, and affectionate home, never departs from them. They make a conscience into their hearers the sentiments which animate themselves—those of noble independence, manly simplicity, the kindest sympathies with suffering humanity, and ardor for liberty, peace and progress. Let America send us over such specimens of her children, and she will fulfill our hopes and our earliest conceptions of her. They are worthy of the country of Washington, Franklin and Channing. When once seen the heart warms to them, because they are simply incarnations of the spirit of love and luxury of elevated sentiments, and these are the qualities which, without any seasoning or striving, will draw the two countries into that bond of brotherhood which, however institutions and manners may differ, will make them always one great nation.

It will be seen that we regard this estimable family in a higher point of view than that of mere artists or singers,—though we are fully disposed to give musical art all its glory; we look upon them as unassuming but most effectual heralds of great truths and the noblest sentiments, wherever they go. Their visit will not have been in vain amongst us; and whether they return to us again or not, our warmest thanks and wishes attend them. In that future, primitive life, amid their native scenes, with which they please their imagination, they will, we are sure, often visit in thought the old country, where they have scattered the fires of their generous sympathies; and we, on our part, shall often hear in fancy the strains that have touched us more deeply than the highest triumph of art startling and thrilling as it may be, but which falls short of the simple yet delicious song of nature, poetry and love, blended in the heart of a Christian.

TO THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Band of young apostles,
Teaching love and truth,
Ye are come before us,
In your glorious youth;
Like a choir of angels,
Missioned from above,
To make our souls acknowledge
How beautiful is love!
Taint of earth I see not
In your clear eyes shining,
You to me resemble
Natures all divine;
Pure, seraphic creatures,
From some higher sphere,
Who, but for love and pity,
Never had been here,

Who, but for human fellowship, had never shed a tear!

Band of young apostles!
Such to me ye seem,
As I list your singing,
In a rapturous dream;
Now, with choral voices,
Like to birds in May,
Warbling in tumultuous joy,
That Winter is away!
Now, like angels weeping
O'er a sinner's bier,
With their white wings folded,
And low voices clear;
Mourning for the sorrow,
Which sin has brought on earth;
Mourning that of pity,
Man has made such dearth;

Teaching to the callous world what a soul is worth!

Band of young apostles,
Teaching love and truth,
Onward go, high-missioned,
In your glorious youth!
Onward go, God's blessing
On your path alight;
Still lift your kindred voices,
As prophets of the Right!
Onward go, undaunted,
Heralds of that day
When all mankind are brothers,
And War has ceased to slay!
—We have seen and loved you!
We have pressed your hand;
We have blessed you, and we bless
In you your native land!

Farewell! God's angel guide you, ye young and noble

LINES,

Written at the Anti-Slavery Convention, Boston, May, 1844.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

We will speak out, we will be heard,
Though all earth's systems crack;
We will not bate a single word,
Nor take a letter back.

We speak the truth, and what care we
For hissing and for scorn,
While some faint gleamings we can see
Of freedom's coming morn?

Let liars fear, let cowards shrink,
Let traitors turn away;
Whatever we have dared to think,
That dare we also say.

Whate'er we deem Oppression's prop,
Time-honored though it be,
We break; nor fear the heavens will drop
Because the earth is free.

The only chain we dare not break
Is our own plighted word
To plead for our poor brother's sake,
And perish or be heard.

From the Boston Courier.

Mister Eddyter:—Our Hosea was down to Boston last week, and he see a cruetin' Sarjunt a struttin' round as pop'ler as a hen with I chicking, with 2 fellers a drummin'; and fiftin' arter him like all nater, the sarjunt he thout hosea, hedn't gut his i teeth cut cos he looked a kinder's though he'd jest com down, so he kalkalated to hook him in, but hony wood n't take none o' his sarse for all he hed much as 20 Rooster's tales stuck onter his hat and eenamost enuf brass a bobbin' up and down on his shoulders and figured onter his coat and trousis, let alone what nater hed sot in his featers, to make a 6 pounder out on.

Wal, Hosea he com home considerabal riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I hearn Him a thrashin' round like a short-tailed Bull in flit time, the old Woman ses she to me ses she, Zekle ses she our hosea's gut the chollery or suthin another ses she, don't you Bee skeered ses I, he's oney amakin' pottery ses i he's ollers on hand at that ere busyness like Da & martin, and shure enuf cum mornin' Hony he cum down stares full chizzle hare on eend and cote tales flyin' and sot rite of to go reed his varses to Parson Wilbur bein he haint aney grate shows o' book larpin' himself, bimeby he cum back and sed the parson was dreadful tickled with 'em as i hoop you wil Be, and said they wus True grit.

Hosea ses taint hardly fair to call 'em hisn now, cos the parson kinder slicked off sum o' the last varses, but he told Hosea he didn't want to put his ore in to tetch to the Rest on em bein they wus very well As thay was, and then Hony ses he sed suthin a nuther about Simplex Mondishes or sum sutch feller, but I guess Hosea kinder didn't hear him, for I never hearn o' nobody o' that name in this vil-lage, and I've lived here man and boy 76 years cum next tater diggin, and thair aint no wheres a kitting spryer 'n I be.

(but Hosea ses he's willin' to make his after da-vid that he sed so.)

If you print 'em I wish you'd jest let folks know who hony's father is, cos mi ant Keziah used to say it's nater to be curus ses she, she aint livin' though and he's a likely kinder lad.

EZEKIEL BIGLOW.

Thrash away, you'll have to rattle
On them kittle drums o' yourn,—
'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
That is ketched with monldy corn;
Put in stiff, you sifer feller,
Let folks see how spry you be,—
Guess you'll toot till you are yellor
'Fore you git abold o' me!

That ere flag's a leetle rotten,
Hope it aint your Sunday's best;—
Fact! it takes a sight o' cotton
To stuff out a soger's chest;
Sence we farmers have to pay for 't,
Ef you must wear humps like these,
Sposin' you should try salt hay for 't,
It would do as slick as grease.

'Twould n't suit them Southern fellers,
They're a dreadful graspin' set,
We must ollers blow the bellers
When they want their irons bet;
May be it's all right as preachin',
But my narves it kind o' grates,
When I see the overreachin'
O' them nigger-driven' States.

Them that rule us, them slave-traders,
Haint they cut a thunderin' swarth,
(Helped by Yankee renegaders,)
Through the vartu o' the North!
We begin to think it's nater
To take sarse and not be riled;—
Who'd expect to see a tater
All on eend at bein' biled?

As for war, I call it murder,
There you have it plain and flat;
I don't want to go no furdur
Than my Testament for that;
God has said so plump and fairly,
It's as long as it is broad,
And you've got to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

'Taint your eppylets and feathers
Make the thing a grain more right;
'Taint a follerin' your bell wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight;
Ef you take a sword and dror it,
And should stick a feller through,
Gov'ment aint to answer for it,
God'll send the bill to you.

What's the use o' meetin' goin'
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it's right to go a mowin'
Fellow-men like oats and rye?

I danno but what it's pooy
Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
But it's curus Christian dooty
To be cattin' folk's throats.

They may talk of Freedom's airy
Till they're purple in the face,
It's a grand great cemetery
For the barthrights of our race;
They jest want this Californy
So's to lug new slave-states in
To abuse ye, and to scorn ye,
And to plunder ye like sin.

Ain't it cute to see a Yankee
Take such everlastin' pains,
All to git the devil's thankee
Helpin' on 'em weld their chains?
Why, it's jest as clear as figgers,
Clear as one and one ma e two,
Chaps that make black slaves o' niggers
Want to make white slaves o' you.

Tell ye jest the eend I've come to
Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,
And it makes a handy sum, too,
Any gump could larn by heart;
Laborin' man and laborin' woman
Have one glory and one shame,
Everythin' that's done inhuman
Injers all on ye the same.

'Taint by turnin' out to hack folks
You're agoin' to git your right,
Nor by lookin' down on black folks
Cos you're put upon by white;
Slavery aint o' nary color,
'Taint the hide that makes it wus,
All it cares for in a feller
Is to make him fill its puss.

Want to tackle me in, do ye?
I expect you'll have to wait;
When cold lead puts daylight through ye
You'll begin to kalkylate;
'Spose the crows wun't fall to pickin'
All the carkiss from your bones,
Cos you helped to give a lickin'
To them poor half-Spanish drones?

Jest go home and ask our Nancy
Whether I'd be such a goose
As to jine ye,—guess you'd fancy
The eternal bung was loose!
She wants me for home consumption,
Let alone the hay's to mow—
Ef you're arter folks o' gumption
You've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors that's crowin'
Like a cockerel three months old—
Don't ketch any on 'em goin'
Though they be so blasted bold;
Aint they a prime sei o' fellers?
'Fore they think on't they will sprout,
(Like a peach that's got the yellors)
With the meanness bustin' out.

Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'
Bigger pens to cram with slaves,
Help the men that's ollers dealin'
Insults on your father's graves;
Help the strong to grind the feeble,
Help the many agin the few,
Help the men that call your people
Whitewashed slaves and peddlin' crew!

Massachusetts, God forgive her,
She's a kneelin' with the rest,
She, that ought to ha' clung forever
In her grand old eagle-nest;
She that oughter stand so fearless
While the wracks are round her hurled,
Holding up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world!

Haint they sold your colored seamen?
Haint they made your envoys whiz?
What'll make ye act like freemen?
What'll git your dander riz?
Come, I'll tell ye what I'm thinkin'
Is our dooty in this fix,
They'd ha' done 't as quick as winkin'
In the days of seventy-six.

Clang the bells in every steeple,
Call all true men to disown
The traducers of our people,
The enslavers of their own;
Let our dear old Bay State proudly
Put the trumpet to her mouth,
Let her ring this message loudly
In the ears of all the South.

"I'll return ye good for evil
Much as we frail mortals can,
But I won't go help the devil
Makin' man the cus of man;
Call me coward, call me traitor,
Jest as suits your mean ideas,
Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
And the friend of God and Peace!"

If I'd my way I had rather
We should go to work and part—
They take one way, we take t'other,—
Guess it would n't break my heart;
Man had oughter put asunder
Them that God has noways jined;
And I should n't greatly wonder
If there 's thousands o' my mind.

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17-1817 Letters with Mr. Walter D. Cannon 19

From the Cincinnati Herald.

A FUGITIVE RECLAIMED.

The subjoined poem was lately published as *original* in the *Baltimore Saturday Visiter*, prefaced by the following editorial remarks:

"The following poem, for which we are indebted to an unknown correspondent, is one of the most powerful, for its length, that we have ever seen. The text, as it was given by our correspondent, is to the effect that a blind colored boy in Virginia was sold away from his mother, for the paltry sum of one dollar, and she subsequently taken to Missouri."

It was soon copied into several Eastern papers, and in the last number of the "*Visiter*" we find the editor taking one of them to task for not giving credit for it to his correspondent. As the poem had had a considerable run in the eastern papers, some years before, we waited some time, hoping some friend would save our modesty the task of reclaiming the fugitive for the real owner. But as no one appears disposed to do so, we are at length obliged to inform our friend of the *Baltimore Saturday Visiter*, that his original correspondent is a plagiarist. "The Little Blind Boy" was written in 1839, published then in the *Philanthropist*, of Cincinnati, and is from the pen of Mrs. M. L. Bailey. We suppose our title will hardly be questioned, hereby, to arrest the fugitive and restore it to its original owner.

The incident on which the poem is founded is this. A slaveholder, passing with his slaves from Virginia through Ohio to Missouri, sold a little blind boy, the only son of his mother, and she a widow, and then separated them forever. By the way, it was the same slaveholder who brought a suit against Dr. Brooke of Clinton county, which gave occasion for the famous decision of our Supreme Court, that every slave, the moment he was introduced by the will of his master in this State, became free.

The poor child was sold for one dollar!

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

Come back to me, mother! Why linger away
From thy poor little blind boy, the long weary day?
I mark every footstep, I list to each tone,
And wonder my mother should leave me alone!

There are voices of sorrow and voices of glee,
But there's no one to joy or to sorrow with me;
For each hath of pleasure and trouble his share,
And none for the poor little blind boy will care!

My mother, come back to me! Close to thy breast
Once more let thy poor little blind one be pressed;
Once more let me feel thy warm breath on my cheek,
And hear thee in accents of tenderness speak!

O mother! I've no one to love me—no heart
Can bear like thine own my sorrows a part;
No hand is so gentle, no voice is so kind,—
O! none like a mother can cherish the blind!

Come back to me, mother! Why linger away
From thy poor little blind boy, the long weary day?
I mark every footstep, I list to each tone,
And wonder my mother hath left me alone!

Poor blind one! No mother thy wailing can hear,
No mother can hasten to banish thy fear;
For the slave owner drives her o'er mountain and wild,
And for one paltry dollar hath sold thee, poor child!

Ah! who can in language of mortals reveal
The anguish that none but a mother can feel,
When man, in his vile lust of mammon, hath trod
On her child, who is stricken and smitten of God?

Blind, helpless, forsaken, with strangers alone,
She hears in her anguish his piteous moan,
As he eagerly listens—but listens in vain—
To catch the loved tones of his mother again!

The curse of the broken in spirit shall fall
On the wretch who hath mingled this wormwood with
gall;
And his gain, like a mildew, shall blight and destroy,
Who hath torn from his mother the little blind boy!

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

BY MARY HOWITT.

(Concluded.)

We give below the conclusion of Mrs. Howitt's Memoir of W. L. Garrison. Owing to some delay in England, the number of the People's Journal containing it was only received within the week:

The life of this truly great and good man has been so entirely devoted to the Anti-Slavery cause, that we cannot give a sketch of the one without tracing, in some measure, the progress of the other. The patience, the forbearance, the steadfast perseverance through good and through evil, the self-sacrifice, and self-renunciation, of the martyrs of emancipation, had drawn upon the cause the eyes of the whole country; and sympathy and conviction swelled their ranks every day, not with merely enthusiastic partisans, but with the most noble, the most intellectual, the most morally great men and women of the land.

In 1836, therefore, a new impetus was given to the Anti-Slavery movement, by the public labours of two remarkable women, who had become convinced of the guilt of slaveholding. These were Angelina and Sarah Grimke, the daughters of the late Honourable Thomas S. Grimke, an eminent citizen of South Carolina. By the death of their father, they inherited a large amount of slave property. In opposition to the laws of their country, in the first instance, they endeavoured to improve the condition of their slaves, by establishing schools among them, and introducing the habits of free society. But all their efforts were fruitless: the state of Slavery around them could neither permit nor make availing their humane labours. Sacrificing, therefore, their worldly interests to their conscientious sense of duty, they liberated their slaves, removed them to a free district, where they would be able to maintain themselves, and then, with the small remains of their once noble fortunes, came to Philadelphia; where, naturally allying themselves to the emancipation cause, they became the most active and influential of its movers. They had also embraced the religious opinions of the Society of Friends, which, among other things, gives to woman a moral responsibility hardly acknowledged, at least, as far as action goes, by other religious bodies. They had thus been accustomed to speak in public, and their style of speaking was singularly impressive. Angelina, in particular, was a close reasoner and most eloquent declaimer. Before long, they conceived that duty called them to speak publicly on the subject of Slavery—that system which from experience they knew to have horribly imbruted more than a million of their sex—and they, consequently, began to travel, and deliver their public testimony, both as Christian women and repentant slaveholders, against the enslavement of any portion of the human race. They came to Massachusetts, which became the principal field of their labours. At first, they addressed audiences composed exclusively of women; but so general became the curiosity to hear them, that immense assemblies of both sexes gathered wherever they spoke, and the most electric effects were produced by their energetic and powerful eloquence.

Alarmed at this strange innovation, and deeming it a dangerous precedent to be set to the women of the United States, the Calvinistic clergy of Massachusetts, connected with what is called "The General Association," issued a *bull* against them, in the name, and by the authority, of the apostle Paul, and warned the churches to give them no countenance in their unscriptural course! They defended themselves with great ability, and Sarah Grimke published an ably-written series of letters on the subject, entitled—"The Equality of the Sexes," which was the origin of what is called, in America, the "Woman's Rights Question," and which has become, as will be seen, mixed up with the emancipation movement. Of course, it was now necessary for the Abolitionists either to justify the course these powerful co-labourers were taking, or to join with the pro-slavery clergy in condemning and rejecting them. The great body of the Abolitionists, with Garrison at their head, bade them God speed! and established the principle of women being equal, and politically equal to men. The clergy of the "orthodox" stamp still continued to show the most hostile spirit to the labours of women, and used every means in their power to get the management of the abolition cause into their own hands. They made a violent attempt at this in May, 1839, at the annual meeting of the "Anti-Slavery Society," in the city of New-York, by denying that female members had a right to take part in the pro-

ceedings; but in this they were fortunately defeated. They then announced that, if the question was still carried in opposition to their views at the next annual meeting, they would secede from the society altogether.

The time of that meeting came, and will ever be memorable in the annals of the Anti-Slavery cause in America. The clergy had exerted every influence in their power to insure an overwhelming attendance of such as held their views of the question. The meeting was immense. The question immediately came on. Abby Kelley's name was proposed. She was a member of the Society of Friends, one of the most gifted and self-sacrificing of women, a noble creature in the noblest sense of the word, and one who has, since then, done more by her public lectures, and extraordinary labours, towards the overthrow of Slavery, than any other lecturer whatever. She is one of those who, in the unshrinking achievement of good works, deserved, and will obtain, immortal honour. Such are the glorious women who have come forth on this extraordinary movement, clearly proving their own moral and intellectual greatness, whilst they undermine the strongholds of Slavery, prejudice, and self-interest. The question was—should Abby Kelley sit on the committee? A large majority of votes decided that she should, and the clergy and their adherents immediately seceded, went to another place, and organized a society full of deadly hostility to the old one, giving it the name of the "American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society." Their first endeavour was to brand the old society as a dangerous body; as one which ought to be discountenanced by every friend of good order and religion. This new clerical society, unfortunately, like Elliot Cresson and his mission, has taken root in England, and has obtained the warm support of the Broad-street Committee, in London, which, singularly enough, is composed principally of the Society of Friends, who profess to hold, as one of their fundamental principles, the right for every human being to speak as the spirit giveth utterance, and who authorize, to the utmost, the right of women to enter the ministry, and speak in public. But truth is strong, nay, omnipotent, and these things must in the end be corrected.

No one individual in America has come in for a greater share of hatred and misrepresentation from this new and adverse party, than Garrison himself. It has been their object to crush him, and the violence of the Southern slave party has not been greater than the unkind, ungenerous falsehoods which they have circulated against him. We have heard, all of us in England, that he is a "corrupter of the public peace, a firebrand, an infidel, and on the last charge have the changes been most successfully rung. An infidel! because he believes that not one day in seven, but that *all* days should be kept holy! Are not many of us infidels in this same sense? A disorganizer and firebrand, because he rejects the use of all carnal weapons, and inculcates the duty of literally overcoming evil with good, and forgiving our enemies, as we desire God to forgive us! May the day soon come, when not only he, but we and the whole world, are "disorganizers and firebrands" of this description.

In 1840, the so-called "World's Anti-Slavery Convention" was held in London, and Garrison was appointed by the American Anti-Slavery Society to attend it, together with Lucretia Mott, and other female delegates—Lucretia Mott, by way of parenthesis, let us observe, is another of those remarkable women who have been called out of the retirement of private life, to stand forth boldly in this great battle of human rights. Never will the writer of this article forget seeing for the first time this extraordinary woman. Lucretia Mott, to her idea, must be an Amazon who, if full of intellectual power, and moral intrepidity, would want yet the graces of the true woman. She came; she was not above the middle size; in the plainest garb of a Quaker matron; calm, gentle, affectionate, and womanly in the highest degree. There was something absolutely subduing in the tenderness of her eye, in her soft smile, and low, pleasant voice; presently, however, the intellectual brow, the kindling eye, the beaming countenance, and the eloquent tongue realized an idea of intellectual and moral greatness, and singleness of purpose, which wanted no Amazonian figure to complete it. She is now the writer's idea of a woman of the apostolic age; and hers, in reality, are the true characteristics of mind which those apostolic days called forth, as well as the present great struggle in America. Such was Lucretia Mott; but she was a *woman*, and the World's Convention would not receive her; nor, of course, any of her sister delegates.

Garrison, as might be expected, refused, therefore, to appear in the character of delegate, either; not on the ground of "Woman's Rights," but be-

cause the credentials given by the American Anti-Slavery Society were dishonoured, and he would not allow himself to go in as a privileged member, where others, having the same credentials as his own, were excluded. To have done otherwise would, according to his views, have been false to that society, and to the cause of the slave. He went, therefore, merely into the gallery as a spectator.

Strong in many noble minds was the indignation felt at this exclusion, and Daniel O'Connell and William Howitt, each of them, addressed letters to Lucretia Mott on this subject which were widely circulated in America.

The great question of entire and immediate emancipation, since then, has made rapid progress through the United States. The true spirit of American independence is showing itself amongst accumulating thousands who have awoke as from a lethargy, and are exerting their strength to throw off this incubus of crime, and this moral disgrace, from their country.

The object of William Lloyd Garrison, and his colleagues, Henry C. Wright and Frederick Douglass, in this country at the present moment, is to rouse the sympathies of the British population, and, knowing the influence which public opinion here exerts in America, to secure for this sacred cause the full benefit of this moral agent.

The struggle is an arduous one, but the hand of God is for it, and it must prosper. Many remarkable features already attend it; it has called forth an amount of moral power and greatness, the effect of which cannot easily be calculated, but the result of which *must* be an immense march onward in the human progress.

Of our friend Garrison, let us conclude in the words of one capable of appreciating characters like his—"He is one of God's nobility—the head of the moral aristocracy. It is not only that he is invulnerable to injury—that he early got the world under his feet, but that in his meekness, his sympathies, his self-forgetfulness, he appears 'covered all over with the stars and orders of the spiritual realm' whence he derives his dignities and his powers." He is, in short, a true disciple of Christ, and in this lies his power and his greatness. Such men ennoble their age and their country.

THE JOURNAL.

TWENTY-ONE RIDDLES.

1. Dean Swift often speaks of a Queen whose name, Read backward or forward is always the same.
2. Call a kitchen maid by it, and still the same name, Read backward or forward is always the same.
3. A prophet of old had a mother whose name, Read backward or forward is always the same.
4. And of female recluses we know that the name, Read backward or forward is always the same.
5. When you speak to a lady you'll find that the name, Read backward or forward is always the same.
6. When a child you were dressed in a thing whose name, Read backward or forward is always the same.
7. Then too, you were fed with something whose name, Read backward or forward is always the same.
8. You may travel abroad in a carriage whose name, Read backward or forward is always the same.
9. You may pass over a flat piece of ground whose name, Read backward or forward is always the same.
10. Where the lamb trots about by a creature whose name, Read backward or forward is always the same.
11. You may go out and walk at an hour whose name, Read backward or forward is always the same.
12. Or you may ride at a subsequent hour whose name, Read backward or forward is always the same.
13. If you fire a gun, you'll hear something whose name, Read backward or forward is always the same.
14. And your dog may hunt well though no longer his name, Read backward or forward is always the same.
15. Your bird, too, may sicken on something whose name, Read backward or forward is always the same.
16. You may quaff a strong drink, made of wheat, whose name, Read backward or forward is always the same.
17. Or stare a giant whose dwarfish name, Read backward or forward is always the same.
18. But this you can't do with a thing whose name, Read backward or forward is always the same.
19. If you write in defence of sound doctrine, its name, Read backward or forward is always the same.
20. Do but take a sly look, and of this too, the name, Read backward or forward is always the same.
21. Nay, whatever is done, believe me its name, Read backward or forward is always the same.

Poetry.

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In a late publication of L. F. Tassiero, "Random shots and Southern Breezes," is a description of a slave auction at New Orleans, at which the auctioneer recommended the woman on the stand as "a good Christian!"

A Christian! going, gone!
Who bids for God's own image?—for His grace
Which that poor victim of the market-place
Hath in her suffering won?

My God! can such things be?
Hast Thou not said that whatsoever is done
Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one,
Is even done to Thee?

In that sad victim, then,
Child of Thy pitying love, I see Thee stand—
Once more the jest-word of a mocking hand,
Round, sold, and scourged again!

A Christian up for sale!
Wet with her blood your whips—o'er task her frame,
Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame,
Her patience shall not fail!

A heathen hand might dent
Back on your heads the gathered wrong of years,
But her low, broken prayer and nightly tears,
Ye neither heed, nor feel.

Can well thy lesson o'er,
Thou prudent teacher—tell the tolling slave,
No dangerous tale of Him who came to seek and save
The outcast and the poor.

But wisely shut the ray
Of God's free Gospel from her simple heart,
And to her darkened mind alone impart
One stern command—"OBEY!"

So shalt thou deftly raise
The market price of human flesh;
On thee, their pampered guest, the planter's smile,
Thy church shall praise.

Grave reverend men shall tell
From Northern pulpits how thy work was blest,
While in that vile South Sodom, first and best,
Thy poor disciples sell!

Oh, shame! the Moslem thrall,
Who, with his master, to the Prophet kneels,
While turning to the sacred Kibla feels
His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turbaned Bey
Of robber-peopled Tunis! he hath torn
The dark slave dungeon open, and hath borne
Their inmates into day.

But our poor slave is vain
Turns to the Christian shrine his aching eyes—
His rites will only swell his market-price,
And rivet on his chain.

God of all right! how long
Shall priestly robbers at Thine altar stand,
Lifting in prayer to Thee, the bloody hand
And haughty brow of wrong?

Oh, from the fields of cane,
From the low rice-swamp, from the trader's cell—
From the black slave-ship's foul and loathsome hell,
And coile's weary chain,—

Hoarse, horrible, and strong
Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry,
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,
How long, O God, how long?

*There is in Liberty county, Georgia, an Association for the Religious Instruction of Negroes. Their seventh annual report contains an address by the Rev. Josiah Spry Law, from which we extract the following:—"There is a growing interest in the community, in the religious instruction of negroes. There is a conviction that religious instruction promotes the quiet and order of the people, and the pecuniary interest of the owners." "We often see advertisements in the Southern papers, in which individual slaves, or servants of a lot, are recommended as 'pious' or as 'members of the Church.'—Lately we saw a slave advertised, who, among other qualifications, was described as 'a Baptist preacher.'"

